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SEPTIMIUS FELTON; OR, THE ELIXIR OF LIFE.

III.

SEPTIMIUS, the next day, lost no time in writing a letter to the direction given him by the young officer, conveying a brief account of the latter's death and burial, and a signification that he held in readiness to give up certain articles of property, at any future time, to his representatives, mentioning also the amount of money contained in the purse, and his intention, in compliance with the verbal will of the deceased, to expend it in alleviating the wants of prisoners. Having so done, he went up on the hill to look at the grave, and satisfy himself that the scene there had not been a dream; a point which he was inclined to question, in spite of the tangible evidence of the sword and watch, which still hung over the mantel-piece. There was the little mound, however, looking so incontrovertibly a grave, that it seemed to him as if all the world must see it, and wonder at the fact of its being there, and spend their wits in conjecturing who slept within; and, indeed, it seemed to give the affair a questionable character, this secret burial, and he wondered and wondered

why the young man had been so earnest about it. Well; there was the grave; and, moreover, on the leafy earth, where the dying youth had lain, there were traces of blood, which no rain had yet washed away. Septimius wondered at the easiness with which he acquiesced in this deed; in fact, he felt in a slight degree the effects of that taste of blood, which makes the slaying of men, like any other abuse, sometimes become a passion. Perhaps it was his Indian trait stirring in him again; at any rate, it is not delightful to observe how readily man becomes a blood-shedding animal.

Looking down from the hill-top, he saw the little dwelling of Rose Garfield, and caught a glimpse of the girl herself, passing the windows or the door, about her household duties, and listened to hear the singing which usually broke out of her. But Rose, for some reason or other, did not warble as usual this morning. She trod about silently, and somehow or other she was translated out of the ideality in which Septimius usually enveloped her, and looked little more than a New Eng-

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land girl, very pretty indeed, but not enough so perhaps to engross a man's life and higher purposes into her own narrow circle ; so, at least, Septimius thought. Looking a little farther, — down into the green recess where stood Robert Hagburn's house, — he saw that young man, looking very pale, with his arm in a sling, sitting listlessly on a half-chopped log of wood, which was not likely soon to be severed by Robert's axe. Like other lovers, Septimius had not failed to be aware that Robert Hagburn was sensible to Rose Garfield's attractions ; and now, as he looked down on them both from his elevated position, he wondered if it would not have been better for Rose's happiness if her thoughts and virgin fancies had settled on that frank, cheerful, able, wholesome young man, instead of on himself, who met her on so few points ; and, in relation to whom, there was perhaps a plant that had its root in the grave, that would entwine itself around his whole life, overshadowing it with dark, rich foliage and fruit that he alone could feast upon.

For the sombre imagination of Septimius, though he kept it as much as possible away from the subject, still kept hinting and whispering, still coming back to the point, still secretly suggesting that the event of yesterday was to have momentous consequences upon his fate.

He had not yet looked at the paper which the young man bequeathed to him ; he had laid it away unopened ; not that he felt little interest in it, but, on the contrary, because he looked for some blaze of light which had been reserved for him alone. The young officer had been only the bearer of it to him, and he had come hither to die by his hand, because that was the readiest way by which he could deliver his message. How else, in the infinite chances of human affairs, could the document have found its way to its destined possessor ? Thus mused Septimius, pacing to and fro on the level edge of his hill-top, apart from the world, looking down occasionally

into it, and seeing its love and interest away from him ; while Rose, it might be looking upward, saw occasionally his passing figure, and trembled at the nearness and remoteness that existed between them ; and Robert Hagburn looked too, and wondered what manner of man it was who, having won Rose Garfield (for his instinct told him this was so), could keep that distance between her and him, thinking remote thoughts.

Yes ; there was Septimius, treading a path of his own on the hill-top ; his feet began only that morning to wear it in his walking to and fro, sheltered from the lower world, except in occasional glimpses, by the birches and locusts that threw up their foliage from the hillside. But many a year thereafter he continued to tread that path, till it was worn deep with his footsteps and trodden down hard ; and it was believed by some of his superstitious neighbors that the grass and little shrubs shrank away from his path, and made it wider on that account ; because there was something in the broodings that urged him to and fro along the path alien to nature and its productions. There was another opinion, too, that an invisible fiend, one of his relatives by blood, walked side by side with him, and so made the pathway wider than his single footsteps could have made it. But all this was idle, and was, indeed, only the foolish babble that hovers like a mist about men who withdraw themselves from the throng, and involve themselves in unintelligible pursuits and interests of their own. For the present, the small world, which alone knew of him, considered Septimius as a studious young man, who was fitting for the ministry, and was likely enough to do credit to the ministerial blood that he drew from his ancestors, in spite of the wild stream that the Indian priest had contributed ; and perhaps none the worse, as a clergyman, for having an instinctive sense of the nature of the Devil from his traditionary claims to partake of his blood. But what strange

interest there is in tracing out the first steps by which we enter on a career that influences our life; and this deep-worn pathway on the hill-top, passing and repassing by a grave, seemed to symbolize it in Septimius's case.

I suppose the morbidness of Septimius's disposition was excited by the circumstances which had put the paper into his possession. Had he received it by post, it might not have impressed him; he might possibly have looked over it with ridicule, and tossed it aside. But he had taken it from a dying man, and he felt that his fate was in it; and truly it turned out to be so. He waited for a fit opportunity to open it and read it; he put it off as if he cared nothing about it; but perhaps it was because he cared so much. Whenever he had a happy time with Rose (and, moody as Septimius was, such happy moments came), he felt that then was not the time to look into the paper,—it was not to be read in a happy mood.

Once he asked Rose to walk with him on the hill-top.

"Why, what a path you have worn here, Septimius!" said the girl. "You walk miles and miles on this one spot, and get no farther on than when you started. That is strange walking!"

"I don't know, Rose; I sometimes think I get a little onward. But it is sweeter—yes, much sweeter, I find—to have you walking on this path here than to be treading it alone."

"I am glad of that," said Rose; "for sometimes, when I look up here, and see you through the branches, with your head bent down and your hands clasped behind you, treading, treading, treading, always in one way, I wonder whether I am at all in your mind. I don't think, Septimius," added she, looking up in his face and smiling, "that ever a girl had just such a young man for a lover."

"No young man ever had such a girl, I am sure," said Septimius; "so sweet, so good for him, so prolific of good influences!"

"Ah, it makes me think well of myself to bring such a smile into your face! But, Septimius, what is this little hillock here so close to our path? Have you heaped it up here for a seat? Shall we sit down upon it for an instant?—for it makes me more tired to walk backward and forward on one path than to go straight forward a much longer distance."

"Well; but we will not sit down on this hillock," said Septimius, drawing her away from it. "Farther out this way, if you please, Rose, where we shall have a better view over the wide plain, the valley, and the long, tame ridge of hills on the other side, shutting it in like human life. It is a landscape that never tires, though it has nothing striking about it; and I am glad that there are no great hills to be thrusting themselves into my thoughts, and crowding out better things. It might be desirable, in some states of mind, to have a glimpse of water,—to have the lake that once must have covered this green valley,—because water reflects the sky, and so is like religion in life, the spiritual element."

"There is the brook running through it, though we do not see it," replied Rose; "a torpid little brook, to be sure; but, as you say, it has heaven in its bosom, like Walden Pond, or any wider one."

As they sat together on the hill-top, they could look down into Robert Hagburn's enclosure, and they saw him, with his arm now relieved from the sling, walking about, in a very erect manner, with a middle-aged man by his side, to whom he seemed to be talking and explaining some matter. Even at that distance Septimius could see that the rustic stoop and uncouthness had somehow fallen away from Robert, and that he seemed developed.

"What has come to Robert Hagburn?" said he. "He looks like another man than the lout I knew a few weeks ago."

"Nothing," said Rose Garfield, "except what comes to a good many young

men nowadays. He has enlisted, and is going to the war. It is a pity for his mother."

"A great pity," said Septimius. "Mothers are greatly to be pitied all over the country just now, and there are some even more to be pitied than the mothers, though many of them do not know or suspect anything about their cause of grief at present."

"Of whom do you speak?" asked Rose.

"I mean those many good and sweet young girls," said Septimius, "who would have been happy wives to the thousands of young men who now, like Robert Hagburn, are going to the war. Those young men — many of them, at least — will sicken and die in camp, or be shot down, or struck through with bayonets on battle-fields, and turn to dust and bones; while the girls that would have loved them, and made happy firesides for them, will pine and wither, and tread along many sour and discontented years, and at last go out of life without knowing what life is. So you see, Rose, every shot that takes effect kills two at least, or kills one and worse than kills the other."

"No woman will live single on account of poor Robert Hagburn being shot," said Rose, with a change of tone; "for he would never be married were he to stay at home and plough the field."

"How can you tell that, Rose?" asked Septimius.

Rose did not tell how she came to know so much about Robert Hagburn's matrimonial purposes; but after this little talk it appeared as if something had risen up between them, — a sort of mist, a medium, in which their intimacy was not increased; for the flow and interchange of sentiment was balked, and they took only one or two turns in silence along Septimius's trodden path. I don't know exactly what it was; but there are cases in which it is inscrutably revealed to persons that they have made a mistake in what is of the highest concern to them; and this truth often comes in the shape of a vague depression of the spirit, like a

vapor settling down on a landscape; a misgiving, coming and going perhaps, a lack of perfect certainty. Whatever it was, Rose and Septimius had no more tender and playful words that day; and Rose soon went to look after her grandmother, and Septimius went and shut himself up in his study, after making an arrangement to meet Rose the next day.

Septimius shut himself up, and drew forth the document which the young officer, with that singular smile on his dying face, had bequeathed to him as the reward of his death. It was in a covering of folded parchment, right through which, as aforesaid, was a bullet-hole and some stains of blood. Septimius unrolled the parchment cover, and found inside a manuscript, closely written in a crabbed hand; so crabbed, indeed, that Septimius could not at first read a word of it, nor even satisfy himself in what language it was written. There seemed to be Latin words, and some interspersed ones in Greek characters, and here and there he could doubtfully read an English sentence; but, on the whole, it was an unintelligible mass, conveying somehow an idea that it was the fruit of vast labor and erudition, emanating from a mind very full of books, and grinding and pressing down the great accumulation of grapes that it had gathered from so many vineyards, and squeezing out rich viscid juices, — potent wine, — with which the reader might get drunk. Some of it, moreover, seemed, for the further mystification of the officer, to be written in cipher; a needless precaution, it might seem, when the writer's natural chirography was so full of puzzle and bewilderment.

Septimius looked at this strange manuscript, and it shook in his hands as he held it before his eyes, so great was his excitement. Probably, doubtless, it was in a great measure owing to the way in which it came to him, with such circumstances of tragedy and mystery; as if — so secret and so important was it — it could not be within the



knowledge of two persons at once, and therefore it was necessary that one should die in the act of transmitting it to the hand of another, the destined possessor, inheritor, profitor by it. By the bloody hand, as all the great possessions in this world have been gained and inherited, he had succeeded to the legacy, the richest that mortal man ever could receive. He pored over the inscrutable sentences, and wondered, when he should succeed in reading one, if it might summon up a subject-fiend, appearing with thunder and devilish demonstrations. And by what other strange chance had the document come into the hand of him who alone was fit to receive it? It seemed to Septimius, in his enthusiastic egotism, as if the whole chain of events had been arranged purposely for this end; a difference had come between two kindred peoples; a war had broken out; a young officer, with the traditions of an old family represented in his line, had marched, and had met with a peaceful student, who had been incited from high and noble motives to take his life; then came a strange, brief intimacy, in which his victim made the slayer his heir. All these chances, as they seemed, all these interferences of Providence, as they doubtless were, had been necessary in order to put this manuscript into the hands of Septimius, who now pored over it, and could not with certainty read one word!

But this did not trouble him, except for the momentary delay. Because he felt well assured that the strong, concentrated study that he would bring to it would remove all difficulties, as the rays of a lens melt stones; as the telescope pierces through densest light of stars, and resolves them into their individual brilliancies. He could afford to spend years upon it, if it were necessary; but earnestness and application should do quickly the work of years.

Amid these musings he was interrupted by his Aunt Keziah; though generally observant enough of her nephew's studies, and feeling a sanc-

tity in them, both because of his intending to be a minister and because she had a great reverence for learning, even if heathenish, this good old lady summoned Septimius somewhat peremptorily to chop wood for her domestic purposes. How strange it is, — the way in which we are summoned from all high purposes by these little homely necessities; all symbolizing the great fact that the earthly part of us, with its demands, takes up the greater portion of all our available force. So Septimius, grumbling and groaning, went to the wood-shed and exercised himself for an hour as the old lady requested; and it was only by instinct that he worked, hardly conscious what he was doing. The whole of passing life seemed impertinent; or if, for an instant, it seemed otherwise, then his lonely speculations and plans seemed to become impalpable, and to have only the consistency of vapor, which his utmost concentration succeeded no further than to make into the likeness of absurd faces, mopping, mowing, and laughing at him.

But that sentence of mystic meaning shone out before him like a transparency, illuminated in the darkness of his mind; he determined to take it for his motto until he should be victorious in his quest. When he took his candle, to retire apparently to bed, he again drew forth the manuscript, and, sitting down by the dim light, tried vainly to read it; but he could not as yet settle himself to concentrated and regular effort; he kept turning the leaves of the manuscript, in the hope that some other illuminated sentence might gleam out upon him, as the first had done, and shed a light on the context around it; and that then another would be discovered, with similar effect, until the whole document would thus be illuminated with separate stars of light, converging and concentrating in one radiance that should make the whole visible. But such was his bad fortune, not another word of the manuscript was he able to read that whole evening; and, moreover, while he had

still an inch of candle left, Aunt Keziah, in her nightcap, — as witch-like a figure as ever went to a wizard meeting in the forest with Septimius's ancestor, — appeared at the door of the room, aroused from her bed, and shaking her finger at him.

"Septimius," said she, "you keep me awake, and you will ruin your eyes, and turn your head, if you study till midnight in this manner. You'll never live to be a minister, if this is the way you go on."

"Well, well, Aunt Keziah," said Septimius, covering his manuscript with a book, "I am just going to bed now."

"Good night, then," said the old woman; "and God bless your labors."

Strangely enough, a glance at the manuscript, as he hid it from the old woman, had seemed to Septimius to reveal another sentence, of which he had imperfectly caught the purport; and when she had gone, he in vain sought the place, and vainly, too, endeavored to recall the meaning of what he had read. Doubtless his fancy exaggerated the importance of the sentence, and he felt as if it might have vanished from the book forever. In fact, the unfortunate young man, excited and tossed to and fro by a variety of unusual impulses, was got into a bad way, and was likely enough to go mad, unless the balancing portion of his mind proved to be of greater volume and effect than as yet appeared to be the case.

The next morning he was up, bright and early, poring over the manuscript with the sharpened wits of the new day, peering into its night, into its old, blurred, forgotten dream; and, indeed, he had been dreaming about it, and was fully possessed with the idea that, in his dream, he had taken up the inscrutable document, and read it off as glibly as he would the page of a modern drama, in a continual rapture with the deep truth that it made clear to his comprehension, and the lucid way in which it evolved the mode in which man might be restored to his originally

undying state. So strong was the impression, that when he unfolded the manuscript, it was with almost the belief that the crabbed old handwriting would be plain to him. Such did not prove to be the case, however; so far from it, that poor Septimius in vain turned over the yellow pages in quest of the one sentence which he had been able, or fancied he had been able, to read yesterday. The illumination that had brought it out was now faded, and all was a blur, an inscrutableness, a scrawl of unintelligible characters alike. So much did this affect him, that he had almost a mind to tear it into a thousand fragments, and scatter it out of the window to the west-wind, that was then blowing past the house; and if, in that summer season, there had been a fire on the hearth, it is possible that easy realization of a destructive impulse might have incited him to fling the accursed scrawl into the hottest of the flames, and thus returned it to the Devil, who, he suspected, was the original author of it. Had he done so, what strange and gloomy passages would I have been spared the pain of relating! How different would have been the life of Septimius, — a thoughtful preacher of God's word, taking severe but conscientious views of man's state and relations, a heavy-browed walker and worker on earth, and, finally, a slumberer in an honored grave, with an epitaph bearing testimony to his great usefulness in his generation.

But, in the mean time, here was the troublesome day passing over him, and pestering, bewildering, and tripping him up with its mere sublunary troubles, as the days will all of us the moment we try to do anything that we flatter ourselves is of a little more importance than others are doing. Aunt Keziah tormented him a great while about the rich field, just across the road, in front of the house, which Septimius had neglected the cultivation of, unwilling to spare the time to plough, to plant, to hoe it himself, but hired a lazy lout of the village, when he might

just as well have employed and paid wages to the scarecrow which Aunt Keziah dressed out in ancient habiliments, and set up in the midst of the corn. Then came an old codger from the village, talking to Septimius about the war, — a theme of which he was weary: telling the rumor of skirmishes that the next day would prove to be false of battles that were immediately to take place, of encounters with the enemy in which our side showed the valor of twenty-fold heroes, but had to retreat; babbling about shells and mortars, battalions, manœuvres, angles, fascines, and other items of military art; for war had filled the whole brain of the people, and enveloped the whole thought of man in a mist of gunpowder.

In this way, sitting on his doorstep, or in the very study, haunted by such speculations, this wretched old man would waste the better part of a summer afternoon, while Septimius listened, returning abstracted monosyllables, answering amiss, and wishing his persecutor jammed into one of the cannons he talked about, and fired off, to end his interminable babble in one roar; [talking] of great officers coming from France and other countries; of overwhelming forces from England, to put an end to the war at once; of the unlikelihood that it ever should be ended; of its hopelessness; of its certainty of a good and speedy end.

Then came limping along the lane a disabled soldier, begging his way home from the field, which, a little while ago, he had sought in the full vigor of rustic health he was never to know again; with whom Septimius had to talk, and relieve his wants as far as he could (though not from the poor young officer's deposit of English gold), and send him on his way.

Then came the minister, to talk with his former pupil, about whom he had latterly had much meditation, not understanding what mood had taken possession of him; for the minister was a man of insight, and from conversations with Septimius, as searching as he knew how to make them, he had

begun to doubt whether he were sufficiently sound in faith to adopt the clerical persuasion. Not that he supposed him to be anything like a confirmed unbeliever; but he thought it probable that these doubts, these strange, dark, disheartening suggestions of the Devil, that so surely infect certain temperaments and measures of intellect, were tormenting poor Septimius, and pulling him back from the path in which he was capable of doing so much good. So he came this afternoon to talk seriously with him, and to advise him, if the case were as he supposed, to get for a time out of the track of the thought in which he had so long been engaged; to enter into active life; and by and by, when the morbid influences should have been overcome by a change of mental and moral religion, he might return, fresh and healthy, to his original design.

"What can I do?" asked Septimius, gloomily. "What business take up, when the whole land lies waste and idle, except for this war?"

"There is the very business, then," said the minister. "Do you think God's work is not to be done in the field as well as in the pulpit? You are strong, Septimius, of a bold character, and have a mien and bearing that gives you a natural command among men. Go to the wars, and do a valiant part for your country, and come back to your peaceful mission when the enemy has vanished. Or you might go as chaplain to a regiment, and use either hand in battle, — pray for success before a battle, help win it with sword or gun, and give thanks to God, kneeling on the bloody field, at its close. You have already stretched one foe on your native soil."

Septimius could not but smile within himself at this warlike and bloody counsel; and, joining it with some similar exhortations from Aunt Keziah, he was inclined to think that women and clergymen are, in matters of war, the most uncompromising and bloodthirsty of the community. However, he replied, coolly, that his moral impulses

and his feelings of duty did not exactly impel him in this direction, and that he was of opinion that war was a business in which a man could not engage with safety to his conscience, unless his conscience actually drove him into it; and that this made all the difference between heroic battle and murderous strife. The good minister had nothing very effectual to answer to this, and took his leave, with a still stronger opinion than before that there was something amiss in his pupil's mind.

By this time, this thwarting day had gone on through its course of little and great impediments to his pursuit, — the discouragements of trifling and earthly business, of purely impertinent interruption, of severe and disheartening opposition from the powerful counteraction of different kinds of mind, — until the hour had come at which he had arranged to meet Rose Garfield. I am afraid the poor thwarted youth did not go to his love-tryst in any very amiable mood; but rather, perhaps, reflecting how all things earthly and immortal, and love among the rest, whichever category, of earth or heaven, it may belong to, set themselves against man's progress in any pursuit that he seeks to devote himself to. It is one struggle, the moment he undertakes such a thing, of everything else in the world to impede him.

However, as it turned out, it was a pleasant and happy interview that he had with Rose that afternoon. The girl herself was in a happy, tuneful mood, and met him with such simplicity, threw such a light of sweetness over his soul, that Septimius almost forgot all the wild cares of the day, and walked by her side with a quiet fulness of pleasure that was new to him. She reconciled him, in some secret way, to life as it was, to imperfection, to decay; without any help from her intellect, but through the influence of her character, she seemed, not to solve, but to smooth away, problems that troubled him; merely by being, by womanhood, by simplicity, she interpreted God's ways to him; she

softened the stoniness that was gathering about his heart. And so they had a delightful time of talking, and laughing, and smelling to flowers; and when they were parting, Septimius said to her, —

"Rose, you have convinced me that this is a most happy world, and that Life has its two children, Birth and Death, and is bound to prize them equally; and that God is very kind to his earthly children; and that all will go well."

"And have I convinced you of all this?" replied Rose, with a pretty laughter. "It is all true, no doubt, but I should not have known how to argue for it. But you are very sweet, and have not frightened me to-day."

"Do I ever frighten you then, Rose?" asked Septimius, bending his black brow upon her with a look of surprise and displeasure.

"Yes, sometimes," said Rose, facing him with courage, and smiling upon the cloud so as to drive it away; "when you frown upon me like that, I am a little afraid you will beat me, all in good time."

"Now," said Septimius, laughing again, "you shall have your choice, to be beaten on the spot, or suffer another kind of punishment, — which?"

So saying, he snatched her to him, and strove to kiss her, while Rose, laughing and struggling, cried out, "The beating! the beating!" But Septimius relented not, though it was only Rose's cheek that he succeeded in touching. In truth, except for that first one, at the moment of their plighted troths, I doubt whether Septimius ever touched those soft, sweet lips, where the smiles dwelt and the little pouts. He now returned to his study, and questioned with himself whether he should touch that weary, ugly, yellow, blurred, unintelligible, bewitched, mysterious, bullet-penetrated, blood-stained manuscript again. There was an undefinable reluctance to do so, and at the same time an enticement (irresistible, as it proved) drawing him towards it. He yielded, and taking it from his

desk, in which the precious, fatal treasure was locked up, he plunged into it again, and this time, with a certain degree of success. He found the line which had before gleamed out, and vanished again, and which now started out in strong relief; even as when sometimes we see a certain arrangement of stars in the heavens, and again lose it, by not seeing its individual stars in the same relation as before; even so, looking at the manuscript in a different way, Septimius saw this fragment of a sentence, and saw, moreover, what was necessary to give it a certain meaning. "Set the root in a grave, and wait for what shall blossom. It will be very rich, and full of juice." This was the purport, he now felt sure, of the sentence he had lighted upon; and he took it to refer to the mode of producing something that was essential to the thing to be concocted. It might have only a moral being; or, as is generally the case, the moral and physical truth went hand in hand.

While Septimius was busying himself in this way, the summer advanced, and with it there appeared a new character, making her way into our pages. This was a slender and pale girl, whom Septimius was once startled to find, when he ascended his hill-top, to take his walk to and fro upon the accustomed path, which he had now worn deep.

What was stranger, she sat down close beside the grave, which none but he and the minister knew to be a grave; that little hillock, which he had levelled a little, and had planted with various flowers and shrubs; which the summer had fostered into richness, the poor young man below having contributed what he could, and tried to render them as beautiful as he might, in remembrance of his own beauty. Septimius wished to conceal the fact of its being a grave: not that he was tormented with any sense that he had done wrong in shooting the young man, which had been done in fair battle; but still it was not the pleasantest of thoughts, that he had laid a

beautiful human creature, so fit for the enjoyment of life, there, when his own dark brow, his own troubled breast, might better, he could not but acknowledge, have been covered up there. [*Perhaps there might sometimes be something fantastically gay in the language and behavior of the girl.*]

Well; but then, on this flower and shrub-disguised grave, sat this unknown form of a girl, with a slender, pallid, melancholy grace about her, simply dressed in a dark attire, which she drew loosely about her. At first glimpse, Septimius fancied that it might be Rose; but it needed only a glance to undeceive him; her figure was of another character from the vigorous, though slight and elastic beauty of Rose; this was a drooping grace, and when he came near enough to see her face, he saw that those large, dark, melancholy eyes, with which she had looked at him, had never met his gaze before.

"Good morrow, fair maiden," said Septimius, with such courtesy as he knew how to use (which, to say truth, was of a rustic order, his way of life having brought him little into female society). "There is a nice air here on the hill-top, this sultry morning below the hill!"

As he spoke, he continued to look wonderingly at the strange maiden, half fancying that she might be something that had grown up out of the grave; so unexpected she was, so simply unlike anything that had before come there.

The girl did not speak to him, but as she sat by the grave she kept weeding out the little white blades of faded autumn grass and yellow pine-spikes, peering into the soil as if to see what it was all made of, and everything that was growing there; and in truth, whether by Septimius's care or no, there seemed to be several kinds of flowers,—those little asters that abound everywhere, and golden flowers, such as autumn supplies with abundance. She seemed to be in quest of something, and several times plucked a leaf and

examined it carefully; then threw it down again, and shook her head. At last she lifted up her pale face, and, fixing her eyes quietly on Septimius, spoke: "It is not here!"

A very sweet voice it was, — plaintive, low, — and she spoke to Septimius as if she were familiar with him, and had something to do with him. He was greatly interested, not being able to imagine who the strange girl was, or whence she came, or what, of all things, could be her reason for coming and sitting down by this grave, and apparently botanizing upon it, in quest of some particular plant.

"Are you in search of flowers?" asked Septimius. "This is but a barren spot for them, and this is not a good season. In the meadows, and along the margin of the watercourses, you might find the fringed gentian at this time. In the woods there are several pretty flowers, — the side-saddle flower, the anemone; violets are plentiful in spring, and make the whole hillside blue. But this hill-top, with its soil strewn over a heap of pebble-stones, is no place for flowers."

"The soil is fit," said the maiden, "but the flower has not sprung up."

"What flower do you speak of?" asked Septimius.

"One that is not here," said the pale girl. "No matter. I will look for it again next spring."

"Do you, then, dwell hereabout?" inquired Septimius.

"Surely," said the maiden, with a look of surprise; "where else should I dwell? My home is on this hill-top."

It not a little startled Septimius, as may be supposed, to find his paternal inheritance, of which he and his forefathers had been the only owners since

the world began (for they held it by an Indian deed), claimed as a home and abiding-place by this fair, pale, strange-acting maiden, who spoke as if she had as much right there as if she had grown up out of the soil, like one of the wild, indigenous flowers which she had been gazing at and handling. However that might be, the maiden seemed now about to depart, rising, giving a farewell touch or two to the little verdant hillock, which looked much the neater for her ministrations.

"Are you going?" said Septimius, looking at her in wonder.

"For a time," said she.

"And shall I see you again?" asked he.

"Surely," said the maiden, "this is my walk, along the brow of the hill."

It again smote Septimius with a strange thrill of surprise to find the walk which he himself had made, treading it, and smoothing it, and beating it down with the pressure of his continual feet, from the time when the tufted grass made the sides all uneven, until now, when it was such a pathway as you may see through a wood, or over a field, where many feet pass every day, — to find this track and exemplification of his own secret thoughts and plans and emotions, this writing of his body, impelled by the struggle and movement of his soul, claimed as her own by a strange girl with melancholy eyes and voice, who seemed to have such a sad familiarity with him.

"You are welcome to come here," said he, endeavoring at least to keep such hold on his own property as was implied in making a hospitable surrender of it to another.

"Yes," said the girl, "a person should always be welcome to his own."

*Nathaniel Hawthorne.*

## THE WATCH OF BOON ISLAND.

THEY crossed the lonely and lamenting sea ;  
Its moaning seemed but singing. "Wilt thou dare,"  
He asked her, "brave the loneliness with me?"  
"What loneliness," she said, "if thou art there?"

Afar and cold on the horizon's rim  
Loomed the tall lighthouse, like a ghostly sign ;  
They sighed not as the shore behind grew dim,  
A rose of joy they bore across the brine.

They gained the barren rock, and made their home  
Among the wild waves and the sea-birds wild ;  
The wintry winds blew fierce across the foam,  
But in each other's eyes they looked and smiled.

Aloft the lighthouse sent its warnings wide,  
Fed by their faithful hands, and ships in sight  
With joy beheld it, and on land men cried,  
"Look, clear and steady burns Boon Island light!"

And, while they trimmed the lamp with busy hands,  
"Shine far and through the dark, sweet light," they cried ;  
"Bring safely back the sailors from all lands  
To waiting love, — wife, mother, sister, bride!"

No tempest shook their calm, though many a storm  
Tore the vexed ocean into furious spray ;  
No chill could find them in their Eden warm,  
And gently Time lapsed onward day by day.

Said I no chill could find them? There is one  
Whose awful footfalls everywhere are known,  
With echoing sobs, who chills the summer sun,  
And turns the happy heart of youth to stone ;

Inexorable Death, a silent guest  
At every hearth, before whose footsteps flee  
All joys, who rules the earth, and, without rest,  
Roams the vast shuddering spaces of the sea ;

Death found them ; turned his face and passed her by,  
But laid a finger on her lover's lips,  
And there was silence. Then the storm ran high,  
And tossed and troubled sore the distant ships.



Nay, who shall speak the terrors of the night,  
The speechless sorrow, the supreme despair?  
Still, like a ghost she trimmed the waning light,  
Dragging her slow weight up the winding stair.

With more than oil the saving lamp she fed,  
While lashed to madness the wild sea she heard;  
She kept her awful vigil with the dead,  
And God's sweet pity still she ministered.

O sailors, hailing loud the cheerful beam  
Piercing so far the tumult of the dark,  
A radiant star of hope, you could not dream  
What misery there sat cherishing that spark!

Three times the night, too terrible to bear,  
Descended, shrouded in the storm. At last  
The sun rose clear and still on her despair,  
And all her striving to the winds she cast,

And bowed her head and let the light die out,  
For the wide sea lay calm as her dead love.  
When evening fell, from the far land, in doubt,  
Vainly to find that faithful star men strove.

Sailors and landsmen look, and women's eyes,  
For pity ready, search in vain the night,  
And wondering neighbor unto neighbor cries,  
"Now what, think you, can ail Boon Island light?"

Out from the coast toward her high tower they sailed;  
They found her watching, silent, by her dead,  
A shadowy woman, who nor wept nor wailed,  
But answered what they spake, till all was said.

They bore the dead and living both away.  
With anguish time seemed powerless to destroy  
She turned, and backward gazed across the bay,—  
Lost in the sad sea lay her rose of joy.

*Mrs. Celia Thaxter.*

## DIVERSIONS OF THE ECHO CLUB.

## NIGHT THE THIRD.

WHEN the sportive tilting with light lances, the reciprocal, good-natured chaffing, in which the members of the Club were wont to indulge on coming together, had subsided, the conversation took the following turn :

ZÖILUS (*Æ* THE ANCIENT). I've been considering what you said the last time, about the prevalent literary taste not being entirely healthy. How far would you apply that verdict to the authors ? Their relative popularity is your only gauge for the character of the readers.

THE ANCIENT. I don't think I had any individual authors in my mind, at the time. But a great deal of all modern literature is ephemeral, created from day to day to supply a certain definite demand, and sinking out of sight, sooner or later. Nine readers out of ten make no distinction between this ephemeral material and the few works which really belong to our literary history ; that is, they confound the transitory with the permanent authors.

ZÖILUS. So far, I agree with you. Now the inference would be that those nine readers, who lack the finer judgment, and who, of course, represent the prevalent taste, are responsible for the success of the transitory authors. But they do not make the latter ; they do not even dictate the character of their works : hence the school, no matter how temporary it may be, must be founded by the authors, — which obliges us to admit a certain degree of originality and power

THE ANCIENT. I see where you are going ; let us have no reasoning in a ring, I pray you ! If you admit the two classes of authors, it is enough. I have already seen one generation forgotten, and I fancy I now see the second slipping the cables of their craft, and making ready to drop down stream

with the ebb-tide. I remember, for instance, that in 1840 there were many well-known and tolerably popular names, which are never heard now. Byron and Mrs. Hemans then gave the tone to poetry, and Scott, Bulwer, and Cooper to fiction. Willis was, by all odds, the most popular American author ; Longfellow was not known by the multitude, Emerson was only "that Transcendentalist," and Whittier "that Abolitionist." We young men used to talk of Rufus Dawes, and Charles Fenno Hoffman, and Grenville Mellen, and Brainard, and Sands. Why, we even had a hope that something wonderful would come out of Chivers !

OMNES. Chivers ?

THE ANCIENT. Have you never heard of Chivers ? He is a phenomenon !

THE GANNET. Does n't Poe speak of him somewhere ?

THE ANCIENT. To be sure. Poe finished the ruin of him which Shelley began. Dr. Thomas Holley Chivers, of Georgia, author of "Virginalia," "The Lost Pleiad," "Facets of Diamond," and "Eonchs of Ruby !"

ZÖILUS. What ! Come, now, this is only a *ben trovato*.

THE ANCIENT. Also of "Nacoochee, the Beautiful Star" ; and there was still another volume, — six in all ! The British Museum has the only complete set of his works. I speak the sober truth, Zöilus ; a friend of mine has three of the volumes, and I can show them to you. One of the finest images in modern poetry is in his "Apollo" : —

"Like cataracts of adamant, uplifted into mountains,  
Making oceans metropolitan, for the splendor of  
the dawn !"

ZÖILUS. Incredible !

THE ANCIENT. I remember also a stanza of his "Rosalie Lee" : —

" Many mellow Cydonian suckets,  
Sweet apples, anthosmial, divine,  
From the ruby-rimmed beryline buckets,  
Star-gemmed, lily-shaped, hyaline;  
Like the sweet golden goblet found growing  
On the wild emerald cucumber-tree,  
Rich, brilliant, like chrysoprase glowing,  
Was my beautiful Rosalie Lee!"

ZOÏLUS. Hold, hold! I can endure no more.

THE ANCIENT. You see what comes of a fashion in literature. There was many a youth in those days who made attempts just as idiotic, in the columns of country papers; and perhaps the most singular circumstance was, that very few readers laughed at them. Why, there are expressions, epithets, images, which run all over the land, and sometimes last for a generation. I once discovered that with both the English and German poets of a hundred years ago, evening is always called *brown*, and morning either *rosy* or *purple*. Just now the fashion runs to jewelry; we have ruby lips, and topaz light, and sapphire seas, and diamond air. Mrs. Browning even says:—

" Her cheek's pale opal burnt with a red and restless spark!"

What sort of a cheek must that be? Then we have such a wealth of gorgeous color as never was seen before,—no quiet half-tints, but pure pigments, laid on with a pallet-knife. Really, I sometimes feel a distinct sense of fatigue at the base of the optic nerve, after reading a magazine story. The besetting sin of the popular—not the best—authors is the intense.

ZOÏLUS. Why do you call intensity of expression a sin?

THE ANCIENT. I meant intensity of *epithet*, the strongest expression is generally the briefest and barest. Take the old ballads of any people, and you will find few adjectives. The singer says: "He laughed; she wept." Perhaps the poet of a more civilized age might say: "He laughed in scorn; she turned away and shed tears of disappointment." But nowadays, the ambitious young writer must produce something like this: "A hard, fiendish laugh, scornful and pitiless, forced its

passage from his throat through the lips that curled in mockery of her appeal; she covered her despairing face, and a gust and whirlwind of sorrowing agony burst forth in her irresistible tears!"

OMNES (*clapping their hands*). Go on! Go on!

THE ANCIENT. It is enough of the Bowery, for to-night.

GALAHAD. O, you forget the intenser life of our day! I see the exaggeration of which you speak, but I believe something of it comes from the struggle to express more. All our senses have grown keener, our natures respond more delicately, and to a greater range of influences, than those of the generations before us. There is a finer moral development; our aims in life have become spiritualized; we may have less power, less energy of genius, but we move towards higher and purer goals.

ZOÏLUS. The writers of Queen Anne's time might have compared themselves in the same way with their predecessors in Charles II.'s. What if your own poems should be considered coarse and immoral a hundred years hence?

GALAHAD (*bewildered*). What has that to do with the question?

THE ANCIENT. Only this; that there are eternal laws of Art, to which the moral and spiritual aspirations of the author, which are generally relative to his own or the preceding age, must conform, if they would also become eternal.

THE GANNET. Very fine, indeed; but you are all forgetting our business.

ZOÏLUS. Let us first add a fresh supply of names.

THE GANNET. Write them yourself—we shall otherwise repeat.

(ZOÏLUS *writes a dozen or more slips, whereupon they draw.*)

GALAHAD. Dante Rossetti!

ZOÏLUS. I have Barry Cornwall.

THE GANNET. And I—Whittier.

OMNES. Whittier must not be parodied.

GALAHAD (*earnestly*). Draw another name!

THE ANCIENT. Why?

GALAHAD. There is at once an evidence of what I said! Where are your jewelry and colors? On the other side, where will you find an intenser faith, a more ardent aspiration for truth and good? The moral and spiritual element is so predominant in him, — so wedded for time and eternity to his genius as a poet, — that you cannot imitate him without seeming to slight, or in some way offend, what should be as holy to us as to him!

THE ANCIENT (*laying his hand on GALAHAD'S shoulder*). My dear boy, Whittier deserves all the love and reverence you are capable of giving him. He is just as fine an illustration of my side of the question: his poetic art has refined and harmonized that moral quality in his nature, which, many years ago, made his poetry seem partisan, and therefore, not unmixed poetry. But the alloy (in a poetic sense, only) has been melted out in the pure and steady flame of his intellect, and the preacher in him has now his rightful authority because he no longer governs the poet. As for those poems which exhale devotion and aspiration as naturally as a violet exhales odor, there is no danger of the Gannet imitating them; he has not the power even if he had the will. But Whittier has also written —

THE GANNET. Don't you see I'm hard at work? What do you mean by dictating what I may or may not do? I am already well launched, and (*declaiming*) "I seek no change; and, least of all, such change as you would give me!"

THE ANCIENT. I can't help you, Galahad; go on with your own work now. I have drawn one of the youngsters, this time, and mean to turn him over to you when you have slaughtered Rossetti.

GALAHAD. Who is he?

THE ANCIENT. A brother near your throne.

ZOILUS (*to THE ANCIENT*). I have done Barry Cornwall; it's an easy task. He is nearly always very brief. His

are not even short swallow-flights of song, but little hops from one twig to another. While Galahad and the Gannet are finishing theirs, repeat to me something more of Chivers!

THE ANCIENT. I can only recall fragments, here and there. The refrain to a poem called "The Poet's Vocation," in the "Eonchs of Ruby," is: —

"In the music of the morns,  
Blown through the Conchimarion horns,  
Down the dark vistas of the reboant Norns,  
To the Genius of Eternity,  
Crying: 'Come to me! Come to me!'"

ZOILUS. Ye gods! It is amazing. Why can't you write a stanza in his manner?

THE ANCIENT (*smiling*). I think I can even equal him.

(*He takes a pencil and writes rapidly. Just as he finishes, GALAHAD and THE GANNET lay down their pencils and lean back in their seats.*)

THE CHORUS (*eagerly*). We must first hear the Ancient! He is a medium for the great Chivers.

THE ANCIENT. I have been merciful towards you. One stanza will suffice. (*Reads.*)

Beloved of the wanderer's father  
That walks 'mid the agates of June,  
The wreaths of remorse that I gather  
Were torn from the turrets of Rune;  
When the star-patterns brodered so brilliant  
Shone forth from the diapered blue,  
And the moon dropped her balsam scintillant,  
Soul-nectar for me and for you!

THE GANNET. Send for a physician; tie a wet towel around his head! A thousand years hence, when the human race comes back to polytheism, Chivers will be the god of all crack-brained authors.

THE ANCIENT. I recognize a fantastic infection. Come, Zoilus, give me a tonic!

ZOILUS. Wine has become a very fashionable tonic, and that is just what I have put into Barry Cornwall's mouth. (*Reads.*)

#### SONG.

Talk of dew on eglantine, —  
Stuff! the poet's drink is wine.  
Black as quaffed by old King Death,  
That which biteth, maddeneth;  
For my readers fain would see  
What effect it has on me.

Nose may reddens, head may swim,  
 Joints be loose in every limb,  
 And the golden rhymes I chant  
 Sheer away on wings aslant,  
 Whale may whistle, porpoise roll,  
 Yet I'll drain the gentle bowl!

Pleasure's dolphin gambols near;  
 Virtue's mackerel looks austere;  
 Duty's hippopotamus  
 Waddles forward, leaving us;  
 Joy, the sturgeon, leaps and soars,  
 While we coast the Teian shores!

THE ANCIENT. What a fearful Bacchanalian you have made of good and gentle Barry Cornwall! You must have been possessed by Poe's "Imp of the Perverse," to yoke his manner to such a subject. I was expecting to hear something of spring and clover and cowslips. Faith! I believe I could improvise an imitation. Wait a second! Now:—

When spring returneth,  
 And cowslips blow,  
 The milkmaid churneth  
 Her creamy snow,  
 The mill-wheel spurneth  
 The stream below;  
 The cherry-tree skipeth in earth and air,  
 The small bird calleth: beware, prepare!  
 And all is fair!

OMNES. Another stanza!

THE ANCIENT. O, you have but to turn things upside down, and there it is:—

The cold wind bloweth  
 O'er brake and burn,  
 The cream o'erfloweth  
 The tilted churn,  
 The mill-wheel sloweth,  
 And fails to turn;  
 The cherry-tree sheddeth her leaves in the fall,  
 The crow and the clamoring raven call,  
 And that is all!

But, seriously, Galahad, after what *Zoilus* has done, I am a little afraid of the Gannet's work. Suppose he should make our beloved Whittier

"Troll a careless tavern-catch  
 Of Moll and Meg, and strange experiences  
 Unmeet for ladies"?

GALAHAD (*earnestly*). Then I should withdraw from the Club.

THE GANNET. Prythee, peace, young hotspur! I'll agree to start with you for Massachusetts by to-morrow morning's express train, and lay before the poet what I've written. If he does n't

laugh heartily, on reading it, I'll engage to come all the way back afoot.

THE ANCIENT. We can decide for him: read!

THE GANNET. It is a ballad of New England life which you shall hear. (*Reads.*)

#### THE BALLAD OF HIRAM HOVER.

Where the Moosatockmaguntic  
 Pours its waters in the Skuntic,  
 Met, along the forest-side,  
 Hiram Hover, Huldah Hyde.

She, a maiden fair and dapper,  
 He, a red-haired, stalwart trapper,  
 Hunting beaver, mink, and skunk,  
 In the woodlands of Squeedunk.

She, Pentucket's pensive daughter,  
 Walked beside the Skuntic water,  
 Gathering, in her apron wet,  
 Snakeroot, mint, and bouncing-bet.

"Why," he murmured, loath to leave her,  
 "Gather yarbs for chills and fever,  
 When a lovyer, bold and true,  
 Only waits to gather you?"

"Go," she answered, "I'm not hasty;  
 I prefer a man more tasty:  
 Leastways, one to please me well  
 Should not have a beastly smell."

"Haughty Huldah!" Hiram answered;  
 "Mind and heart alike are cantered:  
 Jest look here! these peltries give  
 Cash, wherefrom a pair may live."

"I, you think, am but a vagrant,  
 Trapping beasts by no means fragrant;  
 Yet—I'm sure it's worth a thank—  
 I've a handsome sum in bank."

Turned and vanished Hiram Hover;  
 And, before the year was over,  
 Huldah, with the yarbs she sold,  
 Bought a cape, against the cold.

Black and thick the furry cape was;  
 Of a stylish cut the shape was;  
 And the girls, in all the town,  
 Envied Huldah up and down.

Then, at last, one winter morning,  
 Hiram came, without a warning:  
 "Either," said he, "you are blind,  
 Huldah, or you've changed your mind."

"Me you snub for trapping varmints,  
 Yet you take the skins for garments:  
 Since you wear the skunk and mink,  
 There's no harm in me, I think."

"Well," said she, "we will not quarrel,  
 Hiram: I accept the moral.  
 Now the fashion's so, I guess  
 I can't hardly do no less."

Thus the trouble all was over  
 Of the love of Hiram Hover:  
 Thus he made sweet Huldah Hyde  
 Huldah Hover, as his bride.

Love employs, with equal favor,  
Things of good and evil savor ;  
That, which first appeared to part,  
Warmed, at last, the maiden's heart.

Under one impartial banner,  
Life, the hunter, Love, the tanner,  
Draw, from every beast they snare,  
Comfort for a wedded pair !

ZOÏLUS. The Gannet distances us all, to-night. Even Galahad is laughing yet, and I saw, when the reading began, that he was resolved not to smile, if he could help it. What does our Ancient think ?

THE ANCIENT. It does, certainly, suggest the style of some of Whittier's delightful ballads, only substituting a comical for an earnest motive. Change that motive and a few expressions, and it would become a serious poem. The Gannet was lucky in striking the proper key at the start. And here, perhaps, is one result of our diversions, upon which we had not calculated, over and above the fun. I don't see why poets should not drill themselves in all that is technical, as well as painters, sculptors, opera singers, or even orators. All the faculties called into play to produce rhythm, harmony of words, richness of the poetical dialect, choice of keys and cadences, may be made nimbler, by even mechanical practice, more active, and more obedient to command. I never rightly believed in the peculiar solemnity of the poet's gift ; every singer should have a gay, sportive side to his nature. I am sure the young Shakespeare would have heartily joined in what we are here doing ; the young Goethe, we know, did many a similar thing. He was a capital *improvisatore* ; and who knows how much of his mastery over all forms of poetry may not have come from just such gymnastics ?

GALAHAD. Might not an aptness in representing the manner of others — like that of an actor who assumes a different character every night — indicate some lack of original force ?

THE ANCIENT. The comparison is deceptive. An actor's sole business is to assume other individualities. What we do is no more than every novelist

does, in talking as a young girl, an old man, a saint, or a sinner. If anything of yourself is lost in the process, and you can't get it back again, why — let it go !

ZOÏLUS. You have it now, Galahad !

GALAHAD. Well, I'll cover my confusion by transferring myself into Dante Gabriel Rossetti. (*Reads.*)

#### CIMABUELLA.

##### I.

Fair-tinted cheeks, clear eyelids drawn  
In crescent curves above the light  
Of eyes, whose dim, uncertain dawn  
Becomes not day : a forehead white  
Beneath long yellow heaps of hair :  
She is so strange she must be fair.

##### II.

Had she sharp, slant-wise wings outspread,  
She were an angel ; but she stands  
With flat dead gold behind her head,  
And lilies in her long thin hands :  
Her folded mantle, gathered in,  
Falls to her feet as it were tin.

##### III.

Her nose is keen as pointed flame ;  
Her crimson lips no thing express ;  
And never dread of saintly blame  
Held down her heavy eyelashes :  
To guess what she were thinking of,  
Precludeth any meaner love.

##### IV.

An azure carpet, fringed with gold,  
Sprinkled with scarlet spots, I laid  
Before her straight, cool feet unrolled ;  
But she nor sound nor movement made  
(Albeit I heard a soft, shy smile,  
Printing her neck a moment's while) ;

##### V.

And I was shamed through all my mind  
For that she spake not, neither kissed,  
But stared right past me. Lo ! behind  
Me stood, in pink and amethyst,  
Sword-girt and velvet-doubled,  
A tall, gaunt youth, with frowzy head,

##### VI.

Wide nostrils in the air, dull eyes,  
Thick lips that simpered, but, ah me !  
I saw, with most forlorn surprise,  
He was the Thirteenth Century,  
I but the Nineteenth ; then despair  
Curdled beneath my curling hair.

##### VII.

O, Love and Fate ! How could she choose  
My rounded outlines, broader brain,  
And my resuscitated Muse ?  
Some tears she shed, but whether pain  
Or joy in him unlocked their source,  
I could not fathom which, of course.

##### VIII.

But I from missals, quaintly bound,  
With cipher and with clavicord

Will sing her songs of sovran sound :  
 Belike her pity will afford  
 Such faint return as suits a saint  
 So sweetly done in verse and paint.

THE GANNET. O Galahad ! Who could have expected this of you ?

GALAHAD. You know I like Rossetti's poems, but, really, I could n't help it, after I once got under way.

THE GANNET. Rossetti is picturesque, whatever else he may not be. His poetry has a delicate flavor of its own, and that is much to me, in these days, when so many dishes seem to be cooked with the same sauce. A poet is welcome to go back to the thirteenth century, if he only fetches us pictures. Poetry belongs to luxurious living, as much as painting and music ; hence we must value color, rhythmical effect, quaint and unexpected play of fancy, and every other quality that makes verse bright and sparkling. The theme is of less importance. Take, for instance, Victor Hugo's *Orientales*.

ZOILUS. Pray, let us not open that discussion again ! You know, already, how far I go with you, and just where Galahad and the Ancient stand. We should rather confine ourselves directly to the authors we imitate. Now, I think Rossetti's book on the Early Italian Poets better than his own poems. Perhaps it was the attempt to reproduce those poets in English which has given the mediæval coloring to his verse. We cannot undertake to say how much of the manner is natural, and how much assumed ; for a thirteenth or even a second century nature may be born nowadays. But it is none the less out of harmony with our thought and feeling, and the encouragement of such a fashion in literature strikes me as being related to the Pre-Raphaelite hallucination in art. I should like to have the Ancient's opinion on this point.

THE ANCIENT. Here is your other name, Galahad. (*Gives him a slip of paper.*) If there were not so much confusion of taste, Zoilus, — such an uncertainty in regard to the unchanging standards of excellence, in litera-

ture and art, — I could answer you in a few words. We must judge these anachronistic developments (as they seem) by those which provoked them. A movement may be false in itself, yet made necessary by some antecedent illusion or inanity. If you want to leave port, almost any craft will answer. I might carry out the image, and add that we never can foresee what side-winds may come to force the vessel to some other shore than that for which she seems bound. I have carefully read Rossetti's book, as one of the many phenomena of the day. It seems to me that there is a thin little thread of native poetry in him, but so encumbered with the burden of color, sensuous expression, and mediæval imagery and drapery, that it often is quite lost. What I have heard of the author explains to me the existence of the volume ; but its immediate popularity is something which I cannot yet comprehend.

GALAHAD. I have written.

THE GANNET. Already ? Who was it, then ?

GALAHAD. A personal friend, whose poems I know by heart, — Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Therefore, I could n't well avoid violating our rule, for a special little rhyme popped into my head, and imitated myself. If Aldrich were not living in Boston, we should have him here with us to-night, and he would be quite ready to burlesque himself. (*Reads.*)

#### PALABRAS GRANDIOSAS ;

I lay i' the bosom of the sun,  
 Under the roses dappled and dun.  
 I thought of the Sultan Gingerbeer,  
 In his palace beside the Bendemeer,  
 With his Affghan guards and his eunuchs blind,  
 And the harem that stretched for a league behind.  
 The tulips bent i' the summer breeze,  
 Under the broad chrysanthemum trees,  
 And the minstrel, playing his culverin,  
 Made for mine ears a merry din.  
 If I were the Sultan, and he were I,  
 Here i' the grass he should loafing lie,  
 And I should bestride my zebra steed,  
 And ride to the hunt of the centipede :  
 While the pet of the harem, Dandehne,  
 Should fill me a crystal bucket of wine,  
 And the kislar aga, Up-to-Snuff,  
 Should wipe my mouth when I sighed " Enough !"  
 And the gay court-poet, Fearfulbore,  
 Should sit in the hall when the hunt was o'er,



And chant me songs of silvery tone,  
Not from Hafiz, but — mine own !

Ah, wee sweet love, beside me here,  
I am not the Sultan Gingerbeer,  
Nor you the odalisque Dandeline,  
Yet I am yours, and you are mine !

THE ANCIENT. There's a delicate, elusive quality about Aldrich's short lyrics, which I should think very difficult to catch. I have an indistinct recollection of poor George Arnold writing something.

ZÖLUS. It was all about a mistake Aldrich made, years ago, in the color of a crocus. He called it *red*, and there may be red crocuses for aught I know ; but yellow or orange is the conventional color. Of course we did n't let the occasion slip ; we were all unmerciful towards each other. I remember I wrote something like this :—

I walked in the garden, ruffled with rain,  
Through the blossoms of every hue ;  
And I saw the pink, with its yellow stain,  
And the rose, with its bud of blue.

George Arnold's lines were :—

And all about the porphyry plates were strewn  
The blue arbutus of the early June,  
The crimson lemon and the purple yam,  
And dainties brought from Seringapatam !

THE GANNET. They are better than yours. Well, I'm glad that Galahad has not confused our color, at least.

For my part, I like Aldrich ; he is faithful to his talent, and gives us nothing that is not daintily polished and rounded. Some of his fragments remind me of Genoese filigree-work, there seems to be so much elaboration in a small compass ; yet only sport, not labor, is suggested. He, also, has ceased to sing in the minor key ; but I don't think he ever affected it much.

THE ANCIENT (*earnestly*). I'm glad to hear it ! O ye cheerful gods of all great poets, shall we never have an end of weeping and wailing and lamentation ! Is the world nothing but a cavern of sorrow, and the individual life a couch of thorns ? Must we have always bats, and never skylarks, in the air of poetry ?

ZÖLUS. Hear, hear ! I have not seen the Ancient so roused this many a day.

THE ANCIENT. The truth always excites.

GALAHAD. Before you put on your hats, let us have one more "lager." (*The glasses are filled.*) Now, to the health of all our young authors !

THE GANNET. Here 's to them heartily, — for that includes ourselves.

THE ANCIENT. As the youngest, I return thanks. [*Exeunt.*]

## A COMEDY OF TERRORS.

### V.

#### DESPISED LOVE.

AFTER that unexpected meeting with Grimes and Carrol, the ladies drove home, and not a word was spoken by either. The house was not far away, and the drive was not long enough to allow them time to recover from the emotion which this meeting caused them. But over Maud's pale face there came a hot angry flush, and her brows contracted into an indignant frown. She remained in her room

longer than was strictly necessary for disrobing herself, and when she joined her sister she had become calmer.

"O Maudie darling," said Mrs. Lovell, "I thought you were never coming. I do so want to talk to you. Only think how very odd it was that I should meet him in that way. And he looked so awfully embarrassed. Did n't you notice it ?"

"No," said Maud.

"Why, how strange ! Well, you know, I never felt so cut up in all my life."

"Did you?"

"Positively. I assure you I believe I'm growing prematurely old, and rapidly getting into my dotage. But how really magnificent he looked! I'm so glad I saw him, and I'm so glad he is n't coming here any more. Do you know, darling, I'm more afraid of myself than ever. Really, I sometimes think that I'm weaker than a child. How very fortunate for me it is that he has such real delicacy, and is so very punctilious and all that! Why, if he were different, one really could n't tell what might happen. O dear, how very fortunate it is that I'm going to Paris! But, Maudie dear, did you notice what a leonine aspect he had?"

"Who?" asked Maud, languidly.

"Who? Why, how stupid! Why, *he*, Mr. Grimes, of course. You can't suppose that I meant Mr. Carrol. He looked anything but leonine. He was as white as a sheet, and as stiff as a statue."

Maud sighed.

"Well, I'm sure," resumed Mrs. Lovell, "it's particularly fortunate for me that I'm going to Paris. I feel that I'm shamefully weak, and if I were to stay here I really don't know what would become of me. As it is I shall escape from him. Of course he will be here immediately, but I shall evade him. But poor fellow,"—and Mrs. Lovell sighed,—"*how* terribly cut up he will be when he finds that I am gone! And he won't know where in the world I have gone to. He would follow me, of course, to the world's end, but he can never, never think of Paris. Only he might think of it, and, O dear, if he were to find out, and follow me, what would become of me, Maudie? Do you know? I'm sure I don't, or, rather, I do know, but it's really too horrible to think of. I've an immense amount of strength of character, and all that sort of thing, Maudie dearest, but really if I should see him in Paris I'm afraid I should quite give up, I really do not know what resource I should have, unless I might fly home and take

refuge with poor dear papa, and I'm sure he's had worry enough with me, and then only think what worry he'd have if Mr. Grimes should pursue me there and see me again. What could poor dear papa do? He's so awfully fond of me that he's quite unreliable. He always lets me do just what I choose. Really, do you know, Maudie, I sometimes think it is quite heart-rending for one's papa to be so very, very weak. I do really."

"Poor fellow!" said Maud, with a sigh.

"Poor *what*?" exclaimed Mrs. Lovell, looking in astonishment at Maud. "Really, Maudie, it strikes me that you have a very funny way of alluding to poor papa."

"Papa?" said Maud, "I did n't mean him. I meant—Mr. Carrol."

"O, Mr. Carrol. Well, Maudie, now that you remind me of him, it seems to me very odd. I thought he had bid you an eternal farewell, and all that. But it's always the way with men. You don't know how to take them. Really, you can never know when they are in earnest. For my part, I don't believe they know, themselves. I really don't."

"He did n't speak," said Maud, in a voice of indescribable sadness, "he did n't even look at me, and I was so—I thought so much of him. And then you know I really was n't to blame."

"*You*, darling! *you* to blame! You never were to blame in your life, my sweet Maudie. And it breaks my heart to see you so sad. And I hate him. I really do. But that's the way with men. Fickle, variable, creatures of mere impulse, prone to wander, obeying nothing but mere passion, whimsical, incapable of careful and logical thought. Really, Maudie dear, I have a very, very low opinion of men, and my advice to you is, never, never allow yourself to think too much of any one man. He'll be sure to give you many a heart-ache. You follow my advice and do as I do."

"He looked so dreadfully pale, and

sad, and careworn. It breaks my heart to think of it."

"Pale? Why, Maudie dear, you need never imagine that his paleness had anything to do with you. Do you know what such a fancy is? Why, it's morbid."

"He would n't even look at me," said Maud. "And I longed so to catch his eye. I should have spoken to him."

"My dear Maudie, how very silly and unladylike! As to his paleness, that is all assumed. These men, dear, are really all actors. They wear masks, Maudie, they really do. You can't trust one of them. As for his paleness, I have no doubt it was simply indigestion, — or perhaps dissipation."

"Mr. Carrol is not at all dissipated," said Maud, indignantly.

"Well, dear, you need n't take one up so, and really, you know you don't know much about him. I dare say he's very, very dissipated. At any rate, he's very, very deceitful."

"Deceitful!"

"Yes; did n't he bid you an eternal farewell, and say he was going away? Well, the first thing you know, you meet him calmly strolling about the streets."

"O," cried Maud, fervently, "if I had only known it, I should have written him at once and explained it all. But, O Georgie! I was so sure that he had gone away, and that thought filled me with despair."

"Really, Maudie, you use such strong language that I feel quite shocked. Despair? What do you know of despair? Wait till you've had my experience."

And Mrs. Lovell sighed heavily.

"At any rate, Maudie," said she, after a brief silence, "one thing is quite plain to me, and that is, that he is at least very undecided. He really does n't know his own mind. He pretended to want you, and then he gave you up on account of a slight mistake. He wrote you solemnly, announcing his eternal departure, and yet he stayed here and wandered about on purpose to meet you and give you distress.

And he does n't know his own mind at this moment."

Maud was silent.

"O yes," resumed Mrs. Lovell, "you'll find it so, when you gain more experience, Maudie dearest, you'll learn to think very little of the men. They are all so very undecided. Quite worthless, in fact. Now you'll find that a man is never really worth anything till he gets a wife. And I suppose that's one reason why they're all so eager to be married. Quite unsettled till then. Why, look at Adam," continued Mrs. Lovell, speaking of the father of mankind in the same tone in which she would have alluded to some well-known friend, — "look at Adam. He was quite worthless, O, I assure you, he was really *quite* worthless, till his wife was presented to him. But, Maudie, when you think of it, what a very awkward meeting it must have been! Only themselves, you know, dear, and not a single soul to introduce them. I wonder how they managed it."

And Mrs. Lovell paused, quite overcome by the inscrutable problem which was presented by this one idea.

To all of her sister's somewhat desultory remarks Maud seemed to pay but little attention. She sat with an abstracted look, occupied by her own thoughts; and so after Mrs. Lovell's daring flight of fancy on the subject of Adam, she sighed, and said: "I do wonder what kept him here. If I had only known it!"

"My dear," said Mrs. Lovell, "I'll tell you what kept him here. He did it to tease you. Men do so love to tease, and worry, and vex, and annoy. Men are always so. Really, when I come to think of it, I wonder why men were created, I do positively, though of course it's awfully wicked to make a remark of that kind, and seems almost like flying in the face of Providence. But perhaps it is the wisest plan in this life to try to make the best of our evils, instead of fighting against them, and I dare say it would be best for us to act on that principle with regard to men."

Maud took no notice of this. She rose from her chair in an excited way and said, "Georgie, I *must* write him."

"Write him! Why, my precious child!"

"I must, Georgie, I really must write him. It's been a terrible mistake, and my mistake, and I cannot let another hour pass without an explanation. It may be all too late, yet I must do it. I can never, never have any peace till I have explained it all."

"Well, Maudie, I must say I feel quite shocked at such a very unlady-like proposal; but, darling, if you really feel so very disturbed, and agitated, and all that, why, I won't say one word; only do try to calm yourself, dearest, you are so pale and sad, and have been so utterly unlike yourself ever since that horrid letter, that it quite breaks my heart to look at you. So go, Maudie, and do whatever you like, and try to get that wretched man off your mind if you possibly can."

Maud sighed again, and left the room, while Mrs. Lovell leaned her head upon her hand and gave herself up to her own meditations.

After about an hour Maud came back with a letter in her hand.

"Well, darling?" said Mrs. Lovell, in an interrogative tone.

"Well," said Maud, "I've written him."

"Mind, darling, I don't approve of it at all. I only yielded to you because you were so sad. I believe that he has treated you in a shockingly cruel manner, and is now trying his best to make you miserable. This letter will only draw another one from him worse than the last."

"I cannot help it," said Maud, mournfully. "I had to write. It was my mistake. I owed him an explanation."

"You owed him nothing of the kind, Maudie darling. Women never owe men any explanations of any kind. You are too weak altogether. But that's always the way with women. They are always too magnanimous; they are never petty and selfish; they are too

just; they allow themselves to be influenced too much by reason, and would often be better for a little dash of passion, or temper, or proper pride; and, Maudie dear, I do wish you would n't be so absurd."

"I have my share of proper pride," said Maud, quietly, "and enough to support me in the hour of trial. But I had to write this. I owed it to him. It was my own unfortunate mistake. I must explain this wretched blunder to him. If he will not receive this, why then I feel that my own pride and proper self-respect will sustain me, under all possible circumstances. And, Georgie dear, though I never suspected till now the real strength of my feelings, yet I am sure that if he should prove to be unworthy, I shall be able to overcome them, and succeed in time in casting him from my thoughts."

"You're too tragic, Maudie," said Mrs. Lovell, anxiously; "and I don't like to see you in this mood. But what have you written? Of course, I only ask in a general way."

"Well, I explained the mistake, you know," said Maud.

"It was not at all necessary," said Mrs. Lovell.

"I told him how it happened," said Maud, without noticing her sister's remark,—"the two letters, my own excitement and agitation, and all that."

"Well, did you give him any reason to suppose that he would still be welcome?"

"I certainly did," said Maud. "I wrote him in the same tone which I had used in the first unfortunate letter."

Mrs. Lovell shook her head.

"That was very, very unwise, Maudie dearest," said she, "you should have been more cautious. You should have shown him how cruel he was. You should have written your letter in such a way as to show him that *he* was altogether in the wrong, and then after making him feel proper repentance you might have hinted, merely hinted, you know, that you would not be altogether indisposed to forgive him, if he—if he

showed himself sufficiently sorry for his fault."

"Well," said Maud, "I had to write as my heart prompted. I am incapable of any concealment; I am anxious to explain a mistake. I don't want anything more from him than — than an acknowledgment that he was mistaken in his cruel letter."

At this juncture a caller was announced, and Maud, not feeling equal to the occasion, and being also anxious to send off her letter, took her departure.

When the caller had departed she rejoined her sister.

"O Maudie," said Mrs. Lovell, "who do you think it was? Why, Mrs. Anderson. And she told me such a shocking story about Mr. Carrol."

Maud's face turned whiter than ever; she could not speak.

"All the town's talking about it," said Mrs. Lovell. "I told you he was dissipated, you know."

"What — what was it?" said Maud, in a choked voice.

"Well, you know, it was last night. He had been with a party of his boon companions at some bar-room or other, and they had all been dissipating and carousing, and they all began to fight, and Mr. Carrol was the worst of them all, and he knocked them all down, and behaved like a perfect fiend. O, he must have behaved fearfully; and so you see, Maudie dear, there was very good reason why he should be pale to-day and not dare to look you in the face. He felt thoroughly ashamed of himself, and for my part I wonder how he dared to walk the streets."

"I don't believe it," said Maud, indignantly; "Mrs. Anderson is an odious old gossip."

"Well, all the town believes it," said Mrs. Lovell, in a resigned tone; "and so you see, Maudie, it's quite true, as I've always said, that you are very fortunate in getting rid of Mr. Carrol, and the time will come, and very soon I hope, when you will feel very glad that this has happened."

"I don't believe it," said Maud,

again, but in a tone that was a little less confident; yet as she said this she thought that it was not unnatural for a disappointed lover to seek solace in dissipation, and outdo his companions in extravagance, and as she thought of this her heart sank within her.

"Well, I believe it," said Mrs. Lovell, "every word of it. For you know, Maudie dearest, that's the way with the men. They are so weak, so childish, so impetuous, so wayward; and you know they are all so fond of getting intoxicated. Now we women never get intoxicated, do we, Maudie? O, I assure you, if it were not for men the world would be a very different sort of a place, really it would, Maudie darling!"

The profound truth of this last remark was so evident that Maud did not seem inclined to dispute it; she sat in silence, pale, sorrowful, agitated, and wrapt up in her own mournful thoughts.

This explanatory letter was written on the day after Maud had received Carrol's farewell. Before she sent it off, she wrote another to Du Potiron which was intended to make things clear to his mind. Having done this she waited for an answer.

She expected one on the following day, or rather she expected Carrol himself.

But the following day passed, and neither Carrol nor a letter came. Nor did one come from Du Potiron.

● Maud felt more despondent than ever.

The next day passed, and no answer came from either.

This deepened Maud's despondency. Then came the third day. No answer came. Maud began to feel resentful.

The fourth day passed. Still not a word came. By this time Maud's pride rose up in rebellion at such a wrong. She felt sure that Carrol was in the city, that he had received her letter and refused to answer it. So she determined to be as proud as he was. And this task she did not find a difficult one. To a nature like hers pride

was the sure antidote to wounded affection.

On the fifth day she had lost all her despondency and sadness. Her pride sustained her fully, and a bitter mortification took the place of her former melancholy. She deeply regretted having written any explanation whatever.

On the sixth day they left Montreal for New York, to take the steamer for Europe; and as she took her departure, Maud's chief feeling was one of deep self-contempt and profound resentment against her false lover.

I will forget him, she thought to herself, as utterly as though he had never existed.

## VI.

### A DUEL IN THE DARK.

At length the party reached their destination.

It was past midnight. There was no moon, and overhead the sky was covered with clouds that shut out even the stars. It was intensely dark. Around them there arose a grove of trees, through which the night wind sighed gently in a drear and mournful monotone. Beneath these trees the shadows fell darker, and the old house which stood near them was enveloped in a deeper gloom.

The house stood apart from the road, and from all other habitations. In the distance the city lay still and asleep. No wagons rolled along the highway; no familiar noises greeted their ears. The silence was oppressive.

The seconds had brought out all that might be needed, and among other things a lantern. This Grimes proceeded to light, and then the whole party entered the old house.

The front door was gone, as has been said. Entering this, they found themselves in the hall from which a stairway went up, and on each side of which were rooms. On the left was one large room extending across the house, while on the right there were two apartments. The party entered the large room on the left. Two doorways led into this

apartment; the one in the rear was closed and the rusty lock still secured it, but in front the door was hanging by one hinge. There were four windows, two in front, and two in the rear. From all of these the glass was gone, and one of them had no sash at all. This one opened out on the rear of the house. The room was divided by an archway in the middle, in which there was an opening for sliding doors, but these had been taken away. It had a general air of the most forlorn kind. The paper hung loose upon the walls; the floor was damp, and rotten, with fungus growths visible along the surface; plaster had fallen from the ceiling, lying in heaps, and disclosing the laths above; the grates were gone, and in front of each chimney was a pile of soot.

One glance was sufficient to reveal all this and to show this room in its most forbidding aspect, even down to trivial details. Carrol stood with a rigid stare. Du Potiron glanced around with feverish haste, and a tremor passed through his frame. He drew his second off to the back part of the room, and spoke a few words to him in a low voice. While they were speaking Grimes drew Carrol out into the hall.

"Several small details," said Grimes, "have been omitted in this here business, but you know what a devil of a hurry you were in. Besides we could n't bring a doctor, for the first thing requisite is secrecy. Whoever falls will have to put it through, and the other fellow 'll have to run for it's quick as his darned legs 'll carry him. So now go ahead, my son, and I 'll just shake hands for good by."

"But you won't really leave a fellow," said Carrol, ruefully.

"Leave you? By jingo! I've got to. Why look at me. Think of the state of my mind, and my trunk. O, I must go, — right straight off, — in a bee line for some place or other. I 'll just take a start, and where I pull up circumstances 'll have to decide. I'm sorry I 'm not goin' to Californy, or I'd ask you to drop in if you ever go that

way. But I don't know where I'll pull up, I don't know where I'll go, the South Sea Islands p'aps, to civilize the natives, or China to export eolies, or Central Asia to travel; or p'aps up North to hunt up the North Pole. It's all the same to me anyhow. So now good by, till we meet to part no more."

With these words he seized Carrol's hand, wrung it heartily, and then went back into the room. Carrol followed in silence. On entering it again it looked worse than ever. Du Potiron was still talking, and he gave a hurried start as the others entered.

"You won't have much trouble with that Moosoo," whispered Grimes. "He's as near dead now as can be."

"Well," said Carrol, in a stifled voice; "make haste."

"All right," said Grimes, and, calling the other second, he offered him one of two pistols.

"You see they did n't bring their tools to America; and as I happened to have a pair, I offered to loan them for the occasion. You need n't be particular, though, about returnin' them. I've got more."

Du Potiron's second took one of the pistols with a bow, and gave it to his principal. Grimes gave the other to Carrol.

After this Grimes went over to Du Potiron, and held out his hand. The Frenchman took it. Whereupon Grimes made him a speech, brief, but to the point, in French, which, as he himself said with honest and patriotic pride, had a strong Yankee accent. He informed him that he was in a free country, and in the society of free men; he exhorted him to be true to the immortal principles of '76, and visit California before his return to France. After which he wrung the Frenchman's hand hard, and left him.

Du Potiron gave a sickly smile, and bowed, but said nothing.

"His hand's damp as a wet rag, and as cold as a corpse," whispered Grimes. "If it were daylight now he'd be as venomous as a serpent,

but the darkness takes away all his pison. And now, my son, for the last time, farewell forever."

With these words Grimes went out, carrying the lantern. Du Potiron's second followed.

"We will shut the door and call — one — two — three. Then you may blaze away whenever you darn like."

There was no answer.

The fallen door was then raised to its place, and shut, hanging by one hinge, and by the latch of the rusty lock. All was now darkness in the room. Some time was taken in adjusting the door, and much pulling and pushing and hammering and pounding was required before it could be properly fixed. The banging at the door echoed dismally through Carrol's heart, and seemed to shake the whole house. The night air sighed; the loose paper rustled; there seemed footsteps all around him. He thought Du Potiron was stealing toward him so as to be within reach of the place where he was, and thus be able to fire at once. There seemed a stealthy foot-fall, as of one cautiously advancing.

Carrol hastily retreated from the middle of the room where he had been standing, and moved backwards toward the wall. Once he stumbled and nearly fell over a heap of plaster, but recovered himself. Groping with his hands he found the partition for the sliding doors, and cautiously took up a position in the angle which it formed with the wall of the front room. Here he waited in feverish suspense, with his left hand stretched forward, his right holding forth the pistol, and his body bent in a wary, anxious, vigilant position, while his eyes strained themselves to detect through that gloom the advancing figure of his enemy.

But now the noises ceased, the door was secured, and he heard the voice of Grimes.

"One!"

A pause.

"Two!"

Another pause.

"THREE!"



After this there came the shuffle and tramp of footsteps; and the footsteps retreated from the house, till their sound died away in the distance.

Then silence remained.

For a time the silence was utter, and the only sound distinguishable by Carrol was the strong throb of his own heart. Other than this there was not a sound, not a breath, not a rustle. Eagerly he listened and anxiously for a renewal of that stealthy footfall which might announce the approach of his lurking foe. In vain. That foe now gave no sign. Evidently he had lost all trace of Carrol's position, and after moving forward he had been baffled by Carrol's retreat.

He stood in the attitude which has been described, not daring to move, rooted to the spot, with every muscle and every sinew and every nerve awake and on the alert to guard against his hidden foe; and stilling even his own breathing, lest it should reveal the secret of his hiding-place. And all the time he watched and waited and listened for some sound that might indicate the approach of his enemy. But the sound came not. Why should it? Would his enemy be rash enough to attempt to move further amid the rubbish that lay on the floor, over which it was not possible to walk without disclosing one's position? His enemy had attempted it only while the door was being secured, and while the noise attendant upon that operation might drown the lesser noise of his own footsteps. In that first attempt he had evidently been baffled. It was not likely that he would try it again.

The silence at length was broken by the gentle sighing of the wind. It came through the open windows; the loose paper on the walls again rustled and rattled as it swayed to and fro; and the solemn sound of the wind without, as it murmured through the trees of the grove, was wafted to his ears. Then the wind grew gradually stronger; and overhead he heard long moans and sighs, as the night blast passed through the halls and chambers of the deserted

house. Coming through the windows it seemed to enter as if in search of something; and in that search to pass through every room, moaning in grief because it sought what it could not find; and then wailing out its long lamentation as it passed away in despair. And then there came other sounds; there were loose doors that creaked, and loose window-sashes that rattled, and the combined effect of these was sometimes such that it conveyed the idea of beings wandering overhead, the patter of whose footfalls was audible on the floor. And thus, in that tension of his quickened senses, every sound became exaggerated; and the aggregation of these grew at length to such proportions, that the reverberations of long-continued thunder would not be more manifest to the ordinary man than were these accumulated sounds to him.

To his eyes also, as they stared into the dark, the gloom seemed gradually to lessen, and there arose visible things which appeared and disappeared, the phantoms of night which chased one another across his perturbed vision. First there came the outlines of the windows gradually less indistinct, and growing more defined; while beyond their bars hung the sky, whose former blackness seemed lessening, till on the horizon which was visible to him it changed to a dull gray hue. But it was only through the windows that images of visible things could come to his eyes. Within the room was nothing but thick darkness, and the opposite wall, whose loosened paper-hangings rustled at the night blast, could not be discerned.

Now, out of all this state of things, in which the ears were overwhelmed by the exaggeration of minute sounds, while the eyes were baffled by the impenetrable gloom, there came upon him that feeling of which he had already known a foretaste, a feeling which was the sure result of an imagination quickened by such surroundings as these, a horror of Great Darkness; and at the touch of that horror his

whole being seemed to sink away. Since material images no longer satisfied the craving of his eyes, his excited fancy supplied other forms, fashioned out of the stuff that dreams are made of. The enemy for whom he watched stood before him in thought, with vengeful face, cruel smile, and levelled pistol, ready to deal his doom, while lurking behind the form of his enemy there rose the Shadow of Death. Before that horrid apparition his nerveless hand seemed to lose control of his weapon; he shrank down, and, crouching low to avoid the blow, he fell upon one knee. But the blow did not fall, and the noise which arose from this change of position awakened no response.

Had there been a response, had any answering noise made known to him the neighborhood of his enemy, it would have been a consolation; but the utter silence only bewildered Carrol all the more, adding to his consternation and increasing his horror. His excited imagination was rapidly overpowering every other sense and feeling. He found himself now no longer in possession of that thirst for vengeance which had animated him. Revenge itself, a passion which is usually considered the strongest of all, fainted, and failed, and died out before this new and terrific feeling which had taken possession of him. His baffled and despised love, his wrongs, his insults, all the things which had fed his hate and nourished his revenge, were now swept away into oblivion. High over all these towered up that overmastering horror, to which the darkness and the Shadow of Death had given birth. Over his soul there came a pitiable sense of utter weakness, and in his heart there arose a wild, mad longing for escape, an impulse of flight, a feeling which urged him to seek some refuge from the danger unseen, the strongest and most selfish of all human instincts,—that of self-preservation. But in the midst of this, as his soul thus sank back within itself, and every ordinary passion died out, its terrified retreat was for a moment arrested. By a mighty effort

Carrol summoned up all the pride of his manhood. He recalled his thoughts, dispelled his fears, and tried to sweep away the grim phantoms which had almost overpowered him.

For a time the horror passed. He regained some of his self-control and presence of mind. He looked forth into the dark more calmly. He wondered whether the experience of his enemy had been at all like his. He cursed himself for his weakness, and tried to fortify himself against a recurrence of anything of the sort.

He looked forward into the dark. It was as intense as ever, and for the moment was less oppressive because he no longer was a prey to his excited fancy. During that moment he had time to think over his situation.

Where was his enemy? He could not tell. There was not a sound. He could not be near. Doubtless he was in the back room somewhere concealed, like himself, and like himself waiting for some sign. He remembered that he had already given a sufficient sign of his own position, but perhaps his enemy misunderstood it, or perhaps he was waiting to make assurance doubly sure, so as not to throw away his shot and render himself defenceless. One thing was evident, and that was that his enemy must have the advantage over him. That enemy must have some idea of his position, but he himself had no idea whatever of the position of his enemy. He could not imagine in what part of the room he might be. He knew not from what quarter to expect an attack, or where to be on his guard. And how long was this to last?

Already he felt the time to be prolonged to an intolerable degree. Such had been his sufferings, that it seemed to be hours since the footsteps of the departing friends had died away in the night. It might have been only minutes, but if so, it showed him how it was possible for a whole night under these circumstances to lengthen itself out to an infinity. Such a prospect was black indeed. Could he endure

it? The very thought was intolerable.

Although for the moment the horror had passed away, yet Carrol had now no confidence in himself, and no assurance against its return. Could he bear it? Or if he should meet it, and master it once more, how many times could he repeat the process in the course of the night? One more such experience was terrible; many more would be worse than death. Rather than carry on such a struggle, he would meet his enemy, and rush upon his weapon. Better instant death than an unlimited repetition of such shame and anguish. If his enemy were only less wary, there might be some chance, but as it was, that enemy lay concealed, crouching low, watchful, patient, and biding his time. And doubtless that enemy would lie concealed thus, with unremitting vigilance, until he could gain his desires. In comparison with such an enemy, Carrol felt himself to be weak indeed. How much longer could he endure this? Certainly for no great length of time. But his enemy might be prepared or even resolved to maintain his patient watch until the dawn of day, when he might have the game in his own hands. But could he wait till then? He felt that he could not.

Even while meditating thus, Carrol began to feel the pressure of the old horror. It was once more returning. The hour and the occasion; the darkness, and the Shadow of Death all once more became manifest. He struggled against his feelings; he sought to call up his courage, to fortify that courage by pride. The struggle within him became an agony. Over him descended the horror, while he fought with it, and tried by means of reason and manhood and pride, to arrest its descent. In the midst of this dread contest a sound arose. It came from the side of the room immediately opposite. It was a sound of trampling and crushing.

In an instant Carrol's mind had decided what it was and what he should do. At last the moment had come.

The enemy had betrayed himself. He pulled the trigger of his outstretched pistol.

The report sounded like a peal of thunder in his sharpened and excited sense of hearing. There was a rush and a fall of something.

Then all was still.

Carrol started up, trembling from head to foot, while the sweat started in great drops to his brow. For a few moments he waited in vague expectation of an answering shot, with his brain reeling in anticipation of his doom. But the doom was delayed, and the response came not, and no lightning flash burst forth again into the darkness, and no thunderous report again broke the stillness of the night.

"Are you hit?" he cried, in a hoarse voice.

There was no reply.

"Du Potiron!" he cried again in a yet hoarser voice.

Still there was no reply.

"O my God!" groaned Carrol. "I've killed him! He's dead! I'm a murderer. O my God!"

For a moment there arose a faint desire to go over to his victim, and examine him. But it was only for a moment. The next instant all desire, all thought of such a thing passed away.

For then, sudden, and sharp, and terrific, and unspeakable, there descended upon him the full power of the horror against which he had been struggling; bringing with it the abhorrent thought that the Dead was here, — the Dead, his own victim. And the thought was intolerable.

Chilled to the very marrow, and with that horror now supreme in his soul, Carrol dropped the pistol from his nerveless hand, and sprang to the door. He tore it down, he burst through into the hall and leaped forth out of the house. He fled like a madman, with a frightful feeling that his victim was following close behind.

Such was the horror that overwhelmed him, that for some time he

fled blindly, not knowing in which direction he was going. Of one thing alone he was conscious, and that was the overmastering feeling that had taken possession of him; a hideous sense of being pursued, and a fear of being overtaken. The nightmare, Life-in-Death, which thickens man's blood with cold, had been revealed to him within that gloomy house, and it was from this that he fled, and it was this that pursued.

At last lights flashed about him. He was in broad streets, whose lamps extended on either side far away before him. The sight of these at once brought relief and dispelled his panic; and the long lines of twinkling lights,

together with the commonplace figure of a policeman steadily pacing the sidewalk not far away, brought him down suddenly from the wild flight of morbid fancy to hard prosaic fact. He slackened his pace to a slow walk, and wandered onward, thinking over his situation.

Fancy had departed, and simple Fact alone remained; yet now this simple Fact that confronted him seemed not much less terrible than the wild Vision which had lately pursued him.

And the fact was simply this, he was a murderer!

Under these circumstances one course only remained for him, and that was instant and immediate flight.

*James DeMille.*

#### OUT OF THE WINDOW.

OUT of the window she leaned, and laughed,  
A girl's laugh, idle and foolish and sweet,—  
Foolish and idle, it dropped like a call,  
Into the crowded, noisy street.

Up he glanced at the glancing face,  
Who had caught the laugh as it fluttered and fell,  
And eye to eye for a moment there  
They held each other as if by a spell.

All in a moment passing there,—  
And into her idle, empty day,  
All in that moment something new  
Suddenly seemed to find its way.

And through and through the clamorous hours  
That made his clamorous busy day,  
A girl's laugh, idle and foolish and sweet,  
Into every bargain found its way.

And through and through the crowd of the streets,  
At every window in passing by,  
He looked a moment, and seemed to see  
A pair of eyes like the morning sky.

*Nora Perry.*

## BABÁ AND BIBÍ:

## MAIDEN, WIFE, AND MOTHER, IN HINDOSTAN.

IN France, according to Michelet the sentimental, they have abolished old women; in India, according to Menu the sage, old maids are prohibited. But it's an ill wind that blows nobody good; and the same law that ordained the triple state of the Hindoo woman has imparted symmetry to the title of this paper. What would have become of my lucky euphony, if there had chanced to be a Sanskrit or Bengálí word for "old maid"?

Babá Hinda, "the little brown fool" (as some tremendous young puppy will presently style her, in the playfulness of his uxorial fondness), has been betrothed these seven years, being now in her fourteenth season, and ripe for the maw of that Coming Man. She is of honorable caste, and a beauty too, by the Hindoo standard: face a fine oval; profile elegant and rhythmical; brow low and essentially feminine; chin dainty and almost infantile; hair straight and of raven darkness; great black languid eyes, to which the remarkably long lashes impart a quality of tender pensiveness; lips red and pouting, and at once sensuous and weak; complexion safe in the superior fairness of high caste, of rank, wealth, seclusion, and ease,—the complexion of the Brahmins and Rajpoots, of Rama and Siva, "fair as the moon, as the jasmine, as the fibres of the lotos"; form plump, but lithe; outlines plastic and rippling, like fine soft drapery; carriage erect, but undulatory, as of one trained to the balancing of tall water-jars on her head, yet happily falling short of that standard of perfection which the Poorans set, and which calls for "a feminine gait like that of a drunken elephant or a goose." Tried by the negative requirements of the Poorans, the Babá is all their fancy painted her; for she has no beard, nor are her hands hairy,

or her ankles thick, nor do her eyebrows meet, or her teeth straggle, or her voice croak. If it had fallen to the luck and honor of a Hindoo artist to perpetuate on wood or ivory the charms of Babá Hinda, he would have made her pale, to signify that she was noble, and fat, to signify that she was beautiful and rich. True, there was once a Hindoo damsel who beguiled the fierce fancy of Surajah Dowlah, and she weighed only sixty-four pounds; but then Surajah Dowlah was eccentric.

The attire of our pretty Babá is simple enough; chapeau and jupon, panier and train and flounce and chignon, Pompadour "bodies" (and souls), Grecian bends and Gerolstein inclinations, are not set down in the Shasters. She drapes herself in one simple piece of tissue, for the fashion of which she is indebted to Rebecca and Rachel and Leah. This is about nine yards long and forty inches wide, and as various in quality and cost as in color; while at either extremity there is a border in some bright dye, strongly contrasting with the otherwise uniform hue of the robe. When Babá or Bibí makes her toilet, no husband swears, nor baby cries, nor visitor groans. But, handily folding the ends of her simple and single garment twice or thrice round her supple body, in a moment she stands in a sort of tight petticoat, falling in front as low as the feet, but not so low behind; for she has naively drawn backward the end of the web, with an artless movement, and tucked it up at the waist; and now, from that point of view, she is proper to be contemplated through an opera-glass. In this unconscious costume she is "at home." But a Babá of another caste—and even our own little Hinda when she gads abroad—will contrive, in the arrangement of her drapery, a more decorous

departure from the summer styles in Eden, by reserving one end of the web to be drawn over the shoulders and bosom. Here and there one meets a damsel in a sort of half-jacket which does not cover the arms; but this is a foreign vanity, adopted from the Mohammedans. There are Brahmin women on the coast of Malabar who always appear uncovered to the girdle; and, in the opinion of that curious observer and accurate describer of Hindoo customs, the Abbé Dubois, such was anciently the costume of the women throughout the peninsula; it is still retained among the Rajpoots, who jealously preserve many decaying customs in their pristine purity. In the Tamul country the women of the caste of Malamai throw back the scarf from the head and shoulders, and draw it demurely around the waist, as often as they address a priest or a husband, or any other person to whom peculiar respect is due.

The dress of the women, like that of the men, being of but one entire piece, is most convenient for frequent and modest bathing, — a consideration of no small importance to a people upon whom religion and manners, not less than climate, enjoin the continual practice of ablution.

On the plump brown arms of the Babá Hinda pretty flowers are traced in indelible outlines. That is the artistic exploit of her doting mother, done on the blessed baby, while she squirmed and squealed; the material a dark pigment prepared from the juices of certain plants, the instrument a needle. Many of the darker Brahmin girls — in fact, all coquettish Babás whose complexion is unfashionably swarthy — study to procure an artificial fairness by staining their faces, necks, arms, and ankles with a yellow infusion of bruised saffron; and it is sad to imagine our guileless Hinda illustrating the doctrine of Original Sin by making her finger-tips rosy with henna, and pencilling the edge of her eyelids with black, meretriciously to augment the lustre of those dazzling orbs; and that

is indeed an ungraceful superstition which disturbs the sweet serenity of her brow by stamping it with that ugly, stupid juggle, by the priests called *Pottu*, a ring of odoriferous sandal paste mixed with vermilion.

The Babá's hair is soft and fine, and she has enhanced its natural glossiness by unctions of palm-oil. Parted in the middle, disposed in smooth braids above the temples, tucked with a silver buckle behind, and finally gathered in a pert, lop-sided chignon over the left ear, where it is adorned with shells, coins, sweet-scented flowers, and trinkets of gold, it has a captivating jauntiness all its own. But its arrangement is the quick trick of her own nimble fingers; she does not give all her mind to the "doing" of her waterfall; and if her back hair should be down, her spirit is not disquieted within her.

For the additional adornment of her pretty person, Hinda has armlets and bracelets of gold and silver in pleasing variety, some globular and hollow, others flat and broad; some for the wrist, others worn above the elbow. Her tender little "props" are proud of their silver fetters, and her dainty toes are ringed in gold, "to each several toe his ring," narrow beneath, but wide above. For her neck she has chains of gold and silver and strings of pearl and coral. If her father were richer, she would rejoice in a collar of gold an inch broad, studded with rubies, topazes, and emeralds; if he were poorer, she would repine and pout in rings of shellac, and brass and beads of glass. She is at least content.

But ah, that preposterous and abominable nose-ring! How shall I dodge it? What shall I do with it? I have kept it to the last, I have hidden it behind me, I would joyfully drop it through any convenient crack or knot-hole of my reader's ignorance or forgetfulness. But then some critical detective, who has "worked up" this India case, will be sure to ask for it; and what could I say? So there! I punch it through the sensitive, outraged nostril of my poor little Babá. It hangs

in all its pagan deformity across her budding lips, and the nicest mouth in the family is spoiled forever!

Beside the half-jacket I have described, a different style of the same garment is worn by many of the women. This, moulded closely to the form, and short as the vest of the Persian almé, affords a sort of discreet revelation. Around all the edges runs a narrow border, braided or embroidered in bright colors; and the sleeves, which are very tight, descend but half-way to the elbow.

Mr. Kerr (late Principal of the Native College at Calcutta) has remarked, that the orthodox Hindoo dress when Alexander crossed the Indus is the orthodox Hindoo dress of to-day. Nevertheless, notable innovations have been accepted, even by persons of high caste, in communities where Mohammedan influence is paramount. For example, at Delhi and Agra it is not unusual for Hindoo ladies of rank to display the Mohammedan petticoat and bodice; and Buchanan, in his notes on the province of Goruckpore, says that almost all the young women who could afford it wore the petticoat, though they scrupulously dropped it when going to pray or cook. The Shanars of Travancore have, in comparatively large numbers, been converted to Christianity. Now the women of this tribe have always been prohibited, by the superior castes, from wearing any garment above the waist; and, as Kerr expresses it, "this prohibition seems to have crystallized into a caste custom"; so that the efforts of the Shanar converts to emancipate themselves from an oppression so insulting were resented by the other tribes as an infringement of sacred rules. When the story came to the ears of English ladies, it first shocked their sensibilities, and then elicited a forcible and convincing expression of their sympathy and indignation.

One day's shopping through the bazaars of Benares, among the stalls devoted to women's haberdashery and gewgaws, is enough to unsettle the

strongest mind in Sorosis, and drive it, "all of a quiver," back to its sex. Cashmere shawls, of an amplitude to swaddle the form of a bayadère, and so fine that they may be drawn through her thumb-ring; those unique and precious tissues of gold and silver brocade known as the famous *Kincob*, the almost supernatural fabric of native looms; Benares sashes and scarfs, of gold and silver stuff, with borders and deep fringes imparting the effect of a network of gems; native *puggrees*, or turbans, of silk inwrought upon velvet to resemble tufts and clusters of precious stones; silver and gold lace, of every quality and pattern; fringes, scalloped trimmings, edgings, and borders; and embroideries that rival, in device and color, the arabesques and mosaics of the Alhambra; chains, charms, necklaces, ear-rings, bangles, the elaborate and *bizarre* workmanship of native goldsmiths; double *joomka* bracelets and rings; necklaces all of gold, but twined in fringes of diminutive drops, suspended from carved chains of exquisite delicacy, and sparkling like dew upon gossamer; pearls as large as pigeon's eggs, and diamonds strung like beads!

Mrs. Colin Mackenzie (in that delightfully fresh, shrewd, and clever book, "Life in the Mission, the Camp, and the Zenana") takes inventory of the ornaments of two young Christian converts at the Ahmednagar mission. Sahguná, a "sweet child" about eight years old, daughter of a Brahmin, had gold coins round her neck, gold rings in the top of the ear, and colored bracelets. The other, Changuná, "a great girl" of the low, Mahar caste, wore a nose-ring, a silver ring on her wedding-finger with a broad shield of silver, which she used as a mirror, and a conical one on the corresponding toe.

The Parsee women, at Bombay, in their purple or canary satin *saris*, and with their hair jealously hidden under a white skull-cap, are very interesting. So, too, are the Jewesses, in their tight-fitting, but gayly colored skirts,



open on either side to the knee; their stomachers of muslin, embroidered in silk and gold; their silk or satin trousers; their short-sleeved jackets of scarlet merino or green velvet, seamed with gold-lace; their false hair, in front, of bright auburn, cut straight on the forehead and looped up in plaits at the side, while their own dark tresses, also plaited, hang down the back, with silver tassels and coins at the end; their red Turkish caps, with blue tassels, their small muslin turbans embroidered in colors on a white ground, and their kerchiefs, to match the turban, folded over the head and crossed under the chin; and, over all, bands of gold and pearls and jewels, crossing the head in every direction, with strings of pearls passing under the chin from one ear to the other; and, lastly, their rows of anklets, jingling and tinkling with silver tassels.

But what do the tender hands of our Hinda find to do at home?

Praise the Purohita! she does not practise on the piano; and glory be to the Gooroo! she does not write for the magazines.\* Nor does she sew; for the wardrobe of the family being composed strictly of the uncut products of the loom, they enjoy a blessed dispensation from the fret of stitching, and the "Song of the Shirt" is not their song of home. Nor does she knit or darn, for they wear no stockings; nor cry because her brother swears, for she never saw a button off; nor net, nor crochet, nor "tat"; nor make baby-caps and bibs, for every Hindoo infant is born in its own clothes; nor wash, nor iron, nor clear-starch, for in all the tongues of Hindostan, "washerwoman" is masculine. And heavens! to think of at least one hundred millions of women to whom no revelation has been granted of pins or hair-pins, or hooks and eyes! No wonder they are hard to convert; their minds are too easy, their temper too unruffled, their Jordan too smooth. Let the missionaries consider this, and

wrap every tract round a paper of pins, and much tribulation.

But the Babá minds the baby, bounding it on the flat roof in the evening, and crooning to it rhymes of much virtue to avert the Evil Eye, as it claps its fat little hands, and crows to the fire-flies flitting by. Likewise, she pounds the rice, and takes kitchen instruction from her mother; and every morning, before the sun is fairly up, she brings water from the tank, balancing the tall jar on her head,—a labor in which she delights, because it improves one's figure and style, you know, and gives one a chance to see the world. And the Babá spins much cotton-thread, her wheel being a bit of wire with a ball of clay at the end of it. Even before she has made her early trip to the tank, you may see the gimmer of her taper and hear her spinning-song. But the sweeping and the scrubbing she leaves to her Pariah "help"; for she is to be brought up a lady.

As for the education of this passive damsel, she has no mind of her own; and so, like a house that one rents from another man, it is neither her interest nor her obligation to improve it. She has no use for the Globes, for her circumnavigation of the planet has begun and ended when she has got round one man; and she has completed the circle of the Mathematics when she has demonstrated to the census that one and one make two, or three. She would scorn to vote, run a paper, preach the gospel, or dance the cancan. Do you take her for a nautch-girl,—that trained and trick-taught Lola Montez of the pagodas, whose "mission" is perdition, and whose "rights" take hold on hell? No; rather will she seek wool and flax, and work willingly with her hands. She will lay her hands to the spindle, and her hands shall hold the distaff. She will rise while it is yet night, and give meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens; her candle shall not go out. So shall her children rise up and call her blessed; and the heart of her husband shall safely trust

\* A Purohita is a master of ceremonies, and a Gooroo a spiritual teacher.

in her, for she shall have no need of — a vote. Her idea of a "sphere" is that it is round and smooth, as the mystic circle on her brow; not angular and aggressive like Dr. Mary Walker's elbow. So Babá leaves reading and writing, singing and dancing, where she leaves perfumes and spells, to those shameless things, neither Babá nor Bibí, who make a trade of them; and stays at home, and pounds the rice, and bounces the baby, and twirls her simple spindle, content to dwell in vacant decencies forever. As for her religion she has none, that is all there is to say about it.

There was a time when pretty Babás were put to more intellectual and picturesque uses. In the imperial palace of one of Akbar's queens, at Agra, is a court where the khan and his vizier used to play at *pachisi*, on a board in the shape of a cross, with twenty-four squares in each limb. The counters were sixteen girls of the harem, dressed in four different colors. The squares still remain in the pavement.

The amusements of the Babá are neither many nor various; but they present the advantage of contrast, — they are either very tame or very intoxicating. She has the native partiality for pets, and her avadavat is the prettiest, her hill-minah the most accomplished and loquacious, and her mongooz the spriest, pluckiest, and most entertaining, in all her circle of acquaintance. The cage of the avadavat, or *lall*, as she calls it, was made at Patua, and is unique; the frame being inlaid with ivory, and the wires strung with colored beads. For gossip, she has the scandalous babble of certain abominable old women, who shuffle from house to house, peddling tales neither fragrant nor wholesome, for perquisites of betel-nut and rose-water. But this species of depravity has but feeble charms for our Hinda; for "what is the news of the day to a frog in a well?"

But, once a year, as often as the poetic *fête* of the *Bhearer* comes round, she goes forth by night, all swaddled

and veiled, in a rumbling *rhut*, with great, creaking, wooden wheels, more or less round as luck may turn them, to be jolted and jammed toward the river-bank or the ghauts, where she plays her pretty part in the embalming of a graceful and sentimental tradition. Among the lanterns and the lamps, the torches and the rockets, where even the sky lends its shooting stars, and the clouds their summer lightning, and the groves their fire-flies, she thrills and trembles with wonder and delight. She sees the floating palace of the story, with all its miniature towers, arches, and pagodas traced by the luminous enchantment of a miracle of colored lamps, sweep slowly by on its raft of boughs and garlands; and as she launches her tiny cocoa-nut craft, laden with flowers, and lighted with a taper, to join the innumerable flotilla, that ten thousand merry maidens like herself have in a moment committed to the stream, her heart leaps up in its freedom and its gladness, and flutters her low laugh and the clapping of her hands.

Then, too, the illumination of the *Duwallie* is a prospect full of charm for her, when every ledge of every house and hut is defined by the sharp white light of *chiraugs*; \* and palace, temple, tower, and ghaut are as the instantaneous work of the Genii of Fire, when the long black stretches of bazaar blaze up in vistas and arcades of flame, and the groves burst at a touch into fiery flower.

But in the screaming carnival of the *Hoolie* she is as a bird let loose, in her revel of wild fooling. With indiscriminate giddiness and glee she pelts to right and left the awful turban of the Brahmin and the polluting breech-cloth of the Pariah, with the crimson powder of the *mhindee*, and laughs delightfully at her own streaked and spotted plight. For one day in the year, her eye sparkles, and her cheek is flushed, and her bosom pants, with the free tipsiness of fun.

And yet, on each of these holiday

\* Earthen lamps.

occasions, through all the promiscuous and boisterous license of the crowd, our little Babá carries her modesty unguarded and unalarmed. She knows there will be no coxcomb's dodging compliment to snub, no *roué's* ruffian insult to resent. The invisible veil of custom hangs between her blush and the leer of the libertine; and just as the nautch-girls, the licensed courtezans of the country, are irreproachable observers of decorum in their public deportment and attire, so the Hindoo who should stop to stare at any woman on the street, or madly venture to accost her, would be branded as a constitutional Pariah, whom every citizen of the high caste of decency must thenceforth *walk round*.

And so, considering her lights and influences, our Babá is a good little girl. She loves and imitates her mother, solemnly venerates her father, and waits for the Coming Man with superstitious awe. But the answer to the mystic enigma of her life is known only to the baby, and the baby never tells.

As I have said, at the beginning of this screed, the Babá Hinda is a child-bride. She was betrothed early. The native almanacs prescribe the eighth, ninth, or at latest the tenth year, as proper in good husbandry for the grafting of the young slips of caste. If our Hinda had been left ungrafted till her eleventh year, her parents would have been reproached as careless of her thriving, and unconcerned for the vigor and productiveness of the family tree. Even in the provinces north of Bengal, where betrothal is later, Buchanan found that "all persons, male or female, were wedded before the age of fifteen; and, so far as he could discover, an unmarried person of the age of twenty was a phenomenon of which no one had ever heard."

The sealing of the Babá to the apathetic Brigham Young of her destiny was a "square" business transaction, competent, by the simplicity of its regulations, to reflect credit upon the hymeneal altar at Salt Lake, or a divorce

court in Indiana; an affair of *convenience*, pedigree, horoscopes, match-makers, hocus-pocus, and rupees; by no means a romance of palpitations, pickles, cruel parients, or "cold pizen." While the old folks wrestled with the preliminaries, splitting hairs of etiquette, divination, doctrine, dowry, and decoration, their serene victim pursued the even tenor of her rice-pounding, and her spindle-twirling, and her baby-jumping, and wondered what all the fuss was about; and when at last she woke up one morning and found herself Engaged, she merely turned over in sleepy-headed apathy, and yawned, "Well, what of that?"

Nevertheless, there is rousing exhilaration in the extravagant and fantastic hubbub of the inevitable ceremonies of espousal; and howsoever listless until then, our Hinda had been the very corpse of a Babá if she had not responded with vivacity to their galvanic inspiration; for in the blank desert of every Hindoo woman's life there are two enchanting though illusory oases, all her own, of "perfectly splendid fun," — her betrothal and her wedding. True, it may be financial death to that infatuated frog, her father; but what is a lac of rupees, more or less, compared with the triumphant ostentation and the "real nice time"? Do we not know what is due to our family? And would we not rather hear that "they say" of us, "They have seen better times," than that we were "too mean to have a frolic when the little brown fool was married"? Remember, Mrs. Grundy was first a Brahmin, then a Pharisee, and then a Snob, and now all three at once; but *first, a Brahmin!*

Why, once there was a Rajah (and he must have been enormously fat and a perfect gentleman!) who spent a lac and a half on the marriage of a pair of monkeys; and a Soodra of my acquaintance (the Soodras are the arch pagans of appearances), who is only a sircar in the Salt Office, with twenty rupees a month, borrowed two thousand to buy peacock fans, veils, and

attar, and hire nautch-girls and other puppets, and yellow banners and palanquins, when his unlucky daughter was married to a Koolen. True, he mortgaged his very soul to a black Shitan in the bazaar, who foreclosed on him within the year; but everybody said the wedding was perfectly splendid.

To glorify Hinda's betrothal there were seven nights of promiscuous and satiating profusion, seven revels of luxurious disorder, without graceful significance or artistic suggestiveness, seven indiscriminate sprees, of brocades and velvet, satin robes and scarfs of Kincob, cashmere shawls and Greek embroidered caps, veils of gold and turbans of silver tissue, unique feathers and miracles of flowers, blazing aigrettes, and brooches, and ropes of linked and plaited gold, knots and tufts of jewels, and unimaginable devices in rings and bracelets and anklets and bangles, peacock fans and humming-bird breast-knots, vials of attar and vases of rose-water, and gold and silver staves and maces and pillars; the whole culminating in a grand spectacular procession, and tableau of transformation and transport, regardless of expense, — of palanquins and tonjons, and bullock-carts with orange hangings; and white horses with their legs and tails and shoulders streaked and splashed with the blood-like dye of the henna, led by party-colored grooms armed with chowries\* made of the tail of the Thibet ox; and elephants, with their broad, benign faces absurdly painted, bearing gilded and curtained howdahs, and caparisoned in scarlet, yellow, and green; and camels mounted with swivel-cannon, which imparted to the "ospidgis okashn" the sublimity of their small roar; and an insane banging and jangling and tooting and squeaking and blare of drums and gongs and cymbals and pipes and fiddles and horns; and moving pavilions, and jostling banners, and great stages with dancing girls, and smaller stages with puppets, and huge trays of dolls and toys; and in the midst of all, that

\* Fly-flappers

crowned and spangled Doll and Toy whom presently we must cease to style Babá; and after her the Coming Man; and after him the Deluge, — submission, passiveness, and nonentity, to which there is no Ararat but the grave.

The Babá is gone, and the Bibí is here. The imposing procession that put the crowning glory to her betrothal conducted her back to the baby and her dream, and, departing, left her there to serve her mother seven years; or until, having ripened to the physical possibilities of womanhood, she should be found qualified to serve her husband. It is usual, in Bengal, for the maiden to be taken from the bewildering revelations of her espousal directly to the abode of her bridegroom, there to dwell with his family until her wedding-day. But the rule is not absolute, and our Hinda and all her house follow the more honored custom of the northern provinces. Nevertheless, whether she wait under the dominion of her tender mother or her terrible mother-in-law, the Man of her destiny has Come. They have marked her with his cross, and made her his chattel; and, soft little sister though she be, should he die in that probationary interval, she must succeed to all the disgraces and disabilities of widowhood. Immemorial custom is inexorable, and even the gluttony of Brahmins may not be euchred out of a special dispensation by any lavishment of funeral baked meats.

But he is the son of a Brahmin, and has inherited the orthodox constitution. So he has not died, and in due time the Babá is Bibí-ed. All the omens have been happy from the first. She was betrothed on the 1st of April, a lucky day of a lucky month, when the signs of the zodiac, the cow-dung, and the moonshine combined to furnish the favorable circumstances. No cat nor fox nor serpent crossed the path of the Coming Man that day; no dog howled, nor hen crowed, nor crow sat on the ridge-pole; a white cow lowed on the right as her mother came

from the tank, and her father sneezed three times in the direction of the baby; the soothsayers found seven male barley-seeds in the craw of the old red rooster, and Bunsby, the Wise Lizard, thrice delivered cheerfully "an opinion as is an opinion" from the wall behind the Babá's cot; last, and luckiest of all, when the Happy Man's messenger came to the door with his gift of sa-laam, Vighneswara, the hideous god of Obstacles, grinned like a boozy ghoul under the *pandal*,\* and everything was lovely.

At last came the thrilling consummation. The wedding was a five days' agony. Bride and bridegroom sat together on a low mound of earth under the gayly decorated *pandal*, and turned their faces toward the east. First came the married women (but no widows, for their presence is unlucky) to inaugurate the ceremony with the familiar rites of *Arati*. On a plate of copper they set a lamp made of a paste of rice-flour, and they fed it with oil, and lighted it. Then lifting these with both hands, very solemnly, they described certain mystic circles — the charm of the lamp — around the heads of the nuptial pair. This is a common conjuration in the household, to avert the *drishti-dosham*, — the evil eye and the jealous thought: —

"Nescio quis teneros oculus mihi fascinat agnos."

Next, all the gods and their *ancestors* were cordially invited to the feast, to "bring their knitting and stay a week"; and all the dead grandfathers of the company were entreated to introduce those more remote progenitors, "whom your respectful offspring were not in time to see." Especially was the god of Obstacles pressed with peculiar compliments and attentions, although by reason of his ugliness and crossness he could never get a wife; but, jealous and spiteful as he is, to have slighted him would have spoiled all.

It is essential to the thriving of the alliance that the bridegroom should be pure from sin and exempt from punish-

ment; to which end the happy man offered, on the second day, to the most supercilious of the officiating Brahmins, a free gift of fourteen flags, in expiation of any possible peccadillo he may have inadvertently committed since his investiture with the Triple Cord, nine years before.

Then came an interlude of solemn nonsense, the puerility of its plot only surpassed by the gravity of the performance. The adolescent Blue-beard conceives a sudden longing — which, of course, is all a playful sham — to bathe in the Ganges at Benares. So he equips himself as a pilgrim, with staff and scrip and wallet, and departs, horns and flutes and drums preceding him, and friends attending him; and as far as corporation bounds he trudges, the horns tooting, and the flutes squeaking, and the drums thumping, and the Gooroo canting, and the friends amending, and everybody taking up a collection. But just as he reaches the last row of huts that fringe the ragged skirts of the municipality, behold his impending father-in-law! — so unexpected and so embarrassing! — who, learning the object of the eccentric excursion, induces him to forego his devout purpose by an unconditional offer of the pretty Babá in marriage. Astonished and enraptured, the youth has on the instant a convenient new vision of duty. The accommodating Gooroo absolves him from his vow; a wink from a Brahmin explains the situation satisfactorily to the gods, and the amens swear to everything; the impulsive pilgrim retraces his steps in gladness to *pandal*, and all is gay again; but the money is not returned.

This fanciful digression concluded, the order of ceremonies was resumed by the Purohita, who attached to the left wrist of the Babá and the right wrist of her betrothed the *kankana*, or charm of saffron; after which, the bridegroom being seated with his face to the east, his father-in-law gazed with a long and searching look into his eyes, until he beheld there the double eidolon of Vishnu, the Preserver and Lord

\* An alcove of twelve pillars, erected in front of the main entrance, and covered with green boughs.

of the Beautiful. Then immediately he offered a sacrifice before the comely lad, and, placing both his feet in a new dish filled with cow-dung, washed them thrice, first with water, next with milk, and lastly with water again, reciting the while appropriate mantras, or charms, and invoking, by name, the gods of all degrees, the seven beatified penitents, the five immaculate virgins, and the ancestor gods; also the seven mountains, the eight cardinal points, the fourteen worlds, the woods and the seas, the year, the season, the month, the day, the hour, and the minute. This done, he took the hand of his darling Babá, and, laying it in the hand of the lad, poured water over the clasped palms in the name of Vishnu, so giving her away; and with her three other gifts, — a cow, a piece of land, and a *salagrama* of amulet stones for a talisman. And he tied together their hands and the skirts of their robes with blades of the sweet-scented cusa grass, in remembrance of "duty, fortune, and love"; while the bridegroom, turning to our trembling Hinda, said, "May that heart which is thine become my heart, and this heart which is mine become thy heart!" Then slowly, solemnly, hand in hand, they step successively into seven fatal circles drawn on the floor, "the seven steps to which there is no *backward*," — One, Two, Three, Four, Five, Six, Seven! — and the Babá is a Bibí, doomed. In the "Mahabharat" there is a young Sochinvar who thus intrenches himself in the law of the circle: "The marriage is not complete until the seventh step is taken, and this step had not been taken when I seized the damsel."

Nothing now remains but to deck the neck of the passive chattel with the owner's badge of the *Tahli*, — light, as a token of compliment, and heavy, as the yoke of oppression. This is a small, unique ornament of gold, engraved with a figure of Lakshmi, the consort of Vishnu, or Saraswati, the spouse of Brahma, and suspended by a short string, dyed in saffron, and composed of one hundred and eight threads

of exceeding fineness. On the throat of the Hindoo woman it is the ever-present symbol of a living husband; and when she becomes a widow it is cut and removed, with forms of peculiar solemnity and sorrow, by her less unhappy sisters. The investiture of the Bibí Hinda with the *tahli* was in some respects the most impressive of her nuptial rites. She was led to a seat beside her husband, and ten Brahmins, having spread a screen of silk between themselves and the bridal pair, recited mantras, and invoked "the three divine couples," Brahma with Saraswati, Vishnu with Lakshmi, Siva with Paravati. Then married women brought the *tahli* on a silver, prettily garnished with sweet-smelling flowers. Incense was offered to it, and one by one the ten Brahmins, touching it reverently, in low tones invoked a blessing upon it. At last the Bibí turned her toward the east, and the young *Brahmacari*, by this marriage become a full-blown Brahmin, took the *tahli*, and, reciting a mantra aloud, tied it fast about her neck. Thenceforth that and the nose-ring have had a superstitious value for the Bibí. Should either escape from its place, unimaginable calamities will befall her; widowhood, at least, and loss of caste.

Immediately fire was brought, into which the bridegroom cast incense as for the sacrifice of the *homam*; and taking his Bibí by the hand, he led her thrice round, the flame while the incense was blazing. After this, two bamboo baskets were placed close together in the centre of the pandal, and the couple, stepping each into a basket, stood erect, and, receiving from the attendants smaller baskets filled with ground rice, they poured the grain with both hands over each other's head, until the Brahmins cried Enough. This act has a significance at once religious and poetical, denoting the abundance of temporal blessings which each implores for the other. It is still practised, or rather suggested, at the weddings of Oriental Jews; and the Abbé Dubois relates that for the marriage of



princely personages pearls were sometimes used, instead of rice or corn.

On the fourth day, the assembled guests being at dinner, Bibí and her Brahmin lord ate together from the same leaf. "Well," says the voracious and sentimental missionary, "may the woman henceforth continue to eat what her husband leaves, and that only after he has done; for they will never again sit down to a meal together." That is never permitted but at the wedding-feast. So also, on the last day of the ceremonies, when the bridegroom, in the sacrifice of the *homam*, cast into the flame the boiled rice sprinkled with liquid butter, and the Bibí, at his side, cast in the rice that was parched, she took part for the only time in her life in a rite hardly less solemn than the *Yajna*.

To end all, another fantastic nocturnal procession, with torches and fireworks, and miniature illuminations of trinkets and jewels,—and *sic transit Babá!* But mark what the kindly and upright Abbé says: "Among the almost infinite variety of ceremonies on the occasion of marriage, there is not one that borders on indecency, or conveys the slightest allusion to an immodest thought."

We owe it to the Bibí to deal honestly with the question of polygamy, and the little there is to say about it may as well be said now as later. The facts are few and plain. The custom is not common. It is always lawful, but seldom agreeable, to a Hindoo to have more wives than one. He is prudent, and the custom is perilous; he is calculating, and the custom is costly; he is studious of repose, and the custom is distracting; in the multitude of mothers-in-law there is not safety. It is the ostentation of the opulent and sensual few, not the ambition of the thrifty and moderate multitude. Besides, the census imposes a practical restriction, in the interest of fair play and a just distribution of blessings; it is not true that in tropical climes the annual supply of female babies is largely in excess of the demands of a mon-

ogamic system. Nor does the code of Menu countenance a capricious or licentious polygamy. Even a barren wife may not, by a strict construction, be "superseded" sooner than the eighth year; though it is noticeable that a railing one may be superseded at any time. To be sure, the privileged order of Kooleen Brahmins enjoys a special dispensation to indulge in an indefinite plurality of wives; but this is clearly a wise device to provide for the absorption of imminent or possible old maids. One ragged Kooleen may inoculate fifty rich Soodra babás against the social leprosy of spinsterhood. He receives fifty dowries from fifty fathers-in-law, who proudly continue to "feed" his fifty bibís. Can too much be done for the man who has saved a pre-Babelic vocabulary from a term of reproach? But the Brahminical stripling who has just deprived us of our Babá is not a Kooleen; so the Bibí Hinda will exercise in exclusive Caudle-ries her inalienable right to that last word.

As to the diversified and difficult arts of pleasing her husband, the Hindoo helpmeet enjoys an enviable advantage over the Yankee Bibí. She does it by rule, from the *Padma Purana* (a sort of "How to Tickle the Bear"), a work of high authority, commended by the Abbé Dubois as an authentic model of Hindoo diction. This is Hinda's *vade mecum*, and she turns to it for fresh devices of cajolement as practically as Huldý consults her cook-book for new receipts for doughnuts. Here are the directions; but, O American wife of the period! when will the doughnuts be ready?

"A woman has no other god on earth than her husband. The most excellent of all the good works she can perform is to gratify him with the strictest obedience and devotion.

"She has no true enjoyment but through her husband. From him she has children; and he provides her with fine apparel, decorates her with jewels, with sandal and saffron, and all her heart's desire.

"Her husband may be crooked, old,



infirm, offensive in his manners, choleric, dissipated, a sot, a gambler, and a debauchee, reckless of his domestic affairs and restless as a demon, destitute of honor, deaf and blind; his crimes and his infirmities may crush him; yet shall his wife regard him as her god, serve him in all things, detect no defect in him, nor cause him disquiet.

"Should a stranger break in and woo her with impetuous passion, should he offer her costly raiment and jewels above price, by the gods! she shall spurn him from the soles of her feet.

"Should a passer-by direct a glance toward her, she shall shun him with downcast and averted looks, and retire, meditating only on her husband.

"She shall never observe if another man be young or old, comely or deformed.

"Diligent shall she be in her domestic avocations, wary of her temper, avoiding dispute, her mind and her deportment serene.

"Let her not yield to envy, nor bear malice, nor meddle, nor listen to gossips' tales; but with prudent speech converse with gurus, saníyasis, strangers, friends, and servants in a manner becoming and agreeable.

"The money she receives from her husband she shall expend with thrift, reserving no portion for herself or her friends, nor even for alms, without his permission.

"Though she behold beautiful things she would be charmed to possess, she shall not seek to acquire them but by his gift.

"She shall remind him of whatsoever may be lacking at home, and the supplies she shall dispense with economy and good judgment.

"What prudent woman will eat before her husband has had his fill, or not fast if he abstain? If he be sad, shall she not weep; and if he be gay, shall she not leap for joy? When he sings, shall she not fall into ecstasy; if he dance, shall she not clap her hands? And when he discourses of science, shall she not be filled with wonder?"

"She shall scrupulously perform her daily ablutions, and elegantly color her skin with saffron. She shall likewise array herself in choice attire, and tinge her eyelids with black, and her brows with henna. Her hair, too, shall be dressed, and beauteously braided.

"But when he is gone from home, there shall be no bathing nor anointing with oil; she shall recline on no couch, nor wear her new attire, nor deck her head; but her raiment shall be mean. And so long as he is absent she shall sleep never alone, but with one of her relations. She shall often inquire after his health, and long for his speedy return, and continually invoke for him the protection of the gods.

"Should her kinsfolk invite her to any festival, such as a wedding, or the ceremony of the Cord, she shall not go without his leave, nor unaccompanied by some elderly woman. She shall not be long away, and on her return she shall faithfully recount to her husband all she has seen and heard, — the costumes and the scandal; and then cheerfully apply herself again to her housekeeping.

"Though at any time her husband rage against her, assail her with bitter language, threaten her with blows, nay, beat her outright, still, patiently shall she confront him with meek and soothing words, and, laying hold of his hands, shall entreat his forgiveness; but no exclamations of resentment, no thought of abandonment. What! to retort upon her husband! to say, 'You have insulted me, you have beaten me; I shall speak to you no more; I will meddle no more with your affairs, and do you let mine alone!' Such taunting tirades shall never fall from her lips."

So much for the receipt, which is supposed to have been invented by the Five Immaculate Virgins, — a reasonable hypothesis.

The same *purana* ordains that if a man keep two wives, the one shall in no wise meddle with the other, or speak of her, either good or bad, or of the graces or deformities of her children; nor shall either wake a tempest about

any other woman the husband may harbor. "To leave his house for reasons such as these would render them all ridiculous."

But the skeleton in the Bibí's closet is her mother-in-law. If she were of the caste of Vaishnava Brahmins she would be prohibited from addressing that conventional bugbear, and required to express her acquiescence and obedience only by signs. But the glorious privilege of gesture and grimace would still remain to her, and with these she might hope in time to drive the "horrid old thing" mad,—a contrivance but imperfectly adapted to secure domestic tranquillity. Though a score of concubines fail to demoralize the Bibí, one mother-in-law may dislodge her, single-handed, and drive her in disorder back to her own mother. And such flights for such cause are shamefully common.

When the question, "Is it lawful for a man to marry his wife's sister?" came up in the ecclesiastical courts of England, a profane, but shrewd bachelor argued in favor of the dispensation, on the ground that it would tend to lighten the mother-in-law encumbrance; and in Hindostan a form of imprecation very popular among scolds is expressed in these words, "May you live with three mothers-in-law, and die without a son!"

The Bibí is flattered by the austere patronage of her lord, and mortified by the slightest manifestation of uxorious weakness. "I have seen a wife," says Dubois, "in a rage with her husband for talking with her in an easy strain. 'His behavior covers me with shame,' quoth she, 'and I dare no longer show my face. Such conduct, among us, was never seen till now. Is he become a Parangay (European), and does he take me for a woman of that caste?'"

The Bibí's housewifery is a routine of small observances, whereby she finds expression, more or less clear, for her crude and shapeless notions of religion. An element of superstition is ever present in it; and, after her poor pagan fashion, her chamber and kitchen ways are so many motions of worship. At

the festival of Gauri, when the mason offers to his rule and trowel, the carpenter to his adze and plane, the tiller to his plough and hoe, the barber to his razor and tweezers, the weaver to his loom, the butcher to his cleaver, the tailor to his needle, and the moonshée to his style, prostration and adoration, with incense and sacrifice of fruit and grain, and the Bibí heaping together on her kitchen floor the basket and the rice-mill, the water-jar and the spindle, falls down before them with closed eyes, and waits, trembling, in her soul's deep darkness, what spiritual analogies and symbols might not the metaphysical eye of old George Herbert, seeking downward as well as upward for God, have discovered in the make-believe deity of her broom? *Laborare est orare.*

"A *pagan* with this clause  
Makes drudgery divine:  
Who sweeps a room, as for thy laws,  
Makes that and th' action fine."

Our Bibí's culinary functions constitute a priestly office, in the mysteries of which she has been initiated betimes by her mother. "Who cooks for a Brahmin entertains a god; let her look to the purity of her thoughts and her utensils." Flesh of kids and mutton, with curried fish and rice and liquid butter, and sweetmeats of cocoa-nut and curds, form a sufficiently plain repast; but being for a Brahmin, one must give all her mind to it. Absolute cleanliness is the condition from which there is no exemption. The Bibí's garments must be fresh and fragrant, and her vessels newly scoured. The kitchen must be free from dust, and guarded from the polluting glance of the stranger. The vicegerent of Brahma orders dinner about midday, and while it is preparing, he first bathes, and afterward salaams the household gods with an oblation of fruit and flowers, and some morsels from the dishes of which he is about to partake. Then he seats himself on the ground, and his wife serves him, presenting the viands on a plantain-leaf sprinkled with water. He touches the various articles, one by one; he

sprinkles some drops of water round the leaf for a libation ; he separates a portion of the flesh or fish and rice, and lays it on the ground, as an offering to his ancestors ; and then he feeds, while the Bibí, crouching mutely, with folded hands, watches, that she may learn to prefer what he has purified by his approval, and to abhor what he has poisoned by his disdain.

The Bibí's privileges are few and humble. She may chew the pungent, stimulating *pawn*, of betel leaf and nut, mixed with powdered lime made from burnt shells, — “a curious knot,” as an old author describes it, “made up of delicate leaves and some other things, with a little chalk of sea-cockles, which maketh the mouth and lips of a vermilion color, and the breath sweet and pleasing.” This is one of the Bibí's small vices.

Another is the hubble-bubble, by which she inhales the fragrant fumes of the world's own weed, cooled and perfumed by being drawn through rose-water contained in a cocoa-shell ; sitting alone and silent on the flat roof by night, she puffs and puffs in pensive resignation. If some bibís I wot of had the hubble-bubble, they would not fret for the ballot-box.

Occasionally she has a truly feminine treat in the critical, not to say captious, inspection of the wardrobes and ornaments of her intimate enemies, — that sort of affectionate spite, which is of all races but only one sex, and which, as it turns over the perfectly lovely “things” of its sweetest friend, makes notes of admiration upon them with one hand, while it “picks them to pieces” with the other. Behold two Mohammedan bibís and a British bibí in harem together. “We looked at each other's dress ; and they examined my rings, and my fingers, seeming surprised that they were not stained. At last, each gently took hold of the skirt of my gown, pulled it up a little way, and seemed to marvel at the corded petticoat. *That* they then raised a very little, and seeing my under-garments, cried approvingly, ‘Ah !’” There was

the touch of nature which is the masonic grip of babá and bibí from Chicago to Chandernagore.

To die — simply to finish, to get done, to leave off, to make an end — is a privilege unqualified unto all woman-kind, save the Hindoo Bibí. For her it is a question fraught with hazards of glory or disgrace, and all turning upon the “die” of her husband, — for she has set her life upon his caste. Departing a Brahmin's wife, her consummation is renown ; a Brahmin's childless widow, her report is failure and scorn.

The event of the Bibí's life transcending in importance even her birth or her death — the event upon which hang the issues of her happiness in the body and in the spirit — is impending. Not in vain has she worn upon her arm that indescribable image in gold, — the strange symbol of a bold but solemn idea of instinct and absolute nature, emancipated from the checks of conventional decorum, and free to imagine and to long. It is time that her mother should come for her, and take her away to the dear old home, that the eyes of the child may open first on the scenes of its mother's innocence and its grandmother's anxious love. “Henceforth,” says the *pooran*, “she shall shun the company of impure women, and of those whose children have all died. She shall not ruminate on dismal thoughts, nor gaze on frightful objects. She shall turn away from tales of distress and food not easy to digest. So shall she bring forth a child of beauty.”

The midwife is coming with her mouth full of gossip, and her head full of mantras against the evil eye, the malign conjunction of planets, and the calamity of an unlucky day. Already has the careful *pooran* provided for the health and happiness of both mother and child, by an institution which might be wisely incorporated in our common law. “She, and not another, shall give suck to the child of her love ; nor shall aught less than illness or death exempt her from a duty so sacred and so dear.”

And now her agony of fear is past,

and her time of triumph is come, — love and service be to Lakshmi, *not a girl!* With tossing head and sparkling eyes, she runs from one friend to another, in the restless exultation of the true Hindoo mother, a noble boy-baby astride upon her hip.

And the boy will love the Bibí; for with all its defects of arrogance and selfishness, the native character displays in an exemplary degree the atoning virtue of filial love; and the mother

holds the highest place in the affections of her son. "I have often," says Kerr, "heard the missionaries say (of some young Hindoo who was about to embrace Christianity) that when the entreaties and remonstrances of all other friends had failed to shake his resolution, his mother appeared, bathed in tears, or even threatening to put an end to her life. Then the son, dismayed and overpowered, could hold out no longer."

J. W. Palmer.

## MILKING-TIME.

### A FLORIDA PASTORAL.

THE sun is low and the sky is red;  
Over meadows in rick and mow,  
And out of the lush grass overfed,  
The cattle are winding slow;  
A milky fragrance about them breathes  
As they loiter one by one,  
Over the fallow and out of the sheaths  
Of the lake-grass in the sun.

And hark, in the distance, the cattle-bells, how musically they steal, —  
Jo, Redpepper, Brindle, Brown, and Barleymeal!

From standing in shadowy pools at noon  
With the water udder deep,  
In the sleepy rivers of easy June,  
With the skies above asleep, —  
Just a leaf astir on orange or oak,  
And the palm-flower thirsting in halves, —  
They wait for the signs of the falling smoke,  
And the evening bleat of the calves.

And hark, in the distance, the cattle-bells, how musically they steal, —  
Jo, Redpepper, Brindle, Brown, and Barleymeal!

O wife, whose wish still lingers and grieves  
In the chimes that go and come,  
For peace and rest in the twilight eves  
When the cattle are loitering home,  
How little we knew, in the deepening shades,  
How far our ways would lie, —  
My own alone in the everglades  
And your home there in the sky;

Nor how I would listen alone to the old familiar peal, —  
Jo, Redpepper, Brindle, Brown, and Barleymeal!

Will Wallace Harney.

## OUR CONSULAR SERVICE.

A CONSUL is a public officer who resides in a foreign country, principally at sea-ports and in commercial centres, to represent there the interests of his government and his fellow-countrymen. His duties are partly administrative and partly judicial. He is charged with a supervision of such ships of his nationality as arrive at the district of his consulate, receiving the ship's papers, settling the disputes between the officers and men, especially guarding the rights of seamen, supervising the enlistment and discharging of sailors, and securing their pay; performing also such notarial functions as may be necessary on the entrance, refitting, and departure of a vessel. In maintaining their authority over captains and seamen, our consuls in most countries have the right to demand the assistance of the local police; thus being armed with full power to execute their duties. Consuls are also empowered to issue and *visa* passports of United States citizens, proved so to be to their satisfaction; but they may not *issue* passports, if residing in a country where there is a resident minister of the United States. Among their duties are those of registering births, marriages, and deaths of American citizens; arbitrating between Americans and settling disputes; serving as administrators of estates; watching over the commercial interests of the United States, seeing to it that commercial treaties are not violated, gathering and reporting commercial facts and statistics. The principal commercial function of a consul residing in an inland town is to examine and verify invoices of goods destined to be entered at the United States custom-houses. He must familiarize himself with the various grades of values of goods thus exported, and may require samples to be furnished to him with the invoices; so that, having become an expert judge, he may

determine whether they are undervalued, and whether an attempt is thus made to defraud the revenue. Being satisfied that the invoice is just and fair, he certifies as much, forwarding to the custom-house a triplicate copy of the invoice for comparison and verification. In certain far-distant countries, such as China and Japan, the consular duties become much more important; for there consuls act as judges in all controversies between citizens of the United States, and exercise a criminal as well as a civil jurisdiction. It will thus be seen that a consul, in whatever foreign country he may reside, is intrusted with highly responsible and often delicate and intricate duties. His responsibility is a heavy one, and much must be confided to his sound judgment and discretion. He is the protector of Americans abroad, of the national revenue, of our seamen, and of our commercial and treaty rights. He must be always on guard to protest against and report any violation or intended violation of either. At the same time he must so act as not to embroil the two countries, or to do things which will produce misunderstandings. He is, probably, at a great distance from his official chief, the Secretary of State, and must often act solely from the promptings of self-counsel. It is true that a sort of authority is exercised over the consuls in a country by the minister or consul-general there resident; but this authority is very ill-defined and vague, so much so as to render it in practice almost useless. If a consul resorts for advice or instruction to the minister or consul-general, the usual reply is that he must apply to the State Department, or that he must act on the spot on his own discretion. So that really the consul enjoys considerable independence of action; and this renders it of the utmost importance that men of intelli-

gence, integrity, and zeal alone should be appointed to this office.

Discipline over subordinates is easily enough maintained in the Washington departments; but it is manifestly impossible to enforce rules in detail over a body of several hundred officers, scattered to the four corners of the world. The only approximate remedies to this necessary evil are: first, to appoint capable and honest consuls; secondly, such consuls obtained, to retain and not capriciously recall them; thirdly (what has not yet been done), to strengthen the hands of envoys and consuls-general with sufficient authority to positively instruct, and to keep in strict obedience to the prescribed regulations, the consuls residing in the country to which they are accredited.

But a consul has other duties besides those formally and officially imposed upon him. He is not merely a commercial agent and notary of his government, with the occasionally added functions of a State policeman: he is, or should be, in a broader sense, the representative of the country in a foreign city. His official position gives him high social privileges. He is admitted to the official society of the locality. A place of honor is accorded to him on public occasions. He appears everywhere as the principal representative American. The United States is one of the "Great Powers"; the United States consul, in a provincial town, holds a social position similar to that occupied by a United States minister at a royal or imperial court; he is the official equal of the British, French, Prussian, and Russian consul. Whether with discrimination or not, society looks to him to typify the best phase of American education and refinement; because the consuls of other powers are, from the tests to which they are subjected before appointment, men of culture, selected partly because of their culture. In proportion as he is respected, his official influence has weight, and his country is honored.

The qualifications which a consul

should possess, in order properly to represent the country abroad, — his responsibilities being as above described, — would seem to be plain. He should possess the rudiments of a good English education. He should be not only acquainted, but familiar, with maritime, commercial, and international law, and especially with their details. He should speak, read, and write the language of the country in which he will reside, and French, in whatever country he may reside. He should be a person of prudence and sound judgment, able to conduct a discussion with temper and pith. He should have firmness and nerve to execute an often disagreeable duty without fear or favor; to resort to force, if necessary, in carrying out the regulations relating to shipmasters and seamen; and to allow no consideration to deter him from exposing an attempt to defraud the revenue in the undervaluation of invoiced goods. He should be of approved honesty and personal responsibility, so that the emoluments of his consulate — often considerable — should be accurately turned over to the treasury, and no temptation should influence him either to defraud himself, or to wink at the intended frauds of others. He should have the bearing and manners of a well-bred gentleman, accustomed to the discipline of good society, and able to sustain a good social reputation in the eyes of the foreign world. I believe it no exaggeration to say that every European government, Turkey and Greece as well as France and England, requires each and all of these qualifications to be proved as a condition precedent to a consular appointment. No one who has met any of the consuls of European nations abroad will doubt that the selections are made with minute care, and are justified by the subsequent bearing and capability of the appointees. I should not point to European examples, were it not that the qualifications which foreign nations require, and which have been indicated, are self-evidently just and necessary. The strictness of the tests which they exact

are fully justified by the results. The consular services of the European powers are performed well and economically; there is a well-defined and strict organization, especially in the English and Austrian services, by which consuls are the subordinates of the ambassadors, ministers, or consuls-general, subject to their orders, relying upon their instructions, and acting constantly under their scrutiny. An inefficient consul is soon found out, and either dismissed from the service or transferred to an inferior post; while a competent and faithful consul is as readily recognized, and his name set down for certain promotion. An incident quite unknown to the British or Austrian services is the removal of an able and honest consular officer. Senator Patterson of New Hampshire, who is more familiar, perhaps, with our consular service than any other of our public men, proved in a recent speech that our system was the most extravagant as well as the worst regulated in the world. Comparing our trade with Holland and Prussia (as examples), and the expense of maintaining our legations and consuls in those countries, with the trade and diplomatic expenses of England in them, he found that relatively our officials were far more costly than those of England.

Few will be found to deny the necessity of requiring from consular candidates proofs that they possess such qualifications as have been enumerated. Are such proofs, in fact, required by the American government? Ostensibly they are required; practically they are not required.

The Department of State, which supervises and governs the consular as well as the diplomatic service, issues an octavo volume entitled "United States Consular Regulations," elegantly bound, printed in large type and on tinted paper. A copy of this manual is presented to each consul after his appointment and before he departs for his post. In the chapter on "Applicants for the Office of Consul" occurs the following paragraph:—

"No candidate will be appointed until he has been examined and found qualified by a board consisting of three examiners, selected by the head of the department."

What the qualifications examined into by the "board" here alluded to are may be gathered from these subsequent paragraphs:—

"Candidates must be able to write a good hand, must be thoroughly acquainted with arithmetic, geography, English grammar, and book-keeping, and must possess a good knowledge of history, especially that of the United States.

"They will be required to pass an examination, in addition to the studies above mentioned, in the Consular Manual, Kent's Commentaries, Story on the Constitution of the United States, and the text of Wheaton's Elements of International Law. Candidates should also be able to read and write with facility the French or some other modern language besides the English; and those who possess, in addition, the ability to speak the language of the country where they are to be employed, will be preferred."

Elsewhere it is laid down, that if the candidate is in a foreign country he may be examined in writing by the American minister in that country.

These regulations sound well, and seem to give evidence of a regular system, requiring at least some degree of competency in the candidates. But an attentive reading of them will discover that, even if they were strictly and literally enforced, they would afford a very imperfect standard of consular competency. The candidates are not required to be familiar with maritime or commercial law; and they are only very mildly advised to know "the French," or, at least, the language of the country in which they are to be employed. No examination, according to the text, takes place under either of these heads. If he knows "the French" or the language of his destined place of residence, well and good; it is not, clearly, essential.



But the serious objection to these regulations is, not so much that they would not, if enforced, provide the government with competent consuls: it is that they are really not enforced at all. This is true as far as the personal experience of the writer is concerned, and as far as the experience of all consuls with whom he has ever conversed upon the subject is concerned. Speaking with this limitation, such a board "of three examiners, selected by the head of the department," has no existence whatever. It would be difficult to find any American consul appointed within twenty years, who had ever seen this board, or who had ever heard of it outside of the manual. Neither was any such examination as that described proposed to the writer, before or after his appointment; nor has he ever found a consul who had passed through any such ordeal. It is possible to assert positively that, in one instance at least, the department officials did not see even the handwriting (the first and simplest of the alleged tests) of the candidate until after he had been nominated, confirmed, and had received his formal appointment. The Secretary of State had never seen him nor had he ever heard of him until within a week before his nomination was sent to the Senate.

The truth is that very little attention is paid by President or State Department to the qualifications of the consular appointees. The appointments are not determined, and apparently are not professed to be determined, by the test of competency. The selections are made from other motives, with other views, and certainly with other results, than would emanate from a pure intention to establish an efficient corps of officers, who are to perform important functions at a distance from departmental control. The great bane of our political life, the corrupting consequences of an irresponsible executive patronage, naturally adopting the base maxim, "To the victors belong the spoils," enter into and work great evils in the consular system. Consuls are

appointed just as the more familiar home officials are appointed; just as judges and collectors, postmasters and clerks, are appointed. There is as little scrutiny into qualifications, as little reference to personal character, even less method in enforcing the regulations laid down to guide official conduct. Consuls are the nominees of Congressmen, the personal pets or political managers of Presidents and Secretaries; consulships are the rewards of "party services" and persistent flattery, and are among the pieces of good fortune due to a happy consanguinity with men in power. Sometimes consuls are senators or representatives with whose services their constituents have dispensed, and who must be provided with a reward for past devotion; oftener they are the obscurer lobbyists of State legislatures, or persons, of whatever profession and status in life, who either have promoted a Congressional election, or whom it is necessary to propitiate and get rid of. Wealth and family influence secure to some the "consular dignity"; sometimes scholarship and real fitness, literary merit and social eminence, when well backed by political influence, attain consular offices. But it must be confessed that the large majority of consuls are appointed simply and purely for party reasons, and with little regard to their individual qualifications for their official or social duties.

The men so selected are submitted to no examination worthy of the name, and are not even required to prove as much "moral character" as a college freshman, a school teacher, or a new domestic servant.

What actually occurs, on the appointment of a consul, may not be without interest to the great majority who have not been consuls, and may be briefly stated.

According to the manual already quoted, the appointee is required "to report in person at this department for further instructions"; as a matter of fact, this turns out to be not absolutely necessary. "Instructions" are not

seldom sent to the new consul at his residence. Following the manual again, the favored servant of the government learns that he will, when duly arrived at the department, "be employed in the consular bureau and at the Treasury Department during the usual business hours, in such employment as will best acquaint him with the nature of the consular service." This process, he is informed, will consume two weeks. He goes to Washington, picturing to himself the grave ordeal of the examination "by a board of three," and the equally awe-inspiring prospect of toiling daily under the vigilant eyes of the Secretaries of State and of the Treasury. Tremblingly he mounts the steps of the State Department. He is about to enter the presence of his august chief, to be by him handed over to his inquisitors. All things at the State Department are quiet and dignified and proper. There is a lull in the corridors and anterooms; primly white-cravatted men are talking softly to each other; the negro messenger has a decorous, gloomily stately air. At least six typical Tite Barnacles are encountered gliding to and fro on the first floor. The echoes of your steps are painfully loud and jarring in this solemn place. An irreverent man would say that place and clerks had an air of indolence. A new-fledged consul is simply awestruck; this is the repository of great state secrets, the temple which encloses the original parchment of the Constitution.

Mounting to the Secretary's anteroom, he asks to see that dignitary; of course he, a consul, will be admitted at once. The messenger coldly murmurs that the Secretary will see no one. The new official observes, with surprise, that no line of the messenger's visage changes when he announces himself as the new Consul to X. That makes no difference. The Secretary can't waste his time on consuls. If the visitor is a consul he must go to the consular bureau, the last door on the left, graciously imparts the messenger, who is putting enormous wax seals on an

enormous white package at a little table.

A pleasant gentleman awaits him in the decorous apartment designated as the "consular bureau." He is rather pleasant than respectful; he has, indeed, manifestly no awe for the consular title. He chats with the new-comer about his consulship, dilates on the climate, the wines, the people, the theatres of the new-comer's destined residence. Asked about the examination and instructions, he laughs a subdued, amiable laugh, and, ignoring the former topic, says that here are the late consul's despatches, you may look through them if you like; and here is the manual, which you had better run your eye over at the hotel in the course of to-night or to-morrow; and here are the consular forms, but you'll find all those in the manual; and generally, the instructions usually given are—well, the manual covers the whole ground, and you'll get them all out of that. Is that all? Well, yes, about all. And the being employed in the bureau and the Treasury Department? O, of course, there's no need of *your* doing that, you know! That is meant for inexperienced persons. *You* won't have to do that. And about staying here two weeks? Well, if you *want* to stay two weeks—O no. Well then, just look over the manual; and if you want to ask any questions about anything, drop in to-morrow, at 'leven or twelve o'clock, and I'll post you; and then you can be off. The consular *vade mecum* is perused with avidity, and, although often turgid in expression and vague in precepts, affords a general view of the consular duties. The new consul, finding his presence at the department not encouraged by the officials, makes haste to depart, and sails for his post. He has duly deposited his bond, with sureties, to the amount of three or four thousand dollars, as security that he will not embezzle the funds or make way with the "consular property" of the government. The consular property he finds, on arriving at his post, to consist of

various articles in various stages of dilapidation. There is a great book-case, a chair or two, a very forlorn coat of arms with the eagle's head obscured by accumulated dirt and long exposure, a national "tattered ensign" and flag-pole; the "Statutes of the United States"; a plethora of Patent Office Reports, diplomatic correspondence, and other eminently entertaining and practical official literature; a few seals, a few sheets of paper and envelopes, a few printed forms, and sundry heavy volumes of record.

He goes to work as best he can with the materials at hand. He resolves to justify the confidence and win the further approbation of his government. Perhaps he will thereby win promotion; at least, by a faithful discharge of duty, he may retain his place, indifferent, behind his barrier of a good official reputation, to the accession or retirement of Presidents. So he requires the captains to pay the sailors' three months' extra wages to the uttermost farthing; studies and administers the law in ship matters with unflinching justice; posts himself on the values of merchandise, and laboriously scrutinizes every sample which he exacts from exporting natives; spends hours in delving among reports of ministers of commerce and superintendents of ports, and burns the midnight oil in drawing up elaborate commercial statistics and essays addressed to the Secretary of State; follows anxiously the minutest instructions of the manual as to the manner and form of doing things, measuring the margins on his despatches to the hundredth of an inch, using exactly the right sort of paper and no other, and observing in his language the closest possible conformity to the official communications which, at rare intervals, he receives from his chief; burrowing away steadfastly at the language; sedulously attending all the official receptions and on all public occasions; performing, as far as he can know, all the duties of his position.

This, however, is in the verdant spring-time of his consular career. He

learns as he advances. A perplexing matter arises, which he cannot himself decide, and concerning which the oracular voice of the manual for once affords him no illumination. He applies to the consul-general for counsel; that dignitary, distracted by the vagueness of his powers, answers in effect, that he really cannot undertake to advise or instruct, and that the consul had better apply at the department. Accordingly he addresses the Secretary. His despatch lies in the department pigeon-holes till it is dust-laden; goes slowly the rounds of three or four clerks; finally reaches the assistant secretary; and in the course of two or three months a neat despatch in reply is forwarded to the consul, so ambiguous in explanation and so pompously vague in expression, that, in his despair, he is tempted to toss up a cent to decide in which way he shall interpret it. Gradually the fact dawns upon him that all his vigilance and care does not advance him a step in the estimation of his superiors. He sees consuls who have been cited to him as examples of efficiency and official diligence suddenly removed, without notice or excuse; sees men assuming their places who cannot read or write correct English, who are, in their own localities, bankrupt in name and fortune, whose manners betray a familiarity with bar-rooms and frontier towns, who are looked upon with wonder and disgust in the places to which they are accredited. He finds that a consul, be he ever so excellent, who has no "political influence," is in constant danger of being ordered home as if he were a boy in disgrace; and that a consul, be he ever so incompetent, be his manners ever so gross, be his accounts ever so behindhand, be he ever so often a truant from his post,—a consul who has "political influence" may go on indefinitely bringing odium upon the American name, and converting the consular fees "to his own use," with his political head untouched and his security unmolested.

Is it wonderful that this fact, im-

pressed again and again upon the mind of the earnestly striving officer, should discourage him; that he should lose his ambition to do his duty faithfully; that he should determine to make the best of his place while he has it, squeezing as much money out of it as he might, escaping from duty and going off on pleasure tours when he thought the way was clear, and leaving the business in the hands of French or German clerks? Is it strange that he found his predecessor's accounts and records a mass of confusion and a monument of deliberate neglect, and that he leaves his own equally awry to his successor? Is it strange that he gets careless about sailors' pay and invoices, that captains get off without disgorging the dues of their men, and that Continental Jews slip their goods in at our custom-houses on false valuations and to the detriment both of the revenue and of honest merchants?

This is, indeed, one, and only one, of the evils worked in the consular service by our world-wide famous system of rotation in office. To be an American consul is not, if it ever was, held to be an honor in Europe. A consul who arrives at his post often finds himself an object rather of curiosity than of respect. I have often heard it remarked by Europeans, that American consuls were a very different sort of men from the consuls of other nations. Europeans, with their notions of system, gradation, permanency of efficient service, and promotion for merit, are at a loss to comprehend the sudden changes made by our government. For this reason, the removal of a consul who has tried to do and consciously succeeded in doing his duty, is painful to him for other reasons than the mere loss of salary and position. To a man of sensitive honor, these are but secondary considerations. Even the affront—for it is nothing less—which is offered to him by a removal, not only without explanation, but without the least notice,—a removal effected simply by the appearance at his desk of his successor de-

manding his chair,—is not the most serious feature of his position. He has resided long enough at his post to make official and social acquaintances, and to form ties of friendship; he has won, perhaps, the esteem, confidence, and respect of the community. How can this community regard his sudden dismissal? Even those who are his friends and have esteemed him are constrained (arguing from their own official system) to suspect him of having forfeited the confidence of his government. Is he inefficient, has he embezzled, what can be his fault? Only a very few, abroad, understand the "rotation-in-office" system; and the effect is that the removed consul's reputation is in jeopardy when so curtly dismissed, without a reason.

The only possible way to make our consular service efficient and honorable is to insure permanency, if not to hold out a prospect of promotion, to those who prove themselves to be good officers.

One instance may be stated, of the apparent indifference of our political authorities to the good of the public service, and the consequent detriment it receives. It is that of Mr. Abbot, the late consul at Sheffield. This officer, after serving for many years in the State Department, some of the time as the head of the consular bureau, was appointed to Sheffield on the ground of his great familiarity with the consular duties and rules, the laws bearing upon the office, and his ability and uprightness as long exhibited in the department. His conduct of the Sheffield consulate was such as to call out repeated commendatory despatches from successive Secretaries. He was known, both at the department and in the service, as the most indefatigable, exact, diligent, painstaking, and efficient consul in the corps. He was regarded as the best authority on consular matters, and was often consulted by the department and members of Congressional committees on subjects relating to this service. He had edited the manual. He never shrank from any controversy with the Sheffield mer-

chants, but, on the contrary, had a long and bitter conflict with them in relation to the valuation of the cutlery imported by them into the United States. His object in this was to insure our government the just and exact revenue due. His action was approved by the department. He received a despatch, not only of approval, but couched in terms of high and cordial commendation of his performance of the duties. A few months afterward, no incident affecting the case intervening, he was summarily removed, curtly and without explanation. The President had visited Connecticut; and a week or two after the visit a Connecticut man was named for consul at Sheffield. Mr. Abbot doubtless saved our revenue many thousands, besides maintaining a consulate which was a model to all others; and this was his reward.

Of the many things in which our consular service needs a thorough and vigorous reform, I have space to designate but a few. The first of these would doubtless be, to ascertain, by pertinent tests, the ability and character of the candidates, excluding all from office who were evidently unfit, or rather who were not evidently fit. If the regulations already quoted were vigorously enforced, something would be gained. But the gain would be greater if a competitive examination, free to all comers, were established; for this, faithfully carried out, would exclude Presidential pets and Congressional favorites, unless these prevailed on the test of competency. The board of examiners should be both experts, and wholly independent of the appointing power and of all other political influence. The next rule would seem to follow naturally from such a mode of selection. Let the term of office depend on the competency of the officer, and on that alone; put it out of the power of political hands to disturb a *faithful* servant. Then give ample, distinct, and responsible powers to consuls-general, to exercise control over the consuls of the country where they reside. As it is, consuls-general

are in a thick mist as to their powers, which has rather a worse effect than if they had no powers at all.

A reform of the consular service embracing these points would go far towards elevating its character and improving its efficiency; but it would not be yet complete. A reorganization as regards the consulates themselves, and the salaries attached to them, is perceived to be necessary by those who are familiar with the subject. Secretary Seward probably did more for the reformation of the consular system than any other occupant of that office. Something like method and order, though of an imperfect kind, grew out of his efforts. The judiciousness of his appointments was often remarked, and is one of the conspicuous features of his administration. He rarely appointed a consul who proved unfit, and he appointed many of eminent fitness. He found the system costly to the government, and left it more than self-sustaining. This he did by recommending the abolition of some consulates, the cutting down of fees and salaries in others. Probably he went as far, in consular reform, as he could do in the troublous era of his secretaryship, and under the pressure of influential politicians. At all events, although he showed zeal in reorganizing the service, he left the work incomplete. There are still many consulates which might properly be abolished altogether; others whose emoluments to the consul might be diminished; others which might easily be reduced to consular agencies under the supervision of a neighboring consulate. At Moscow, we are told, the fees collected amount annually to \$9, while the salaries paid are \$2,228; at Brindisi, fees collected \$2.50, salaries about \$2,000; at Boulogne-sur-mer the fees are next to nothing, and the consul's salary is \$1,500. These are only three out of many instances. Each might be abolished or made consular agencies without injury to the government. But the more the offices, the more hungry mouths are filled; and thereby hangs the mystery

of many of these things. On the other hand, consular agencies might be named, yielding good incomes to foreign agents, which could be raised to the rank of consulates and filled by responsible American citizens.

Consular agents are officers, subordinate to full consuls, exercising duties within the limits of the consulates at places different from those at which the full consul resides. These are usually nominated by the consul, and are native merchants, lawyers, or notaries. The seats of consular agencies are places which have some, but not a very extensive trade with this country; and where, therefore, it would not pay to accredit a full-salaried consul. In such cases it is well enough, if there be no resident American willing to accept the agency, to appoint natives. But there are two offices to which it will be generally thought it is improper and injurious to appoint foreigners; these are the full consulships and the vice-consulships.

It is probably not widely known that a considerable number of our consuls abroad are persons of foreign birth. Many of them are natives of the countries in which their consulates are situated; some of them are natives of countries which are on ill terms with the countries where their consulates are situated. An Irishman, until recently, was consul at Southampton; and several of the English, Scotch, and Irish consulates are held by natives of those countries. The same is true of nearly every nation; especially of Germany, where the large minority of American consuls are Germans. The proportion is still greater in the vice-consular offices. The vice-consuls are the deputies of the consuls, acting with their full power when they are absent, and, in the larger consulates, performing at all times the substantial, every-day work of the offices.

This is certainly an evil. The interests of American citizens are thus committed to foreign hands in a foreign country. In cases of misunderstanding or conflict of opinion between the

consul and the native authorities, the former, being himself a native of that country, must often decide between the instinct of patriotism, the sympathy with the land of his birth, and his official duty to the land of his perhaps recent adoption. No one would expect an American consul, who is a German, residing in Germany, retaining the old affection for Germany, to be the judicial, prompt, and energetic officer, when a contested matter arises, which it is imperative that our consuls should be. The zeal necessary adequately to perform these functions should be, if not prompted, at least encouraged, by patriotic feeling. I have no intention of protesting against the appointment of naturalized citizens to office. There are reasons why intelligent and capable naturalized citizens should share in the gifts of the public service; and such examples as Schurz, Sigel, and Meagher show that our Senate and army may be honored by the advancement of such men. But in our foreign appointments, the reasons would seem to be clear, why, unless the case is extraordinary, foreigners should not be selected. Under a well-ordered, firmly established system of equal competitive examination (not a mere formal examination, but one sufficiently simple and practical to effect a real test of qualifications), the only valid argument for appointing foreigners to positions abroad would disappear; for they would not then be the only persons capable of comprehending the language of the consular locality. This policy is only one more of those evils brought into our public administration by the greed of party and the exigencies of politicians. The "foreign element" must be courted. There are so many thousand German or Irish votes in a Congressional district. These must be conciliated, at any cost. Fit or unfit, their leaders must be "provided for." And so, whether the service is well performed or not, Germans and Irishmen must be sent to be American representatives at Dublin and Berlin.

Every consideration which refers to

the abuses and corruptions of the consular service, or to the remedies to be applied thereto, — as every consideration regarding all our offices, — leads us to one conclusion. No matter what the point of view from which we look at this subject, — whether we regard the method of nomination and of appointment, the position of the officer at his post, the scope and application of the rules by which he is guided, the supervision exercised over his conduct, the organization of the consulates themselves, the apportionment of salaries, the status of the vice-consuls and consular agents, — we are always coming in contact with the one prevailing disease which impairs the usefulness and soils the good name of the American civil service.

This is irresponsible, interested, and partial political patronage, which impedes necessary reforms, compels the appointment of incompetent persons, dictates arbitrary removals, denies the rewards of approbation and promotion to the worthy, and shields the delinquencies, and often the guilt, of the unworthy; which corrupts not only subordinates, but the heads of departments, and the Presidential office itself; which favors, not loyalty to the nation, but loyalty to party and persons only; which breeds extravagance in the disposal of the public moneys, carelessness and speculation in the official who knows that his time is short, and a disregard of the public weal in successful aspirants to power.

*George M. Towle.*

## KING VOLMER AND ELSIE.

### AFTER THE DANISH OF CHRISTIAN WINTER.

WHERE, over heathen doom-rings and gray stones of the Horg,  
In its little Christian city stands the church of Vordingborg,  
In merry mood King Volmer sat, forgetful of his power,  
As idle as the Goose of Gold that brooded on his tower.

Then spake the King to Henrik, his young and faithful squire:  
"Dar'st trust thy little Elsie, the maid of thy desire?"  
"Of all the men in Denmark she loveth only me:  
As true to me is Elsie as thy Lily is to thee."

Loud laughed the king: "To-morrow shall bring another day,\*  
When I myself will test her; she will not say me nay."  
Thereat the lords and gallants, that round about him stood,  
Wagged all their heads in concert and smiled as courtiers should.

The gray lark sings o'er Vordingborg, and on the ancient town  
From the tall tower of Valdemar the Golden Goose looks down:  
The yellow grain is waving in the pleasant wind of morn,  
The wood resounds with cry of hounds and blare of hunter's horn.

In the garden of her father little Elsie sits and spins,  
And, singing with the early birds, her daily task begins.  
Gay tulips bloom and sweet mint curls around her garden-bower,  
But she is sweeter than the mint and fairer than the flower.

\* A common saying of Valdemar; hence his sobriquet *Allderday*.



About her form her kirtle blue clings lovingly, and, white  
As snow, her loose sleeves only leave her small, round wrists in sight;  
Below the modest petticoat can only half conceal  
The motion of the fairest foot that ever turned a wheel.

The cat sits purring at her side, bees hum in sunshine warm;  
But, look! she starts, she lifts her face, she shades it with her arm.  
And, hark! a train of horsemen, with sound of dog and horn,  
Come leaping o'er the ditches, come trampling down the corn!

Merrily rang the bridle-reins, and scarf and plume streamed gay,  
As fast beside her father's gate the riders held their way;  
And one was brave in scarlet cloak, with golden spur on heel,  
And, as he checked his foaming steed, the maiden checked her wheel.

"All hail among thy roses, the fairest rose to me!  
For weary months in secret my heart has longed for thee!  
What noble knight was this? What words for modest maiden's ear?  
She dropped a lowly courtesy of bashfulness and fear.

She lifted up her spinning-wheel; she fain would seek the door,  
Trembling in every limb, her cheek with blushes crimsoned o'er.  
"Nay, fear me not," the rider said, "I offer heart and hand,  
Bear witness these good Danish knights who round about me stand.

"I grant you time to think of this, to answer as you may,  
For to-morrow, little Elsie, shall bring another day."  
He spake the old phrase slyly as, glancing round his train,  
He saw his merry followers seek to hide their smiles in vain.

"The snow of pearls I'll scatter in your curls of golden hair,  
I'll line with furs the velvet of the kirtle that you wear;  
All precious gems shall twine your neck; and in a chariot gay  
You shall ride, my little Elsie, behind four steeds of gray.

"And harps shall sound, and flutes shall play, and brazen lamps shall glow;  
On marble floors your feet shall weave the dances to and fro.  
At frosty eventide for us the blazing hearth shall shine,  
While, at our ease, we play at draughts, and drink the blood-red wine."

Then Elsie raised her head and met her wooer face to face;  
A roguish smile shone in her eye and on her lip found place.  
Back from her low white forehead the curls of gold she threw,  
And lifted up her eyes to his steady and clear and blue.

"I am a lowly peasant, and you a gallant knight;  
I will not trust a love that soon may cool and turn to slight.  
If you would wed me henceforth be a peasant, not a lord;  
I bid you hang upon the wall your tried and trusty sword."

"To please you, Elsie, I will lay keen Dynadel away,  
And in its place will swing the scythe and mow your father's hay."  
"Nay, but your gallant scarlet cloak my eyes can never bear;  
A Vadmal coat, so plain and gray, is all that you must wear."

"Well, Vadmal will I wear for you," the rider gayly spoke,  
"And on the Lord's high altar I'll lay my scarlet cloak."  
"But mark," she said, "no stately horse my peasant love must ride,  
A yoke of steers before the plough is all that he must guide."

The knight looked down upon his steed: "Well, let him wander free:  
No other man must ride the horse that has been backed by me.  
Henceforth I'll tread the furrow and to my oxen talk,  
If only little Elsie beside my plough will walk."

"You must take from out your cellar cask of wine and flask and can;  
The homely mead I brew you may serve a peasant-man."  
"Most willingly, fair Elsie, I'll drink that mead of thine,  
And leave my minstrel's thirsty throat to drain my generous wine."

"Now break your shield asunder, and shatter sign and boss,  
Unmeet for peasant-wedded arms, your knightly knee across.  
And pull me down your castle from top to basement wall,  
And let your plough trace furrows in the ruins of your hall!"

Then smiled he with a lofty pride; right well at last he knew  
The maiden of the spinning-wheel was to her troth-plight true.  
"Ah, roguish little Elsie! you act your part full well:  
You know that I must bear my shield and in my castle dwell!"

"The lions ramping on that shield between the hearts aflame  
Keep watch o'er Denmark's honor, and guard her ancient name.  
For know that I am Volmer; I dwell in yonder towers,  
Who ploughs them ploughs up Denmark, this goodly home of ours!"

"I tempt no more, fair Elsie! your heart I know is true;  
Would God that all our maidens were good and pure as you!  
Well have you pleased your monarch, and he shall well repay;  
God's peace! Farewell! To-morrow will bring another day!"

He lifted up his bridle hand, he spurred his good steed then,  
And like a whirl-blast swept away with all his gallant men.  
The steel hoofs beat the rocky path; again on winds of morn  
The wood resounds with cry of hounds and blare of hunter's horn.

"Thou true and ever faithful!" the listening Henrik cried;  
And, leaping o'er the green hedge, he stood by Elsie's side.  
None saw the fond embracing, save, shining from afar,  
The Golden Goose that watched them from the tower of Valdemar.

O darling girls of Denmark! of all the flowers that throng  
Her vales of spring the fairest, I sing for you my song.  
No praise as yours so bravely rewards the singer's skill;  
Thank God! of maids like Elsie the land has plenty still!

*John G. Whittier.*

## THOMAS JEFFERSON A VIRGINIA LAWYER.

HE was admitted to the bar at a fortunate time for a profession that thrives most when the community has ceased to thrive.

During the flush period, when Virginia seemed to be so flourishing because she was living on her capital, — the virgin soil of the river valleys, — the people indulged to the full that antipathy to lawyers which appears natural to the rustic mind. Far back in Charles I.'s reign, in 1642, the Assembly had passed a law that "all mercenary attorneys be wholly expelled" from the courts of Virginia; meaning by "mercenary attorneys," *paid* attorneys. The reason assigned for this act was, that "many troublesome suits are multiplied by the unskilfulness and covetousness of attorneys, who have more intended their own profit and their inordinate lucre than the good and benefit of their clients." The very tautologies of this law seem to betray the trembling eagerness of the honest burgess who drew it.

For nearly eleven years not a lawyer in Virginia could lawfully take a fee for serving a client in court. But, of course, the rogues evaded the act; and this the Assembly tried to prevent by enacting a supplement, to the effect that no attorney should "take *any* recompense, directly or indirectly," for *any* legal service; but in case a judge should perceive that a man was likely to lose his cause merely by his inability to plead it, he was "to appoint some fitt man out of the people" to plead it for him, who was to be paid such a fee as the court should deem just. The plan was plausible, but it did not answer. The act was repealed; and such attorneys as were licensed were bound by a stringent oath not to oppress clients nor foment suits. But no sooner were the lawyers in the courts again, than they behaved

in such a way as to become more odious than ever. Then the House of Burgesses — in 1657, his Highness, Oliver Cromwell, being Lord Protector — took up the subject anew, and debated this question: Shall we attempt "a regulation or totall ejection of lawyers"? The House decided for "tall ejection," and framed a law which they thought would be too much even for a lawyer's cunning to evade: "Noe person or persons within this collony, either lawyers or any other," shall plead for pay in a court, nor give counsel in any cause or controversy, for any kind of compensation, under a penalty of five thousand pounds of tobacco for every offence; "and because the breakers thereof through their subtilty cannot easily be discerned," every man pleading for another must take an oath that he is not "a breaker of the act."

But the governor and council had a veto on the acts of the Assembly. It reveals to us the intensity of the odium in which lawyers were held, that the governor and council did not directly veto so preposterous a law, but attempted to parry it by sending this message: "The governor and council will consent to this proposition so far as it shall be agreeable to Magna Charta." The Assembly made "humble reply," that they had considered Magna Charta, but found nothing therein applicable to the case; and as lawyers had been kept out of the courts for more than ten years by the act of a former House, "wee humbly conceive that wee have no less power" to eject them again. The humble reply seems to have convinced the governor and council; for the law appears in the statutes, and remained in force for twenty-three years!

But our complicated modern world cannot do without lawyers, not even simple, rustic old Virginia. And ac-

coruſingly, in 1680, thirty-second of Charles II., we find a House of Burgesses—farmers to a man—enacting the lawyers back again, and giving good reasons therefor: "Whereas all courts in this country are many tymes hindred and troubled in their judicall proceedings by the impertinent discourses of many busy and ignorant men who will pretend to assist their friend in his busines and to cleare the matter more plainly to the court, although never desired or requested thereunto by the person whome they pretended to assist, and many tymes to the destruction of his cause, and the greate trouble and hindrance of the court; for prevention whereof to the future, Bee it enacted," that no one shall in future presume to plead in any court of this Colony without license "first obtained and had," under penalties of six hundred or of two thousand pounds of tobacco, according to the dignity of the court in which the offence shall have been committed.

This act terminated a controversy which had lasted thirty-eight years; and the Assembly, having admitted lawyers, fixed their compensation at rates which were meant to be liberal. For conducting a cause in the chief court of the Colony an attorney was allowed to charge five hundred pounds of tobacco, and in the county courts, one hundred and fifty pounds,—splendid compensation if tobacco could only have been kept up to a shilling a pound.

When John Rolfe, not yet husband of Pocahontas, planted the first tobacco seed in Jamestown in 1612, good tobacco sold in London docks at five shillings a pound, or two hundred and fifty pounds sterling for a hogsheaf of a thousand pounds' weight. Fatal facility of money-making! It was this that diverted all labor, capital, and enterprise into one channel, and caused that first ship-load of negroes in the James River to be so welcome. The planter could have had but one object,—to get more slaves in order to raise more tobacco. Hence, the price was ever on

the decline, drooping first from shillings to pence, and then going down the scale of pence, until it remained for some years at an average of about two pence a pound in Virginia, and three pence in London. In Virginia, it often fell below two pence; as, during brief periods of scarcity, it would rise to six pence and seven pence. A fee of five hundred pounds of tobacco, from 1680 to 1750 might average about three guineas; and a fee of one hundred and fifty pounds of tobacco, something less than one guinea. These sums, small as they seem to us, sufficed to create the profession of the law in Virginia, and to draw into it a few of the younger sons of great planters, and the eldest sons of western yeomen.

But these fees were the highest that could be charged. It is evident from Jefferson's own books, that his usual compensation was somewhat less; for he records, that during his first year at the bar, 1767, he was employed in sixty-eight cases before the General Court,—business that must have brought with it many cases in county courts; but his entire emolument for the year was a little more than two hundred pounds sterling; or, in the currency of Virginia, as set down by himself, with Jeffersonian exactness, £ 293 4s 5½d. From the accounts of later years, I should conclude that his cases, one with another, yielded him about one pound sterling profit; for the number of his cases and the number of pounds of his law income are never far from equal, in the busier years of his practice. Translating the pounds of that period into the dollars of this, it was as though a lawyer of the present day should receive fifty dollars for arguing a cause before the Supreme Court of the United States, ten dollars for a cause before a local court, two dollars for a verbal opinion, and five for a written one. As late as 1792, when lawyers' fees were again fixed by law in Virginia, the most eminent lawyer in the State could not legally charge, for the most elaborate written opinion

on the most abstruse question relating to real estate, more than sixteen dollars and sixty-six cents; and when lawyers attended at a distance from their homes, they could charge for their time not more than three dollars and fifty-eight cents per day. Well might Mr. Webster say, that in that age lawyers "worked hard, lived well, and died poor."

Nevertheless, it was a good time for a lawyer when Jefferson began to practise; for he could make up for the smallness of his fees by the number of his cases. Everybody almost was in law. After a hundred years of profusion, pay-day, postponed by mortgage and other devices, was at hand, and the shadow of coming ruin darkened many a stately house.

Old Virginia is a pathetic chapter in Political Economy. *Old Virginia*, indeed! She reached decrepitude while contemporary communities were enjoying the first vigor of youth; while New York was executing the task which Virginia's George Washington had suggested and foretold, that of connecting the waters of the great West with the ocean; while New England was careering gayly over the sea, following the whale to his most distant retreat, and feeding belligerent nations with her superabundance. One little century of seeming prosperity,—three generations of spendthrifts,—then the lawyer and the sheriff! Nothing was invested, nothing was saved for the future. There were no manufactures, no commerce, no towns, no internal trade, no great middle class. As fast as that virgin richness of soil could be converted into tobacco, and sold in London docks, the proceeds were expended in vast, ugly mansions, heavy furniture, costly apparel, Madeira wine, fine horses, huge coaches, and more slaves. The planters lived as though virgin soil were revenue, not capital. They tried to maintain in Virginia the lordly style of English grantees, *without* any Birmingham, Staffordshire, Sheffield, or London docks to pay for it. Their short-lived prosperity consisted of

three elements,—virgin soil, low-priced slaves, high-priced tobacco. The virgin soil was rapidly exhausted; the price of negroes was always on the increase; and the price of tobacco was always tending downward. Their sole chance of founding a stable commonwealth was to invest the proceeds of their tobacco in something that would absorb their labor, and yield them profit, when the soil would no longer produce tobacco.

But their laborers were ignorant slaves, the possession of whom destroyed their energy, swelled their pride, and dulled their understandings. Virginia's case was hopeless from the day on which that Dutch ship landed the first twenty slaves; and when the time of reckoning came, the people had nothing to show for their long occupation of one of the finest estates in the world, except great hordes of negroes, breeding with the rapidity of rabbits; upon whose annual increase Virginia subsisted until the most glorious and beneficial of all wars set the white race free, and gave Virginia her second opportunity.

All this was nobody's fault. It was a combination of circumstances against which the unenlightened human nature of that period could not possibly have made head. No man saw anything wrong in slavery. No man knew much about the laws that control the prosperity of states. No man understood the science of agriculture. Every one with whom those proud and thoughtless planters dealt plundered them, and the mother country discouraged every attempt of the colonists to manufacture their own supplies. There were so many charges upon tobacco in its course from the planter's packing-house to the consumer's pipe, that it was no very uncommon thing, in dull years, for the planter to receive from his agent in London, in return for his hogsheads of tobacco, not a pleasant sum of money, nor even a box of clothes, but a bill of charges which the price of the tobacco had not covered. One of the hardships of which the

clergy complained was, that they did not "dare" to send their tobacco to London, for fear of being brought in debt by it; but had to sell it on the spot to speculators much below the London price. The old Virginia laws and records so abound in tobacco information, that we can follow a hogshead of tobacco from its native plantation on the James, to the shop of the tobacconist in London.

In the absence of farm vehicles, — many planters who kept a coach had no wagons, — each hogshead was attached to a pair of shafts with a horse between them, and "rolled" to a shed on the bank of the stream. When a ship arrived in the river from London, it anchored opposite each plantation which it served, and set ashore the portion of the cargo belonging to it; continuing its upward course until the hold was empty. Then, descending the river, it stopped at the different plantations, taking in from each its hogsheads of tobacco; and the captain receiving long lists of articles to be bought in London with the proceeds of the tobacco. The rivers of Virginia, particularly the Potomac and the James, are wide and shallow, with a deep channel far from either shore; so that the transfer of the tobacco from the shore to the ship, in the general absence of landings, was troublesome and costly. To this day, as readers remember, the piers on the James present to the wondering passenger from the North a stretch of pine planks, from an eighth to half a mile long. The ship is full, at length; drops down past Newport News, salutes the fort-upon Old Point Comfort, and glides out between the capes into the ocean.

Suppose her now safe in London docks, say about the year 1735, the middle of the prosperous period, when the great houses were building in Virginia, with stabling for "a hundred horses," and pretext of work for "a hundred servants." By the time she is fast at her berth the vultures have alighted upon her deck. Two "land-waiters" represent the authorities of

the custom-house, and are sworn to see that the king gets his own. A personage called the "ship's husband" is not long behind them. He, representing the merchant to whom the tobacco is consigned, would naturally be the antagonist of the land-waiters, but he is only too glad to establish an understanding with them; and behind each of these two powers there is a train of hangers-on, hungry for a morsel of the prey. There is already a charge of two pounds for freight upon each hogshead. As soon as the ship is reported at the custom-house, the king demands his "old subsidy" of three farthings upon every pound of tobacco on board, — more than three pounds sterling on a hogshead of a thousand pounds weight. The "duty" of five and one third pence per pound has next to be calculated, and a bond given for its payment when the tobacco is sold for home consumption. The purchaser, it is true, pays these duties, but the planter is responsible and bound for the payment.

Then there is a continuous fire of petty charges at each unfortunate hogshead, some of which it is difficult now to explain. I copy the following items from an agent's bill of 1733: "primage, 6*d.*"; "wharfage and lighterage, 6*d.*"; "Mr Perry, 3*d.*"; "husbanding the ship, 4*d.*"; "watching and drink, 3*d.*"; "entry inwards and bonds, 6*d.*"; "land-waiters' fees, 3*d.*"; "dinners, breakfasts to the husband and officers while landing the ship, with other incident expenses, 9*d.*"; "entry outwards and searchers, 8*d.*"; "cocket \* money, etc., 3*d.*"; "debentures one with another, 13*d.*"; "cooperage on board, 2*d.*"; "ditto, landing, 1*s.*"; "ditto, outwards, 9*d.*"; "refusing and hoops, 1*d.*"; "portage, rehousing, and extraordinary rummaging, 6*d.*"; "weighing and shipping, 6*d.*"; "wharfage and lighterage outwards, 6*d.*"; "cartage, 1*s.*"; "warehouse rent for three

\* COCKET. A scroll of parchment, sealed and delivered, by the officers of the custom-house to merchants, as a warrant that their merchandise is entered. — WEBSTER.

months, 1 s. 6 d.; "brokerage, 2 s."; "postage, as charged by the post-office"; "agent's commission, 2½ per cent." In other bills I observe such words as "suttle,"\* and the old familiar "tare" and "tret."

Besides these vexatious charges, each of which could be a pretext for fraud, the London agent had other modes of despoiling the planter who was quaffing his Madeira or chasing the fox three thousand miles away. Two pounds of tobacco were allowed to be taken from each hogshead for a sample; but a cooper who knew what was due to a British merchant and to himself could draw eight pounds as well as two; and a weigher who had been previously "seen" could mark down the weight of a hogshead two hundred pounds or ten pounds, according to the size of the hogshead; leaving the planter to decide whether *his* scales or those of the London Custom-House were untrustworthy. In a word, all those fraudulent devices complained of by honest merchants in the bad days of the New York Custom-House were familiar in the custom-house of London in 1733; and the frauds were concealed by precisely the same means. Upon the arrival of a ship, the merchant to whom the tobacco was consigned would apply for the services of certain land-waiters, "*whose friendship he could rely upon,*" to superintend the landing of his tobacco. Perhaps they were engaged at the time. Then he delayed landing his tobacco till they were at leisure. The rest can be imagined. The weighers, the coopers, and the "ship's husband" understand one another, and "if," as an old Remonstrance has it, "any two of them agree in their account, the third alters his book to make it agree with theirs."† We read, besides, of British merchants sweeping the refuse of their warehouses

into casks, putting a little good tobacco at the top and bottom; and, after getting a drawback of duty from their own government, sending this mass of dust and stalks to defraud a foreign country. In 1750, when tobacco yielded the British government one hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling per annum, it gave the planter an average profit of one pound sterling per hogshead.

The same factors who sold the Virginia tobacco were usually charged to purchase the merchandise which the planters required. Doubtless, many of them performed both duties with sufficient correctness; but, down to the Revolution, it was a standing complaint with the planters, that their tobacco brought them less and their merchandise cost them more than they had expected. Readers remember the emphatic expostulations of General Washington on both these points. The very ships that carried the tobacco and brought back the merchandise were nearly all owned in London. When a Yankee merchant had a prosperous year or made a lucky voyage, he built another schooner; so that when Jefferson made his first bow to a jury in 1767, New England owned seven eighths of the shipping that frequented New England ports. But of all the great fleet trading with Virginia,—about three hundred vessels in 1767,—seven eighths belonged to British merchants. The Yankee's new schooner proved a better investment than the Virginian's "likely negro wenches," whom the Yankee's schooner brought for him from the coast of Guinea; and the Virginian's pipes of Madeira consumed his acres, while the Yankee with his New England rum added acres to his estate.

How little the planters foresaw the desolation of their Province is affectingly attested by many of the relics of their brief affluence. They built their parish churches to last centuries, like the churches to which they were accustomed "at home." In neighborhoods where now a congregation of fifty persons could not be collected there are

\* SUTTLE. Suttle-weight, in commerce, is the weight when the tare has been deducted, and tret is yet to be allowed. — WEBSTER.

† Case of the Tobacco-Planters of Virginia as represented by themselves: signed by the President of the Council and Speaker of the House of Burgesses. London. 1733.



the ruins of churches that were evidently built for the accommodation of numerous and wealthy communities; a forest, in some instances, has grown up all around them, making it difficult to get near the imperishable walls. Sometimes the wooden roof has fallen in, and one huge tree, rooted among the monumental slabs of the middle aisle, has filled all the interior. Other old churches long stood solitary in old fields, the roof sound, but the door standing open, in which the beasts found nightly shelter; and into which the passing horseman rode and sat on his horse before the altar till the storm passed. Others have been used by farmers as wagon-houses, by fishermen to hang their seines in, by gatherers of turpentine as storehouses. One was a distillery, and another was a barn. A poor drunken wretch reeled for shelter into an abandoned church of Chesterfield County, — the county of the first Jeffersons, — and he died in a drunken sleep at the foot of the reading-desk, where he lay undiscovered until his face was devoured by rats. An ancient font was found doing duty as a tavern punch-bowl; and a tombstone, which served as the floor of an oven, used to print memorial words upon loaves of bread. Fragments of richly colored altar-pieces, fine pulpit-cloths, and pieces of old carving used to be preserved in farm-houses, and shown to visitors. When the late Bishop Meade began his rounds, forty years ago, elderly people would bring to him sets of communion plate and single vessels, which had once belonged to the parish church, long deserted, and beg him to take charge of them.

Those pretty girls of the Apollo who turned young Jefferson's head in 1762, and most of the other bright spirits of that generation, — where does their dust repose? In cemeteries so densely covered with trees and tangled shrubbery, that no traces of their tombstones can be discovered; in cemeteries, over which the plough and the harrow pass; in cemeteries, through the walls of which some stream has broken, and

where the bones and skulls of the dead may be seen afloat upon the slime.

The suddenness of the collapse was most remarkable. Westmoreland County, the birthplace of Washington, Madison, Monroe, and Marshall, called absurdly enough "the Athens of Virginia," was still the most polite and wealthy region of Virginia when Thomas Jefferson was a young lawyer. In thirty years it became waste and desolate. A picket-guard, in 1813, posted on the Potomac to watch for the expected British fleet, were seeking one day a place to encamp, when they came upon an old church the condition of which revealed at once the completeness and the recentness of the ruin. It stood in a lonely dell, where the silence was broken only by the breeze whispering through the pines and cedars and dense shrubbery that closed the entrance. Huge oaks standing near the walls enveloped the roof with their long, interlacing branches. The doors all stood wide open; the windows were broken; the roof was rotten and had partly fallen in; and a giant pine, uprooted by a tempest, was lying against the front, choking up the principal door. The churchyard, which was extensive, and enclosed by a high brick wall of costly structure, was densely covered all over with tombstones and monuments, many of which, though they bore names once held in honor throughout Virginia, were broken to pieces or prostrate, with brambles and weeds growing thick and tangled between them everywhere. The parish had been important enough to have a separate building for a vestry just outside the churchyard wall. This had rotted away from its chimney, which stood erect in a mass of ruin.

With some difficulty the soldiers forced their way through the fine old porch between massive doors into the church. What a picture of desolation was disclosed! The roof, rotted away at the corners, had let in for years the snow and rain, staining and spoiling the interior. The galleries, where, in

the olden time, the grantees of the parish sat, in their square, high pews, were sloping and leaning down upon the pews on the floor, and, on one side, had quite fallen out. The remains of the great Bible still lay open on the desk, and the tattered canvas that hung from the walls showed traces of the Creed and Commandments which had once been written upon it. The marble font was gone; it was a punch-bowl, the commander of the picket was told. The communion-table, which had been a superb piece of work, of antique pattern, with a heavy walnut top, was in its place, but roughened and stained by exposure. It was afterwards used as a chopping-block. The brick aisles showed that the church was the resort of animals, and the wooden ceiling was alive with squirrels and snakes. The few inhabitants of the vicinity—white trash—held the old church and its wilderness of graves in dread, and scarcely dared enter the tangled dell in which they were. It was only the runaway slave, overcome by a greater terror, flying from a being more awful than any ghost,—savage man,—that ventured to go into the church itself, and crouch among the broken pews.

Such is the ruin that befalls a community which subsists upon its capital. We have seen the end of it. Mr. Jefferson, admitted to the bar in 1767, saw the beginning of it, and doubled his estate by it in seven years' practice. He was present as a spectator in the House of Burgesses in 1765, when an attempt was made to bolster the falling fortunes of leading members by loans of public money. Patrick Henry exploded the scheme by an epigram. The Speaker of the House, who was also the treasurer of the Province, had been in the habit for years of lending sums of the public money to distressed members and others, becoming himself responsible to the government for the repayment. But those planters were doomed never to be again in a paying condition. Many of them borrowed, few repaid, until his deficit was a hun-

dred and thirty thousand pounds. A Ring was formed in the Assembly for the double purpose of relieving the Speaker's estate from this menacing obligation, and of enabling him to accommodate others of the Ring with further loans of public money. A public loan office was proposed, a sort of Bank of Virginia, authorized to lend the public money on good security. It was the intention of this Ring to make the scheme work backward, and include the loans already effected. Mr. Speaker Robinson, in fact, intended to slip his shoulders out from under his burden and leave it saddled upon Virginia. The bill being introduced, the borrowing gentlemen supported it by the usual argument. Many men in the Colony of large property had been obliged to contract debts, the immediate exaction of which would cause their ruin; but, with a little time and a little seasonable assistance, they could pay everything they owed with ease. Patrick Henry was not the most solvent of men, but he saw the fallacy of this argument as applied to the lavish aristocrats of Eastern Virginia.

"What, sir," he cried, condensing his speech into a sentence, "is it proposed, then, to reclaim the spendthrift from his dissipation and extravagance by filling his pockets with money?"

There was an end of the scheme of a loan office. That rending sentence penetrated the understandings of Western yeomen, the solvent class of Virginia, and they were too numerous for the insolvent aristocrats to carry a measure against them. The Speaker died next year; the deficit could no longer be concealed; the real object of the scheme became apparent; and the Speaker's estate had to make good the loss.

All this sank deeply into the mind of the young man who stood listening to the debate at the door of the chamber. That epigram of his guest stuck in his memory, and remained fixed there while memory held her seat. In scenes widely different from these, at a time many years distant, this debate and the impressive commentary

upon it disclosed by the Speaker's death may have influenced him too much, may have made him too distrustful of institutions which enable men of business to apply the superabundance of next month to the insufficiency of this.

For the present, behold him a busy, thriving young lawyer, in the midst of the general embarrassment of the great planters. Sixty-eight cases before the chief court of the Province the first year of his practice; the second year, one hundred and fifteen; the third, one hundred and ninety-eight; the fourth, one hundred and twenty-one; the fifth, one hundred and thirty-seven; the sixth, one hundred and fifty-four; the seventh, one hundred and twenty-seven; the eighth,—which was 1774,—only twenty-nine, for by that time Virginia had other work for him. This account, which Mr. Randall copied from Jefferson's own books, shows a falling off from the year 1769. But it was a falling off only from his practice in that one court. As the new party lines were formed and party feeling waxed hot, he lost some practice in the General Court, but more than made up for the loss by an increase of office business and county-court cases. In 1771 he was engaged in a hundred and thirty-seven causes before the General Court; but the whole number of his cases that year was four hundred and thirty; since the politics that may have repelled the tobacco lords of Lower Virginia attracted clients in the mountain counties. To the income of four hundred pounds a year, derived from his farm, a professional revenue was now added that averaged more than five hundred pounds a year; which made him, with his excellent habits, a prosperous young gentleman indeed, able to add a few hundred acres to his estate, from time to time, until his home farm of nineteen hundred acres had become in 1774 a number of farms and tracts, five thousand acres in all, and "all paid for." There was nothing in which a thriving Virginian of that day could invest his surplus income except land and

slaves. Every one had the mania for possessing vast tracts of land, hoping one day to have negroes enough to clear and work them. Jefferson, however, appears never to have bought slaves as an investment. The thirty slaves inherited from his father in 1757 had become but fifty-four in 1774; and his further increase in this kind of property came to him by other ways than purchase.

It is not clear to us what he could have done with his stores of legal knowledge, practising before such courts as they had then in Virginia. The General Court, of which we read so much, what was it? It was not a bench of learned judges, raised from the bar by their superior ability and judicial cast of mind. It was composed of the governor and a quorum (five) of the council; the council being a dozen or so of the great planters, appointed by the king, and selected, as we are told, for their "wealth, station, and loyalty." This council was a little House of Lords to the Province; and, like the British House of Lords, it was the Supreme Court as well, without a learned chancellor on the woolsack. Governor Fauquier, one would think, was better fitted to decide a card-table dispute, a point of drawing-room etiquette, or the scanning of a line in Horace, than knotty questions of law; but he was the legal head of this court as long as he filled the place of governor. Nor is it to be supposed that the wealthy planters of the council had either inclination or ability to make up judgments from the reasoning of the Wythes and the Jeffersons that conducted causes in their hearing. But the English have had ways of neutralizing the errors of their system. They know how, among a crowd of pleasure-loving, unlearned peers, to get a few "law lords"; and how, into a committee or a commission of five or seven illustrious incapables, to insert *one* real person, who is appointed for the purpose of doing the work! So, in Virginia, there appears to have usually been in the body of councillors

one learned and able man, who performed the duty of listening, weighing, and deciding.

Jefferson had most of the requisites of a great lawyer: industry, so quiet, methodical, and sustained, that it amounted to a gift; learning, multifarious and exact; skill and rapidity in handling books; the instinct of research, that leads him who has it to the fact he wants, as surely as the hound scents the game; a serenity of temper which neither the inaptitude of witnesses nor the badgering of counsel could ever disturb; a habit of getting everything upon paper, in such a way that all his stores of knowledge could be marshalled and brought into action; a ready sympathy with a client's mind; an intuitive sense of what is due to the opinions, prejudices, and errors of others; a knowledge of the few avenues by which alone unwelcome truth can find access to a human mind; and the power to state a case with the clearness and brevity that often make argument superfluous. And surely it ought to be reckoned among the qualifications of a lawyer—a trained servant of justice—that he is himself just and a lover of whatever is right, fair, and equal between a man and his brother. A grandson of Mr. Jefferson once asked an old man who, in his youth, had often heard him plead causes, how he ranked as a speaker. "Well," said the old man, "it is hard to tell, because he always took the right side."\*

He was no orator. He knew too much, and *was* too much, to be eloquent. He once defined a lawyer as a person whose trade it is to contest everything, concede nothing, and talk by the hour. He could not talk by the hour. Besides the mental impediment, there was a physical impediment to his addressing a large company. If he spoke in a tone much above that of conversation, his voice soon became husky and inarticulate. But Madison, to whom we owe the preservation of this fact, used also to say, that when he was

a student, he heard his friend Jefferson plead a cause before a court, and he acquitted himself well, speaking with fluency as well as force. He could not have been wanting in such speech as was oftenest required before a jury, because we find his practice always increasing in the county courts. If he had lived in these times, Patrick Henry and himself would have formed a law partnership, perhaps; Jefferson getting up the cases, and Henry pleading such as gave scope and opportunity to his magnificent talent. It takes two men to make a man. What a power would have been wielded by a firm, one member of which was possessed of an unequalled gift of uttering the truth which the other was singularly gifted to investigate! The two talents have never been possessed in an eminent degree by one individual.

This young lawyer loved his work, and took an interest in it, apart from the exigencies of the moment. He was one of the first of his countrymen to form historical collections,—a taste since developed into mania. As Virginia was late in becoming familiar with the printing-press, the early laws had been supplied to the counties in manuscript at public expense, and without any adequate provision for their preservation. He found extreme difficulty in procuring copies of some of them; some appeared to have perished; others existed in one copy so rotten with age that a leaf would fall into powder on being touched. "I set myself, therefore, to work," he says, "to collect all which were then existing, in order that when the day should come in which the public should advert to the magnitude of their loss in these precious monuments of our property and our history, a part of their regret might be spared by information that a portion had been saved from the wreck, which is worthy of their attention and preservation. In searching after these remains, I spared neither time, trouble, nor expense." The more ancient manuscripts he preserved in oiled silk, some of them being so far gone, that

\* *Domestic Life of Thomas Jefferson*, p. 42.

having been laid open for copying, they could never be gathered up again, but perished of the operation. Others he had bound into volumes. If the reader will turn over the volumes of Hening's Statutes at Large, a publication suggested by Jefferson, and the most important work relating to the early history of Virginia which now exists, he will discover that a very large number of the most curious documents and earliest laws are credited by the editor to Mr. Jefferson's collection.

It belonged to his position in Albemarle to represent that county in the House of Burgesses; but in imitation of the British Parliament, the little parliament of Virginia usually lasted seven years, and consequently there had been no general election since he came of age. In 1767 Governor Fauquier died, aged sixty-five, and there was an interregnum of a year, during which the duties of governor devolved upon the President of the Council, John Blair. But there was no pause in the course of political events. The king held to his purpose of raising a revenue in the Colonies; and an obliging Ministry having, as they supposed, learned wisdom from the failure of their predecessors to enforce the Stamp Act, endeavored next "to raise a revenue from the Colonies *without giving them any offence*." These words of Charles Townsend give us the key to the policy of the Ministry. The Colonies were to be flattered and conciliated. They had objected to an internal tax; very well, they should be accommodated with external duties, collected at the custom-houses, — trifling duties on glass, tea, paper, and painters' materials. Anything to oblige Colonies so loyal, so willing to assist a gracious young king. In the spring of 1768 an express came riding into Williamsburg, bearing a despatch from Massachusetts to the House of Burgesses, announcing the firm resolve of Massachusetts to resist these duties by all constitutional means, and asking the concurrence and co-operation of Virginia. The messenger, having delivered his despatch, rode southward to

deliver copies of the same to the Carolinas and Georgia.

The Virginians, in the absence of a royal governor, could give full play to their opposition; for John Blair was in accord with the popular feeling. Another remonstrance was addressed to Great Britain, asserting strongly, but with dignity and moderation, the old principle: "No power on earth has a right to impose taxes on the people, or take the smallest portion of their property, without their consent given by their representatives." It is remarkable with what clearness this truth was perceived by every creature in America who had capacity to perceive any truth. Nearly everybody seems, at first, to have understood that this principle was, as our loyal Virginians said on this occasion, "the chief pillar of the Constitution," without which "no man could be said to have the least shadow of liberty"; since no man could be truly said to possess anything, if other men could lawfully take any portion of it.

A royal governor of amplest dignity was coming over the sea. In accordance with the new imbecility of flattering the Colonies, it was determined that in future the governor-in-chief should reside in Virginia, instead of governing his Province by a lieutenant. Virginia was thrilled by the announcement that a personage of no less note than the Right Honorable Norborne Baron de Botecourt was coming in person to govern them. In October, 1768, he arrived with a prodigious train of servants and baggage, and a gorgeous state-coach, the gift of the king, and milk-white steeds to draw it, which some historians say were eight in number, others six. Virginia, no less loyal to the king than to Magna Charta, rose to the occasion, and gave the Right Honorable Norborne Baron de Botecourt a reception worthy of his name. One relic of this ceremonial is an "Ode" published in the "Virginia Gazette," which swells with the importance of the occasion. If this "Ode" was actually sung in the presence of Lord

Botecourt, he must have been hard put to it to preserve the gravity of his countenance.

## RECITATIVE.

VIRGINIA, see, thy GOVERNOR appears !  
The peaceful olive on his brow he wears !  
Sound the shrill trumpets, beat the rattling drums ;  
From GREAT BRITANNIA'S isle his LORDSHIP comes.  
Bid Echo from the waving woods arise,  
And joyful acclamations reach the skies ;  
Let the loud organs join their tuneful roar,  
And bellowing *cannons* rend the pebbled shore :  
Bid smooth James River catch the cheerful sound,  
And roll it to Virginia's utmost bound ;  
While Rappahannock and York's gliding stream  
Swift shall convey the sweetly pleasing theme  
To distant plains, where pond'rous mountains rise,  
Whose cloud-capp'd verges meet the bending skies,  
The LORDLY PRIZE the Atlantic waves resign,  
And now, Virginia, now the BLESSING 's thine :  
His listening ears will to your trust attend,  
And be your Guardian, Governor, and Friend.

## AIR

He comes : his Excellency comes,  
To cheer Virginian plains !  
Fill your brisk bowls, ye loyal sons,  
And sing your loftiest strains.  
Be this your glory, this your boast,  
LORD BOTECOURT 's the favorite toast :  
Triumphant wreaths entwine :  
Fill full your bumpers swiftly round,  
And make your spacious rooms resound  
With music, joy, and wine.

## RECITATIVE.

Search every garden, strip the shrubby bowers,  
And strew his path with sweet autumnal flowers !  
Ye virgins, haste, prepare the fragrant rose,  
And with triumphant laurels crown his brows.

## DUET.

(Enter Virgins, with flowers, laurels, etc.)

See, we've stript each flowery bed ;  
Here 's laurels for his LORDLY HEAD :  
And while Virginia is his care,  
May he protect the virtuous fair.

## AIR

Long may he live in health and peace,  
And every hour his joys increase.  
To this let every swain and lass  
Take the sparkling, flowing glass :  
Thou join the sprightly dance, and sing,  
Health to our GOVERNOR, and GOD SAVE THE KING.

## VIRGINS.

Health to our GOVERNOR.

## BASS SOLO.

Health to our GOVERNOR.

## CHORUS.

Health to our GOVERNOR, and GOD SAVE THE KING !

It is difficult to conceive of such an outburst as this coming from the community that sent forth a series of such manly and able papers on the rights of

men and citizens. But they were all still under the illusion of royalty. Jefferson himself, perhaps, in 1768, could have accompanied this performance on his violin without violent grimaces.

To business. As when a new king comes to the throne Parliament is dissolved, so, on the arrival of a new governor, the House of Burgesses was dismissed, and a general election ordered. Thomas Jefferson announced himself a candidate for the county of Albemarle ; and during the winter of 1768-69 he canvassed his county for votes, — visiting each voter, asking him for his vote and influence, getting his promise, if possible ; keeping open house and full punch-bowl as long as the canvass lasted. Every voter was rightly *compelled* to vote at every election, under penalty of a hundred pounds of tobacco. During the three election days the candidates supplied unlimited punch and luhch, attended personally at the polls, and made a low bow as often as they heard themselves voted for. No candidate was so strong that he could omit the treating or the canvassing. James Madison was the first who tried it in Virginia, in 1777, and he lost his election by it. The withdrawal of the punch-bowl was ascribed to parsimony, and the omission of the canvassing to pride.

Jefferson's election was a matter of course. Nevertheless, he accepted the honorable trust with seriousness, and formed a resolution, the wisdom of which every year of the existence of free government has only the more clearly shown. We owe the record of this resolution to his own pen. At a later stage of his public life, a friend having invited him to share in some enterprise that promised profit, he made this reply : —

"When I first entered on the stage of public life (now twenty-four years ago), I came to a resolution never to engage, while in public office, in any kind of enterprise for the improvement of my fortune, nor to wear any other character than that of a farmer. I have never departed from it in a single in-



stance; and I have in multiplied instances found myself happy in being able to decide and to act as a public servant, clear of all interest, in the multiform questions that have arisen, wherein I have seen others embarrassed and biassed by having got themselves in a more interested situation. Thus I have thought myself richer in contentment than I should have been with any increase of fortune. Certainly, I should have been much wealthier had I remained in that private condition which renders it lawful and even laudable to use proper efforts to better it."

It was in this spirit that he began his public life of forty years. At the same time, he was very desirous of distinguishing himself. He desired most ardently the approval of his countrymen. He avowed to Madison, long after that, in the earlier years of his public service, "the esteem of the world was, perhaps, of higher value in his eyes than everything in it."

The Assembly convened on the 11th of May, 1769, nearly a hundred members in attendance, Colonel George Washington among them. It must have been a great day for the children and negroes of Williamsburg, for Lord Botecourt was to ride, for the first time, in his splendid state-coach, a king's gift, from the palace to the Capitol, to open the provincial parliament in person. Posterity will, perhaps, never know with certainty whether his Lordship was drawn on this occasion by six milk-white steeds, or by eight, because historians differ on the point, and Mr. Burk says eight on one page of his history, and six on another. The yeomen of the western counties, and indeed the members generally, though much conciliated by the frank and friendly manner of the governor, eyed this grand coach with disfavor, regarding it as a college youth might the present of a large humming-top sent by a relative on the other side of the globe. He is past humming-tops. "Poor old uncle," says the lad, as he feels his nascent mustache, "he

still thinks of me as the boy I was."

We can well believe, however, that as the milk-white steeds, covered with the showy trappings of the time, slowly drew the gaudy coach between lines of faces, black and white, the spectacle was greeted with acclamations. Upon reaching the Capitol, at the other end of the avenue, the governor alighted, and ascended, with stately steps and slow, to the Council Chamber, the Council being the Senate or House of Lords of Virginia.

How amusingly formal the opening of the little parliament! Young Jefferson might well be surprised at the free-and-easy ways of the Maryland Legislature; for at Williamsburg all the etiquette of legislation was observed with rigor. Imagine the members, new and old, strolling into the chamber toward ten in the morning, Thomas Jefferson and Patrick Henry, perhaps, going up together from their lodging-house. When the bell rings, Jefferson need not now withdraw to the lobby door. Two members of the Council are in attendance, at the governor's command, to administer the oath to the Burgesses, standing and uncovered:—

"You and every one of you shall swear upon the Holy Evangelists, and in the sight of God, to deliver your opinion faithfully, justly, and honestly, according to your best understanding and conscience, for the general good and prosperity of this country, and every particular member thereof. And to do your utmost endeavor to prosecute that without mingling with it any particular interest of any person or persons whatever. So help you God, and the contents of this book."

The members having taken their seats and resumed their hats, the Clerk of the General Assembly appears, and pronounces these words: "Gentlemen, the governor commands this House to attend his Excellency immediately, in the Council Chamber." The Burgesses obey this command, and being gathered about his Excellency, seated on his viceregal throne, are thus ad-



dressed by him: "Gentlemen of the House of Burgesses, you must return to your House, and immediately proceed to the choice of a Speaker." This command also the House obeys; and when they are once more in their seats and silent, the Clerk being at his desk, a member rises and says, "Mr. Clerk." The Clerk then stands up, points to the member without speaking, and sits down again. The member speaks: "I move that Peyton Randolph, Esquire, take the chair of this House as Speaker, which office he has before filled with such distinguished abilities, steadiness, and impartiality, as have given entire satisfaction to the public." Mr. Randolph is unanimously elected. Two members attend him, one on each side, from his seat to the uppermost step of the platform, which having ascended, and being left there alone, he turns and addresses the House, thanking them for their unanimous vote, and asking their indulgence for the future. As soon as he has taken his seat in the Speaker's chair, the mace, which until that moment has lain under the table, is placed upon it.

Is the House now ready to transact business? By no means. It is next ordered that two members bear a message to the governor, informing him that, in obedience to his commands, they have elected a Speaker, and desire to know his Excellency's pleasure when they shall wait upon him to present their Speaker to him. To this message the governor replies that he will send an answer by a messenger of his own. Accordingly, the Clerk of the General Assembly soon reappears in the House and delivers the governor's answer: "The governor commands this House to attend his Excellency immediately in the Council Chamber." Once more, the Burgesses march to the apartment, but this time with a Speaker at their head; and when the Speaker has been presented to the governor, his Excellency is pleased to say that he approves their choice. Then the Speaker, on behalf of the

House, lays claim to all its ancient rights and privileges,—freedom of speech, untrammelled debate, exemption from arrest, and protection of their estates from attachment. Finally, he asks the governor not to impute to the House any errors their Speaker may commit. The governor answers that he shall take care to defend them in all their rights and privileges. Then the governor reads his speech, conceived on the plan of a king's speech, addressing first the Council and the Burgesses, then the Burgesses alone, and finally both houses once more.

The speech being finished, the Speaker asks a copy for the guidance of the House of Burgesses; which is furnished him, and the Burgesses return to their own chamber. The Speaker ascends to his chair, whence he makes a formal *report* of what they had just witnessed. He informs them that the governor had made a speech to the Council and Burgesses, of which, "to prevent mistakes," he had obtained a copy; which he proceeds to read to the House. Not till this formality is over is the House ready to perform an act of its own.

To such a point of decorum had the House been brought since the time, 1664, when it was necessary to impose a fine of twenty pounds of tobacco upon "every member that shall pipe it" after the roll had begun to be called, unless, in an interval of business, he obtained "public license from the major part of the House." The same code was stringent with regard to all breaches of decorum. Any member adjudged by the majority to be "disguised with drink" was fined, for the first offence, one hundred pounds of tobacco; for the second, three hundred pounds; and for the third, a thousand. To interrupt a member cost the offender a thousand pounds of tobacco; and to speak of a member with disrespect, five hundred. As the pay of members was a hundred and fifty pounds of tobacco per day, with a further allowance for travelling expenses and servants, these fines were severe;

and doubtless they had their share in making this Virginian parliament the dignified and decorous body we know it to have been. Its influence lives to-day in every legislative hall in the country, transmitted by Jefferson's Manual.

One of its kindly and courteous customs brought to the new member from Albemarle a cutting mortification on the first day of the session. It was usual to assign some formal duty to young members by way of introducing them to public business and giving them an opportunity to air their talents. As soon as the Speaker had finished reading the governor's speech, it was in order to appoint a committee to make the draught of a reply; and, to assist this committee, the House was accustomed to pass resolutions, the substance of which was to be incorporated in the draught. Jefferson, in compliance with the request of Mr. Pendleton, a leading member, wrote these resolutions; which the House accepted; and he was named one of the committee to prepare the address. His elders, Mr. Pendleton and Mr. Nicholas, assigned him this duty also. He wrote the draught, on the too obvious plan of sticking close to the resolutions, employing much of their very language. Upon reading his draught to the committee, — pluming himself, as he confesses, upon the neatness and finish of his performance, — the elder members were totally dissatisfied with it. It would not do at all. The resolutions, they said, should be regarded only as hints, to be amplified into a flowing and original discourse. Jefferson's draught was set aside, and Mr. Nicholas, his chief critic, the head of the bar of Virginia, was appointed to produce a more suitable composition. The old hand could not be at a loss in expanding and rewording the compact resolutions of the tyro; and his draught was accepted both by the committee and the House. "Being a young man," wrote Jefferson, long after, "as well as a young member, it made on me an impression proportioned to the

sensibility of that time of life." Thus the man who was destined to gain by his pen the parliamentary distinction usually won only by the tongue, began his career, as so many illustrious orators have done, by a failure.

These lofty civilities between the governor and the Legislature consumed, as it seems, two days. What next? Lord Botecourt in his speech had made no particular suggestions; and in the minds of members there was but one thought, — to resist the lawless taxation of the Colonies by Parliament, and the reckless outrage of sending persons accused of treason to be tried on the other side of the ocean. The spirited behavior of Massachusetts in inviting the concurrence of the other Colonies in constitutional opposition to these measures had been severely commented upon in England; and this was a new cause of irritation. The milk-white steeds, too, and the gaudy coach, had increased suspicion in some minds. Indeed, at just this stage of the controversy there was a near approach to unanimity of feeling along the whole line of the Thirteen Colonies, and in none of them a nearer than in loyal Virginia. And they were all equally mistaken in attributing the false policy of the mother country to Parliament and ministers, instead of the king and his Scotch tutors.

On the third day were introduced the Four Resolutions, which a precipitate governor was to stamp with the seal of his reprobation, and so send them ringing round the world: 1. No taxation without representation; 2. The Colonies *may* concur and co-operate in seeking redress of grievances; 3. Sending accused persons away from their country for trial is an inexpressible complexity of wrong; 4. We will send an address on these topics to the "father of all his people," beseeching his "royal interposition." The resolutions being passed almost unanimously, the Speaker was ordered to send a copy of the same to every legislative Assembly "on this continent." After such a day's work, the House ad-

journed. *That*, for your milk-white steeds ! The next day the address to the king was reported, revised, agreed to, and ordered to be forwarded to the king's most excellent Majesty, through the Colony's London agent, and afterwards published in the English newspapers. On the day following, at noon, Lord Botecourt's secretary entered the chamber. He pronounced the formula: "The governor commands this House to attend his Excellency in the Council Chamber." The members tramped to the other end of the building, and ranged themselves expectant about the throne. No one, I think (though tradition has it otherwise), anticipated the governor's extreme course, and all appear to have been astounded to hear the "ominous and alarming words," as Burk styles them, which fell from his lips : —

"Mr. Speaker and gentlemen of the House of Burgesses: I have heard of your resolves, and augur ill of their effects. You have made it my duty to dissolve you, and you are dissolved accordingly."

Thomas Jefferson and his colleagues were by these words changed, in an instant, from a legislative Assembly into a hundred and eight private gentlemen. Such was the law of the British Empire. The new member from Albemarle, after all his canvassing and treating, enjoyed the honor of representing his native county five days, during one of which he had received a snub. But now the whole House, Virginia, Magna Charta, the rights and dignity of man, had been mocked and made of no account.

What an afternoon and evening Williamsburg must have experienced after that abrupt dismissal of the House ! It is strange that, among so many writers, no one should have left a more minute record than has yet come to light. How did Colonel Washington take it ? By birth and feeling he was a yeoman ; and he had narrowly escaped going to sea before the mast to work his way, if he could, up to the command of a merchant-ship. But his brilliant gallantry in the field and a

rich widow's hand and fortune had placed him among the aristocrats. No man can quite avoid the reigning foible of his class and time. Washington's sense of justice, however, was sure and keen, and he had been, from the first rumor of the Stamp Act, on the right side of this great controversy. He was no milksop. There was a fund — a whole volcano — of suppressed fire in him ; and being still a young man, all unschooled to the prudential reticence of the statesman, he doubtless favored the company with his sentiments. I suppose he dined that afternoon at the old Raleigh tavern, with many other members, and amid the roar of talk his voice was occasionally heard, uttering those hearty exclamations with which the Virginians of that day used to relieve their minds. We can fancy Patrick Henry, too, surrounded as he must have been at such a time, holding high discourse in the evening on the piazza ; and all Williamsburg standing in groups, discussing the great event of the day, and the greater events expected to-morrow. Jefferson, probably, and other writing members, were closeted somewhere in the town, preparing for the next day's work. A hundred gentlemen may not be a House of Burgesses, but they can hold a meeting ; and a meeting they mean to hold to-morrow in the Apollo, the great room of the Raleigh tavern, where so many of them have danced the minuet.

They met accordingly. We only know what they did on the occasion, not how they did it. Following the example set by Massachusetts the year before, they agreed to recommend their constituents to try and *starve* a little good sense into the minds of British manufacturers and merchants. It was America that gave Great Britain the deadly wealth — ill-distributed wealth is always deadly — with which she is now struggling for life. These Virginians, acting upon Franklin's hint, and Massachusetts's example, agreed :

1. To be a great deal more saving and industrious than they ever were before ;
2. Never again, as long as time should

endure, to buy an article taxed by Parliament for the sake of raising a revenue in America, excepting alone low qualities of paper, without which the business of life could not go on; 3. Never, until the repeal of the recent act, to import *any* article from Britain, or in British ships, which it was possible to do without; 4. They would save all their lambs for wool. And lest any weak brother should choose to misunderstand the terms of the compact, they enumerated the forbidden articles, — an interesting catalogue, because it shows how dependent Virginia then was upon Europe for everything except some of the coarser staples of food and raiment. The list was: —

Spirits, wine, cider, perry, beer, ale, malt, barley, pease, beef, pork, fish, butter, cheese, tallow, candles, oil, fruit, sugar, pickles, confectionery, pewter, hoes, axes, watches, clocks, tables, chairs, looking-glasses, carriages, joiners' and cabinet work, upholstery, trinkets, jewelry, plate and gold, silverware, ribbons, millinery, lace, India goods except spices, silks except sewing-silk, cambric, lawn, muslin, gauze, except bolting-cloths, calico, cotton or linen stuffs above 2 s. per yard, woollens above 1 s. 6 d., broadcloths above 8 s., narrow cloths above 3 s., hats, stockings, shoes, boots, saddles, and all leather-work.

Eighty-eight members of the House of Burgesses signed this agreement. As it was seldom that more than ninety-five members were in attendance on the same day, this was a near approach to unanimity. Virginia accepted the compact made by her representatives. Every man who signed the agreement was re-elected. Every man who refused lost his election.

The respectful tone of the document, the perfect decency of the proceedings in the Apollo, the dignified character of the men who led the movement, made the deepest impression upon the mind of Lord Botecourt. He had been told in London — I need not say what. We all know how England has misinterpreted America always. America

has generally loved that step-mother too much; England has never loved America at all. What Lord Botecourt found in Virginia we know, and he had understanding enough to discern the truth. He wrote home to the Ministry that these Virginians were *not* rebellious, nor factious, nor indifferent to the needs of the empire, but loyal subjects, contending for the birthright of Englishmen with intelligence and dignity. There was vacillation in the counsels of the king, and the party opposed to the taxation of the Colonies gained a brief ascendancy.

Lord Botecourt, therefore, before many months had gone by, had the pleasure of summoning the Assembly; and again there passed between them those elaborate formalities described above. When, at length, he had reached the point of delivering his speech, what a joyful announcement it was his privilege to make!

"I have been assured by the Earl of Hillsborough, that his Majesty's present administration have at no time entertained a design to propose to Parliament to lay any further taxes upon America for the purpose of raising a revenue, and that it is their intention to propose in the next session of Parliament to take off the duties upon glass, paper, and colors, upon consideration of such duties having been laid contrary to the true principles of commerce."

These words thrilled every heart. Joy glistened in every eye. No one seems to have noticed the omission of the word *tea* from the list. The governor, now in the fullest sympathy with the people of his Province, could not be content without adding some assurances for the remoter future; and he proceeded to utter words that, in all probability, cost him his life. He was a gentleman of the nicest sense of honor, in whose mind a promise of his own unfulfilled might rankle mortally. A Ministry, he observed, is not immortal; what then of their successors? Upon this point, he said, he could give only a personal assurance.

"It is my firm opinion, that the plan I have stated to you will certainly take place, and that it will never be departed from; and so determined am I ever to abide by it, that I will be content to be declared infamous if I do not, to the last hour of my life, at all times, in all places, and upon all occasions, exert every power with which I am or shall be legally invested, in order to obtain and maintain for the continent of America that satisfaction which I have been authorized to promise this day by the confidential servants of our gracious sovereign, who, to my certain knowledge, rates his honor so high, that he would rather part with his crown than preserve it by deceit."

Almost while he uttered these words, which seemed to pledge the honor of the king, the Ministry, and himself, Lord North came into power, and renewed the strife. Lord Botecourt with indignation demanded his recall; but before he obtained it, he died, as is supposed, of mortification at his inability to make good his emphatic assurances. Virginia did justice to his character, and placed his statue in the public square of Williamsburg.

For the present, however, all minds were content, and the parliament of Virginia proceeded with alacrity to business. The member from Albemarle received, during his second session, a rebuff more decided and more public than when his draught was so summarily set aside in his first.

What an absurd creature is man! This sanguine young burgess, now that all danger seemed past of his white countrymen being, as they termed it, "reduced to slavery," thought it a good time to endeavor to mitigate the oppression of his black countrymen, who were reduced to slavery already. He soon had the hornets about his ears. At that time, no man could free his slave without sending him out of Virginia. Jefferson desired the repeal of this law. He wished to throw around the slaves what he calls "certain moderate extensions of the protection of the laws." With the proper modesty

of a young member, he called the attention of Colonel Bland to this subject, secured his co-operation, and induced him to introduce the bill. "I seconded his motion," records Jefferson, "and, as a younger member, was more spared in the debate; but he was denounced as an enemy to his country, and was treated with the greatest indecorum"! And this, too, although Colonel Bland was "one of the oldest, ablest, and most respected members"! Jefferson attributes this conduct to the habitual subservience of members to the interests of the mother country. "During the regal government," he says, "nothing liberal could expect success." Under no government has an assembly of slaveholders ever been otherwise than restive under attempts to limit their power over their slaves.

This year, 1769, so fruitful of public events, was a busy and interesting one to the member from Albemarle in his private capacity. He was now in the fullest tide of practice at the bar, — one hundred and ninety-eight cases before the General Court, the greatest number he ever reached in a year. Already he had chosen Monticello as the site of his future home. He had had men chopping and clearing on the summit for some time, and, in the spring of this year, he had an orchard planted on one of its slopes. Between the two sessions he superintended the construction of a brick wing of the coming mansion, one pretty large room with a chamber or two over it, under the roof. The General Court sat in April. During December and January, he was preparing for the court, making briefs, taking notes, collecting precedents; getting everything, according to his custom, upon paper, and then dismissing it from his mind. On the 1st of February, 1770, his mother and himself went from home to visit a neighbor. While they were at the neighbor's house, a slave came to them, breathless, to say that their house and all its contents were burned. After the man had finished his account of the catastrophe, the master asked,

"But were none of my books saved?" A grin of exultation overspread the sable countenance. "No, master," said the negro, "but we saved the fiddle!"

Two hundred pounds' worth of books gone, besides all his law-papers, and notes of cases coming on in April for trial! Nothing saved but a few old volumes of his father's library, and some unimportant manuscript books of his own. His mother and the children found temporary shelter in the house of an overseer, and he repaired to his unfinished nest on the mountain-top, where he vainly strove to reconstruct his cases for the coming term. It was an iron rule of that primitive court, never to grant an adjournment of a case to another term. How he made it up with his clients and the court, no one has told us.

That nest which he was constructing on Monticello was strangely in his thoughts during the next year or two. When he was far away from home he brooded over it, and he used to solace the tedium of country inns by elaborately recording dreams of its coming fitness and beauty. It was his resolve that there should be *one* mansion in Virginia, for the design of which the genius of architecture should, at least, be invoked. He meant that there should be one home in Virginia worthy the occupation of perfectly civilized beings; in which art, taste, and utility should unite to produce an admirable result. What a piece of work it was to place such an abode on the summit of that little mountain, with no architect but himself, few workmen but slaves, no landscape-gardener within three thousand miles, no models to copy, no grounds to imitate, no tincture of high gardening in the Province. The bricks had to be made, the trees felled, the timber hewn, the nails wrought, the vehicles constructed, the laborers trained, on the scene of operations. No fine commodities could be bought nearer than Williamsburg, a hundred and fifty miles distant, nor many nearer than Europe. He had to send even

for his sashes to London, where one lot was detained a month to let the putty harden! Nothing but the coarsest, roughest work could go on in his absence; and often the business stood still for weeks, for months, for years, while he was in public service. But he kept on with an indomitable pertinacity for a quarter of a century, at the expiration of which he had the most agreeable and refined abode in Virginia, filled with objects of taste and the means of instruction, and surrounded by beautiful lawns, groves, and gardens.

At present all this existed only in his thoughts. He used to write, in one of his numerous blank-books, minute plans for various parts of the grounds, still rough with the primeval stumps. A most unlaywerlike tone breathes through these written musings. What spell was upon him when, in dreaming of a future cemetery, he could begin his entry with a sentence like this? "Choose out for a burial-place some unfrequented vale in the park, where is 'no sound to break the stillness but a brook, that bubbling winds among the weeds; no mark of any human shape that had been there, unless the skeleton of some poor wretch who sought that place out to despair and die in.'" The rest of the description is in a similar taste. The park in general was to be a grassy expanse, adorned with every fragrant shrub, with trees and groves, and it was to be the haunt of every animal and bird pleasing to man. "Court them to it by laying food for them in proper places. Procure a buck-elk to be, as it were, monarch of the wood; but keep him shy, that his appearance may not lose its effect by too much familiarity. A buffalo might be confined also. Inscriptions in various places, on the bark of trees or metal plates, suited to the character and expression of the particular spot." Whence these broodings over the mountain nest that was forming under his eye? Could it be love? Seven years before, he had solemnly assured his friend, John Page, that if Belinda



would not accept his service, it should never be offered to another.

But the mightiest capacity which this man possessed was the capacity to love. In every other quality and grace of human nature he has been often equalled, sometimes excelled; but where has there ever been a *lover* so tender, so warm, so constant as he? Love was his life. Few men have had so many sources of pleasure, so many agreeable tastes and pursuits; but he knew no satisfying joy, at any period of his life, except through his affections. And there *is* none other for any of us. There is only one thing that makes it worth while to live: it is love. Not the wild passion that plagues us in our youth, but the tranquil happiness, the solid peace, to which that is but the tumultuous prelude,—the joy of living with people whose mere presence rests, cheers, improves, and satisfies us. He who achieves that needs no catechism to tell him what is the chief end of man. *That* is the chief end of man. Nothing else is of any account, except so far as it ministers to that. Jefferson was making this beautiful mountain nest for a mate whom he meant to ask to come and share it with him.

Among his associates at the Williamsburg bar was John Wayles, a lawyer in great practice, who had an estate near by, upon which he lived, called The Forest. He, too, had thriven upon the decline of Virginia; and he had invested his fees in lands and slaves, until, in 1771, he had a dozen farms and tracts in various parts of the Province, and four hundred slaves. At his home (which was not so far from Williamsburg that a young barrister could not ride to it occasionally with a violin under his arm) there lived with him his widowed daughter, Martha Skelton, childless, a beauty, fond of music, and twenty-two. We all know how delightfully the piano and the violin go together when both are nicely touched. It was the same with the spinet and the violin. Jefferson had improved in person and in position since he had danced with Belinda in

the Apollo, seven years before. It was observed of him that he constantly grew better looking as he advanced in life,—plain in youth, good-looking in his prime, handsome as an old man. And he had now advanced from the bashful student to the condition of a remarkably successful lawyer and member of the Assembly. The wooing appears to have been long. She was a widow in 1768, and there are slight indications of a new love in one of his letters of 1770; but they were not married till New-Year's day, 1772.

How fixed his habit was of recording every item of expense is shown by the page of his pocket-diary for his wedding-day. The fees of the two clergymen in attendance, the sums given to musicians and servants, all are set down in order, quite as usual. On one of the early days of January, 1772, the newly married pair started from The Forest, where the ceremony had been performed, for Monticello, their future abode, more than a hundred miles distant, in a two-horse chaise.

As the day lengthens the cold strengthens. In Virginia there is often no serious winter till after New-Year's, when all at once it comes rushing down from the North in a tempest of wind and snow. There was some snow on the ground when they left the bride's home, and it grew deeper as they went toward the mountains, until it was too deep for their vehicle. They were obliged, at last, to leave the carriage, and mount the horses. At sunset on the last day of their journey, when they were still eight miles from Monticello, the snow was nearly two feet deep. A friend's house gave them rest for a while, but they would plod on, and get home that night. They reached the foot of the mountain, ploughed up the long ascent, and stood, at length, late at night, cold and tired, before their door.

In old Virginia, servants seldom lodged in their master's house, but in cabins of their own, to which they returned after their work was done. No light saluted the arriving pair. No



voice welcomed them. No door opened to receive them. The servants had given them up long before, and gone home to bed. Worst of all, the fires were out, and the house was cold, dark, and dismal. What a welcome to a bride on a cold night in January! They burst into the house, and flooded it with the warmth and light of their own unquenchable good-humor! Who could wish a better place for a honeymoon than a snug brick cottage, lifted five hundred and eighty feet above the world, with half a dozen counties in sight, and three feet of snow blocking out all intruders? What readings of Ossian there must have been! I hope she enjoyed them as well as he. For his part, the poems of that ancient bard—if he was ancient—were curiously associated in his mind with the tender feelings; and now, shut in with his love in his mountain home, he grew so enamored of the poet, that nothing would content him but studying him in the original Gaelic.

He wrote to his acquaintance, Charles Macpherson, cousin of the translator, that "merely for the pleasure of reading Ossian's works, he was desirous to learn the language in which he sung." He begs Macpherson to send him from Scotland, not only a grammar, a dictionary, a catalogue of Gaelic works, and whatever other apparatus might be necessary, but copies of all the Ossianic poems in the original Gaelic. If they had been printed, he would have them in print. If not, "my petition is, that you would be so good as to use your interest with Mr. Macpherson to obtain leave to take a manuscript copy of them, and to procure it

to be done. I would choose it in a fair, round hand, with a good margin, bound in parchments as elegantly as possible, lettered on the back, and marbled or gilt on the edges of the leaves. I would not regard expense in doing this." He tells him, that if there are any other Gaelic manuscript poems accessible, it would at any time give him "the greatest happiness" to receive them; for "the glow of one warm thought is to me worth more than money."

Public events prevented the execution of this scheme. It is remarkable that, here in the woods of America, a young man, inspired by love, should have hit upon the *method*, very simple and obvious, it is true, which, a hundred years after, has apparently cleared up the Ossianic mystery, by showing that Macpherson's Ossian is a poor, slurring translation of poems really existing in the Gaelic language.\* Among a thousand babblers, it is the man who goes out of his way and looks at the thing with his own eyes who is likely to understand it first.

Next year, the death of his wife's father brought them forty thousand acres of land and one hundred and thirty-five slaves. When their share of the debts upon Mr. Wayles's estate had been paid, the fortunes of the wife and of the husband were about equal. The Natural Bridge, eighty miles from Monticello, was upon one of the tracts now added to their property.

James Parton.

\* The Poems of Ossian in the original Gaelic, with a literal Translation into English, and a Dissertation on the Authenticity of the Poems. By the Rev. Archibald Clerk, Minister of Kilmallie. Two vols. Edinburgh. 1871.

## THE BARON OF ST. CASTINE.

BARON CASTINE of St. Castine  
Has left his château in the Pyrenees,  
And sailed across the western seas.  
When he went away from his fair demesne  
The birds were building, the woods were green,  
And now the winds of winter blow  
Round the turrets of the old château,  
The birds are silent and unseen,  
The leaves lie dead in the ravine,  
And the Pyrenees are white with snow.

His father, lonely, old, and gray,  
Sits by the fireside day by day,  
Thinking ever one thought of care ;  
Through the southern windows, narrow and tall,  
The sun shines into the ancient hall,  
And makes a glory round his hair.  
The house-dog, stretched beneath his chair,  
Groans in his sleep as if in pain,  
Then wakes, and yawns, and sleeps again,  
So silent is it everywhere ;  
So silent you can hear the mouse  
Run and rummage along the beams  
Behind the wainscot of the wall ;  
And the old man rouses from his dreams,  
And wanders restless through the house,  
As if he heard strange voices call.

His footsteps echo along the floor  
Of a distant passage, and pause awhile ;  
He is standing by an open door  
Looking long, with a sad, sweet smile,  
Into the room of his absent son.  
There is the bed on which he lay,  
There are the pictures bright and gay,  
Horses and hounds and sun-lit seas ;  
There are his powder-flask and gun,  
And his hunting-knives in shape of a fan ;  
The chair by the window where he sat,  
With the clouded tiger-skin for a mat,  
Looking out on the Pyrenees,  
Looking out on Mount Marboré  
And the Seven Valleys of Lavedan.  
Ah me ! he turns away and sighs ;  
There is a mist before his eyes.

At night, whatever the weather be,  
Wind or rain or starry heaven,  
Just as the clock is striking seven,  
Those who look from the windows see

The village Curate, with lantern and maid,  
Come through the gateway from the park  
And cross the court-yard damp and dark, —  
A ring of light in a ring of shade.  
And now at the old man's side he stands,  
His voice is cheery, his heart expands,  
He gossips pleasantly, by the blaze  
Of the fire of fagots, about old days,  
And Cardinal Mazarin and the Fronde,  
And the Cardinal's nieces fair and fond,  
And what they did, and what they said,  
When they heard his Eminence was dead.

And after a pause the old man says,  
His mind still coming back again  
To the one sad thought that haunts his brain,  
"Are there any tidings from over sea?  
Ah, why has that wild boy gone from me?"  
And the Curate answers, looking down,  
Harmless and docile as a lamb,  
"Young blood! young blood! It must so be!"  
And draws from the pocket of his gown  
A handkerchief like an oriflamb,  
And wipes his spectacles, and they play  
Their little game of lansquenet  
In silence for an hour or so,  
Till the clock at nine strikes loud and clear  
From the village lying asleep below,  
And across the court-yard, into the dark  
Of the winding pathway in the park  
Curate and lantern disappear,  
And darkness reigns in the old château.

The ship has come back from over sea,  
She has been signalled from below,  
And into the harbor of Bordeaux  
She sails with her gallant company.  
But among them is nowhere seen  
The brave young Baron of St. Castine;  
He hath tarried behind, I ween,  
In the beautiful land of Acadie!

And the father paces to and fro  
Through the chambers of the old château,  
Waiting, waiting to hear the hum  
Of wheels on the road that runs below,  
Of servants hurrying here and there,  
The voice in the court-yard, the step on the stair,  
Waiting for some one who doth not come!  
But letters there are, which the old man reads  
To the Curate, when he comes at night,  
Word by word, as an acolyte  
Repeats his prayers and tells his beads;

Letters full of the rolling sea,  
Full of a young man's joy to be  
Abroad in the world, alone and free ;  
Full of adventures and wonderful scenes  
Of hunting the deer through forests vast  
In the royal grant of Pierre du Gast ;  
Of nights in the tents of the Tarratines ;  
Of Madocawando the Indian chief,  
And his daughters, glorious as queens,  
And beautiful beyond belief ;  
And so soft the tones of their native tongue,  
The words are not spoken, they are sung !

And the Curate listens, and smiling says :  
" Ah yes, dear friend ! in our young days  
We should have liked to hunt the deer  
All day amid those forest scenes,  
And to sleep in the tents of the Tarratines ;  
But now it is better sitting here  
Within four walls, and without the fear  
Of losing our hearts to Indian queens ;  
For man is fire and woman is tow,  
And the Somebody comes and begins to blow."  
Then a gleam of distrust and vague surmise  
Shines in the father's gentle eyes,  
As firelight on a window-pane  
Glimmers and vanishes again ;  
But naught he answers ; he only sighs,  
And for a moment bows his head ;  
Then, as their custom is, they play  
Their little game of lansquenet,  
And another day is with the dead.

Another day, and many a day  
And many a week and month depart,  
When a fatal letter wings its way  
Across the sea, like a bird of prey,  
And strikes and tears the old man's heart.  
Lo ! the young Baron of St. Castine,  
Swift as the wind is, and as wild,  
Has married a dusky Tarratine,  
Has married Madocawando's child !  
The letter drops from the father's hand ;  
Though the sinews of his heart are wrung,  
He utters no cry, he breathes no prayer,  
No malediction falls from his tongue ;  
But his stately figure, erect and grand,  
Bends and sinks like a column of sand  
In the whirlwind of his great despair.  
Dying, yes, dying ! His latest breath  
Of parley at the door of death  
Is a blessing on his wayward son.  
Lower and lower on his breast

Sinks his gray head ; he is at rest ;  
No longer he waits for any one.

For many a year the old château  
Lies tenantless and desolate ;  
Rank grasses in the court-yard grow,  
About its gables caws the crow ;  
Only the porter at the gate  
Is left to guard it, and to wait  
The coming of the rightful heir ;  
No other life or sound is there ;  
No more the Curate comes at night,  
No more is seen the unsteady light,  
Threading the alleys of the park ;  
The windows of the hall are dark,  
The chambers dreary, cold, and bare !

At length, at last, when the winter is past,  
And birds are building, and woods are green,  
With flying skirts is the Curate seen  
Speeding along the woodland way,  
Humming gayly, " No day is so long  
But it comes at last to vesper-song."  
He stops at the porter's lodge to say  
That at last the Baron of St. Castine  
Is coming home with his Indian queen,  
Is coming without a week's delay ;  
And all the house must be swept and clean,  
And all things set in good array !  
And the solemn porter shakes his head ;  
And the answer he makes is : " Lackaday !  
We will see, as the blind man said !"

Alert since first the day began,  
The cock upon the village church  
Looks northward from his airy perch,  
As if beyond the ken of man  
To see the ships come sailing on,  
And pass the Isle of Oleron,  
And pass the Tower of Cordouan.  
In the church below is cold in clay  
The heart that would have leaped for joy, —  
O tender heart of truth and trust ! —  
To see the coming of that day.  
In the church below the lips are dust,  
Dust are the hands, and dust the feet,  
That would have been so swift to meet  
The coming of that wayward boy.

At night the front of the old château  
Is a blaze of light above and below ;  
There's a sound of wheels and hoofs in the street,  
A cracking of whips, and scamper of feet,  
Voices are shouting, and horns are blown,  
The Baron hath come again to his own.

The Curate is waiting in the hall,  
Most eager and alive of all  
To welcome the Baron and Baroness ;  
But his mind is full of vague distress,  
For he hath read in Jesuit books  
Of those children of the wilderness,  
And now, good, simple man ! he looks  
To see a painted savage stride  
Into the room, with shoulders bare,  
And eagle feathers in her hair,  
And around her a robe of panther's hide.  
Instead, he beholds with secret shame  
A form of beauty undefined,  
A loveliness without a name,  
Not of degree, but more of kind ;  
Nor bold nor shy, nor short nor tall,  
But a new mingling of them all.  
Yes, beautiful beyond belief,  
Transfigured and transfused, he sees  
The lady of the Pyrenees,  
The daughter of the Indian chief.

Beneath the shadow of her hair  
The gold-bronze color of the skin  
Seems lighted by a fire within,  
As when a burst of sunlight shines  
Beneath a sombre grove of pines,—  
A dusky splendor in the air.  
The two small hands, that now are pressed  
In his, seem made to be caressed,  
They lie so warm and soft and still,  
Like birds half hidden in a nest,  
Trustful, and innocent of ill.  
And ah ! he cannot believe his ears  
When her melodious voice he hears  
Speaking his native Gascon tongue ;  
The words she utters seem to be  
Part of some poem of Goudouli,  
They are not spoken, they are sung !  
And the Baron smiles, and says, " You see,  
I told you but the simple truth ;  
Ah, you may trust the eyes of youth ! "

Down in the village day by day  
The people gossip in their way,  
And stare to see the Baroness pass  
On Sunday morning to early Mass ;  
And when she kneeleth down to pray,  
They wonder, and whisper together, and say,  
" Surely this is no heathen lass ! "  
And in course of time they learn to bless  
The Baron and the Baroness.

And in course of time the Curate learns  
A secret so dreadful, that by turns  
He is ice and fire, he freezes and burns.  
The Baron at confession hath said,  
That though this woman be his wife,  
He hath wed her as the Indians wed,  
He hath bought her for a gun and a knife!  
And the Curate replies: "O profligate,  
O Prodigal Son! return once more  
To the open arms and the open door  
Of the Church, or ever it be too late.  
Thank God, thy father did not live  
To see what he could not forgive;  
On thee, so reckless and perverse,  
He left his blessing, not his curse.  
But the nearer the dawn, the darker the night,  
And by going wrong all things come right;  
Things have been mended that were worse,  
And the worse, the nearer they are to mend.  
For the sake of the living and the dead,  
Thou shalt be wed as Christians wed,  
And all things come to a happy end."

O sun, that followest the night,  
In yon blue sky, serene and pure,  
And pourest thine impartial light  
Alike on mountain and on moor,  
Pause for a moment in thy course,  
And bless the bridegroom and the bride!  
O Gave, that from thy hidden source  
In yon mysterious mountain-side,  
Pursuest thy wandering way alone,  
And leaping down its steps of stone,  
Along the meadow lands demure  
Stealest away to the Adour,  
Pause for a moment in thy course  
To bless the bridegroom and the bride!

The choir is singing the matin song,  
The doors of the church are opened wide,  
The people crowd, and press, and throng  
To see the bridegroom and the bride.  
They enter and pass along the nave;  
They stand upon the father's grave;  
The bells are ringing soft and slow;  
The living above and the dead below  
Give their blessing on one and twain;  
The warm wind blows from the hills of Spain,  
The birds are building, the leaves are green,  
And Baron Castine of St. Castine  
Hath come at last to his own again.

*Henry W. Longfellow.*



## THE POET AT THE BREAKFAST-TABLE.

## III.

THE old Master was talking about a concert he had been to hear.

—I don't like your chopped music any way. That woman—she had more sense in her little finger than forty medical societies—Florence Nightingale—says that the music you *pour* out is good for sick folks, and the music you *pound* out is n't. Not that exactly, but something like it. I have been to hear some music-pounding. It was a young woman, with as many white muslin flounces round her as the planet Saturn has rings, that did it. She gave the music-stool a twirl or two and fluffed down on to it like a whirl of soap-suds in a hand-basin. Then she pushed up her cuffs as if she was going to fight for the champion's belt. Then she worked her wrists and her hands, to limber 'em, I suppose, and spread out her fingers till they looked as though they would pretty much cover the key-board, from the growling end to the little squeaky one. Then those two hands of hers made a jump at the keys as if they were a couple of tigers coming down on a flock of black and white sheep, and the piano gave a great howl as if its tail had been trod on. Dead stop,—so still you could hear your hair growing. Then another jump, and another howl, as if the piano had two tails and you had trod on both of 'em at once, and then a grand clatter and scramble and string of jumps, up and down, back and forward, one hand over the other, like a stampede of rats and mice more than like anything I call music. I like to hear a woman sing, and I like to hear a fiddle sing, but these noises they hammer out of their wood and ivory anvils—don't talk to me, I know the difference between a bullfrog and a woodthrush and—

Pop! went a small piece of artillery such as is made of a stick of elder and

carries a pellet of very moderate consistency. That Boy was in his seat and looking demure enough, but there could be no question that he was the artillery-man who had discharged the missile. The aim was not a bad one, for it took the Master full in the forehead, and had the effect of checking the flow of his eloquence. How the little monkey had learned to time his interruptions I do not know, but I have observed more than once before this that the popgun would go off just at the moment when some one of the company was getting too energetic or prolix. The boy is n't old enough to judge for himself when to intervene to change the order of conversation; no, of course he is n't. Somebody must give him a hint. Somebody—Who is it? I suspect Dr. B. Franklin. He looks too knowing. There is certainly a trick somewhere. Why, a day or two ago I was myself discoursing, with considerable effect, as I thought, on some of the new aspects of humanity, when I was struck full on the cheek by one of these little pellets, and there was such a confounded laugh that I had to wind up and leave off with a preposition instead of a good mouthful of polysyllables. I have watched our young Doctor, however, and have been entirely unable to detect any signs of communication between him and this audacious child, who is like to become a power among us, for that popgun is fatal to any talker who is hit by its pellet. I have suspected a foot under the table as the prompter, but I have been unable to detect the slightest movement or look as if he were making one on the part of Dr. Benjamin Franklin. I cannot help thinking of the *flappers* in Swift's *Laputa*, only they gave one a hint when to speak and another a hint to listen, whereas the popgun says unmistakably, "Shut up!"

— I should be sorry to lose my confidence in Dr. B. Franklin, who seems very much devoted to his business, and whom I mean to consult about some small symptoms I have had lately. Perhaps it is coming to a new boarding-house. The young people who come into Paris from the provinces are very apt—so I have been told by one that knows—to have an attack of typhoid fever a few weeks or months after their arrival. I have not been long enough at this table to get well acclimated; perhaps that is it. Boarding-House Fever. Something like horse-ail, very likely,—horses get it, you know, when they are brought to city stables. A little “off my feed,” as Hiram Woodruff would say. A queer discoloration about my forehead. Query, a bump? Cannot remember any. Might have got it against bed-post or something while asleep. Very unpleasant to look so. I wonder how my portrait would look, if anybody should take it now! I hope not quite so badly as one I saw the other day, which I took for the end man of the Ethiopian Serenaders, or some traveller who had been exploring the sources of the Niger, until I read the name at the bottom and found it was a face I knew as well as my own.

I must consult somebody, and it is nothing more than fair to give our young Doctor a chance. Here goes for Dr. Benjamin Franklin.

The young Doctor has a very small office and a very large sign, with a transparency at night big enough for an oyster-shop. These young doctors are particularly strong, as I understand, on what they call *diagnosis*,—an excellent branch of the healing art, full of satisfaction to the curious practitioner, who likes to give the right Latin name to one's complaint; not quite so satisfactory to the patient, as it is not so very much pleasanter to be bitten by a dog with a collar round his neck telling you that he is called *Snaph* or *Teaser*, than by a dog without a collar. Sometimes, in fact, one would a little rather not know the exact name of his

complaint, as if he does he is pretty sure to look it out in a medical dictionary, and then if he reads, *This terrible disease is attended with vast suffering and is inevitably mortal*, or any such statement, it is apt to affect him unpleasantly.

I confess to a little shakiness when I knocked at Dr. Benjamin's office door. “Come in!” exclaimed Dr. B. F. in tones that sounded ominous and sepulchral. And I went in.

I don't believe the chambers of the Inquisition ever presented a more alarming array of implements for extracting a confession, than our young Doctor's office did of instruments to make nature tell what was the matter with a poor body.

There were Ophthalmoscopes and Rhinoscopes and Otoscopes and Laryngoscopes and Stethoscopes; and Thermometers and Spirometers and Dynamometers and Sphygmometers and Pleximeters; and Probes and Probangs and all sorts of frightful inquisitive exploring contrivances; and scales to weigh you in, and tests and balances and pumps and electro-magnets and magneto-electric machines; in short, apparatus for doing everything but turn you inside out.

Dr. Benjamin set me down before his one window and began looking at me with such a superhuman air of sagacity, that I felt like one of those open-breasted clocks which make no secret of their inside arrangements, and almost thought he could see through me as one sees through a shrimp or a jelly-fish. First he looked at the place inculcated, which had a sort of greenish-brown color, with his naked eyes, with much corrugation of forehead and fearful concentration of attention; then through a pocket-glass which he carried. Then he drew back a space, for a perspective view. Then he made me put out my tongue and laid a slip of blue paper on it, which turned red and scared me a little. Next he took my wrist; but instead of counting my pulse in the old-fashioned way, he fastened a machine to it that marked all the beats

on a sheet of paper, — for all the world like a scale of the heights of mountains, say from Mount Tom up to Chimborazo and then down again, and up again, and so on. In the mean time he asked me all sorts of questions about myself and all my relatives, whether we had been subject to this and that malady, until I felt as if we must some of us have had more or less of them and could not feel quite sure whether Elephantiasis and Beriberi and Progressive Locomotor Ataxy did not run in the family.

After all this overhauling of myself and my history, he paused and looked puzzled. Something was suggested about what he called an "exploratory puncture." This I at once declined, with thanks. Suddenly a thought struck him. He looked still more closely at the discoloration I have spoken of.

— Looks like — I declare it reminds me of — very rare! very curious! It would be strange if my first case — of this kind — should be one of our boarders!

What kind of a case do you call it? — I said, with a sort of feeling that he could inflict a severe or a light malady on me, as if he were a judge passing sentence.

— The color reminds me, — said Dr. B. Franklin, — of what I have seen in a case of Addison's Disease, *Morbus Addisonii*.

— But my habits are quite regular, — I said; for I remembered that the distinguished essayist was too fond of his brandy and water, and I confess that the thought was not pleasant to me of following Dr. Johnson's advice, with the slight variation of giving my days and my nights to trying on the favorite maladies of Addison.

— Temperance people are subject to it! — exclaimed Dr. Benjamin, almost exultingly, I thought.

— But I had the impression that the author of the Spectator was afflicted with a dropsy, or some such inflated malady, to which persons of sedentary and bibacious habits are liable. (A

literary swell, — I thought to myself, but I did not say it. I felt too serious.)

— The author of the Spectator! — cried out Dr. Benjamin, — I mean the celebrated Dr. Addison, inventor, I would say discoverer, of the wonderful new disease called after him.

— And what may this valuable invention or discovery consist in? — I asked, for I was curious to know the nature of the gift which this benefactor of the race had bestowed upon us.

— A most interesting affection, and rare, too. Allow me to look closely at that discoloration once more for a moment. *Cutis anea*, bronze skin, they call it sometimes — extraordinary pigmentation — a little more to the light if you please — ah! now I get the bronze coloring admirably, beautifully! Would you have any objection to showing your case to the Societies of Medical Improvement and Medical Observation?

(— My case! O dear!) May I ask if any vital organ is commonly involved in this interesting complaint? — I said, faintly.

— Well, sir, — the young Doctor replied, — there is an organ which is — sometimes — a little — touched, I may say; a very curious and — ingenious little organ or pair of organs. Did you ever hear of the *Capsula Suprarenales*?

— No, — said I, — is it a mortal complaint? — I ought to have known better than to ask such a question, but I was getting nervous and thinking about all sorts of horrid maladies people are liable to, with horrid names to match.

— It is n't a complaint, — I mean they are not a complaint, — they are two small organs, as I said, inside of you, and nobody knows what is the use of them. The most curious thing is that when anything is the matter with them you turn of the color of bronze. After all, I did n't mean to say I believed it was *Morbus Addisonii*; I only thought of that when I saw the discoloration.

So he gave me a recipe, which I took

care to put where it could do no hurt to anybody, and I paid him his fee (which he took with the air of a man in the receipt of a great income) and said Good morning.

—What in the name of a thousand diablos is the reason these confounded doctors will mention their guesses about "a case," as they call it, and all its conceivable possibilities, out loud before their patients? I don't suppose there is anything in all this nonsense about "Addison's Disease," but I wish he had n't spoken of that very interesting ailment, and I should feel a little easier if that discoloration would leave my forehead. I will ask the Landlady about it, — these old women often know more than the young doctors just come home with long names for everything they don't know how to cure. But the name of this complaint sets me thinking. Bronzed skin! What an odd idea! Wonder if it spreads all over one. That would be picturesque and pleasant, now, would n't it? To be made a living statue of, — nothing to do but strike an attitude. Arm up — so — like the one in the Garden. John of Bologna's Mercury — thus — on one foot. Needy knife-grinder in the Tribune at Florence. No, not "needy," come to think of it. Marcus Aurelius on horseback. Query. Are horses subject to the *Morbus Addisonii*? Advertise for a bronzed living horse — Lyceum invitations and engagements — bronze *versus* brass. — What's the use in being frightened? Bet it was a bump. Pretty certain I bumped my forehead against something. Never heard of a bronzed man before. Have seen white men, black men, red men, yellow men, two or three blue men, stained with doctor's stuff; some green ones, — from the country; but never a bronzed man. Poh, poh! Sure it was a bump. Ask Landlady to look at it.

— Landlady did look at it. Said it was a bump, and no mistake. Recommended a piece of brown paper dipped in vinegar. Made the house smell as

if it was in quarantine for the plague from Smyrna, but discoloration soon disappeared, — so I did not become a bronzed man after all, — hope I never shall while I am alive. Should n't mind being done in bronze after I was dead. On second thoughts not so clear about it, remembering how some of them look that we have got stuck up in public; think I had rather go down to posterity in an Ethiopian Minstrel portrait, like our friend's the other day.

— You were kind enough to say, I remarked to the Master, that you read my poems and liked them. Perhaps you would be good enough to tell me what it is you like about them?

The Master harpooned a breakfast-roll and held it up before me. — Will you tell me, — he said, — why you like that breakfast-roll? — I suppose he thought that would stop my mouth in two senses. But he was mistaken.

— To be sure I will, — said I. — First, I like its mechanical consistency; brittle externally, — that is for the teeth, which want resistance to be overcome; soft, spongy, well tempered and flavored internally, — that is for the organ of taste; wholesome, nutritious, — that is for the internal surfaces and the system generally.

— Good! — said the Master, and laughed a hearty terrestrial laugh.

I hope he will carry that faculty of an honest laugh with him wherever he goes, — why should n't he? The "order of things," as he calls it, from which hilarity was excluded, would be crippled and one-sided enough. I don't believe the human gamut will be cheated of a single note after men have done breathing this fatal atmospheric mixture and die into the ether of immortality!

I did n't say all that; if I had said it, it would have brought a pellet from the popgun, I feel quite certain.

— The Master went on after he had had out his laugh. There is one thing I am His Imperial Majesty about, and that is my likes and dislikes. What if

I do like your verses, — you can't help yourself. I don't doubt somebody or other hates 'em and hates you and everything you do, or ever did, or ever can do. He is all right; there is nothing you or I like that somebody does n't hate. Was there ever anything wholesome that was not poison to somebody? If you hate honey or cheese, or the products of the dairy, — I know a family a good many of whose members can't touch milk, butter, cheese, and the like, — why, say so, but don't find fault with the bees and the cows. Some are afraid of roses, and I have known those that thought a pond-lily a disagreeable neighbor. That Boy will give you the metaphysics of likes and dislikes. Look here, — you young philosopher over there, — do you like candy?

*That Boy.* — You bet! Give me a stick and see if I don't.

And can you tell me why you like candy?

*That Boy.* — Because I do.

— There, now, that is the whole matter in a nutshell. Why do your teeth like crackling crust, and your organs of taste like spongy crumb, and your digestive contrivances take kindly to bread rather than toadstools —

*That Boy* (thinking he was still being catechised). — Because they do.

Whereupon the Landlady said, Sh! and the Young Girl laughed, and the Lady smiled; and Dr. Ben. Franklin kicked him, moderately, under the table, and the Astronomer looked up at the ceiling to see what had happened, and the member of the Haouse cried, Order! Order! and the Salesman said, Shut up, cash-boy! and the rest of the boarders kept on feeding; except the Master, who looked very hard but half approvingly at the small intruder, who had come about as nearly right as most professors would have done.

— You poets, — the Master said after this excitement had calmed down, — you poets have one thing about you that is odd. You talk about everything as if you knew more about it

than the people whose business it is to know *all* about it. I suppose you do a little of what we teachers used to call "cramming" now and then?

— If you like your breakfast you must n't ask the cook too many questions, — I answered.

— O, come now, don't be afraid of letting out your secrets. I have a notion I can tell a poet that gets himself up just as I can tell a make-believe old man on the stage by the line where the gray skull-cap joins the smooth forehead of the young fellow of seventy. You 'll confess to a rhyming dictionary anyhow, won't you?

— I would as lief use that as any other dictionary, but I don't want it. When a word comes up fit to end a line with I can *feel* all the rhymes in the language that are fit to go with it without naming them. I have tried them all so many times, I know all the polygamous words and all the monogamous ones, and all the unmarrying ones, — the whole lot that have no mates, — as soon as I hear their names called. Sometimes I run over a string of rhymes, but generally speaking it is strange what a short list it is of those that are good for anything. That is the pitiful side of all rhymed verse. Take two such words as *home* and *world*. What can you do with *chrome* or *loam* or *gnome* or *tome*? You have *dome*, *foam*, and *roam*, and not much more to use in your *pome*, as some of our fellow-countrymen call it. As for *world*, you know that in all human probability somebody or something will be *hurled* into it or out of it; its clouds may be *furled* or its grass *impearled*; possibly something may be *whirled*, or *curled*, or even *swirled*, — one of Leigh Hunt's words, which with *lush*, one of Keats's, is an important part of the stock in trade of some dealers in rhyme.

— And how much do you versifiers know of all those arts and sciences you refer to as if you were as familiar with them as a cobbler is with his wax and lapstone?

Enough not to make too many mis-

takes. The best way is to ask some expert before one risks himself very far in illustrations from a branch he does not know much about. Suppose, for instance, I wanted to use the *double star* to illustrate anything, say the relation of two human souls to each other, what would I do? Why, I would ask our young friend there to let me look at one of those loving celestial pairs through his telescope, and I don't doubt he'd let me do so, and tell me their names and all I wanted to know about them.

— I should be most happy to show any of the double stars or whatever else there might be to see in the heavens to any of our friends at this table, — the young man said, so cordially and kindly that it was a real invitation.

— Show us the man in the moon, — said That Boy.

— I should so like to see a double star! — said Scheherazade with a very pretty air of smiling modesty.

— Will you go, if we make up a party? — I asked the Master.

— A cold in the head lasts me from three to five days, — answered the Master. — I am not so very fond of being out in the dew like Nebuchadnezzar: that will do for you young folks.

— I suppose I must be one of the young folks, — not so young as our Scheherazade, nor so old as the Capitalist, — young enough at any rate to want to be of the party. So we agreed that on some fair night when the Astronomer should tell us that there was to be a fine show in the skies, we would make up a party and go to the Observatory. I asked the Scarabee whether he would not like to make one of us.

— Out of the question, sir, out of the question. I am altogether too much occupied with an important scientific investigation to devote any considerable part of an evening to star-gazing.

— O, indeed, — said I, — and may I venture to ask on what particular point you are engaged just at present?

— Certainly, sir, you may. It is, I suppose, as difficult and important a

matter to be investigated as often comes before a student of natural history. I wish to settle the point once for all whether the *Pediculus Melittæ* is or is not the larva of *Meloe*.

(— Now is n't this the drollest world to live in that one could imagine short of being in a fit of *delirium tremens*? Here is a fellow-creature of mine and yours who is asked to see all the glories of the firmament brought close to him, and he is too busy with a little unmentionable parasite that infests the bristly surface of a bee to spare an hour or two of a single evening for the splendors of the universe! I must get a peep through that microscope of his and see the *pediculus* which occupies a larger space in his mental vision than the midnight march of the solar systems. — The creature, the human one, I mean, interests me.)

— I am very curious, — I said, — about that *pediculus melittæ*, — (just as if I knew a good deal about the little wretch and wanted to know more, whereas I had never heard him spoken of before, to my knowledge,) — could you let me have a sight of him in your microscope?

— You ought to have seen the way in which the poor dried-up little Scarabee turned towards me. His eyes took on a really human look, and I almost thought those antennæ-like arms of his would have stretched themselves out and embraced me. I don't believe any of the boarders had ever shown any interest in him, except the little monkey of a Boy, since he had been in the house. It is not strange; he had not seemed to me much like a human being, until all at once I touched the one point where his vitality had concentrated itself, and he stood revealed a man and a brother.

— Come in, — said he, — come in, right after breakfast, and you shall see the animal that has convulsed the entomological world with questions as to his nature and origin.

— So I went into the Scarabee's parlor, lodging-room, study, laboratory, and museum, — a single apartment ap-



plied to these various uses, you understand.

— I wish I had time to have you show me all your treasures, — I said, — but I am afraid I shall hardly be able to do more than look at the bee-parasite. But what a superb butterfly you have in that case!

O, yes, yes, well enough, — came from South America with the beetle there; look at him! These *lepidoptera* are for children to play with, pretty to look at, so some think. Give me the *Coleoptera*, and the kings of the *Coleoptera* are the beetles! *Lepidoptera* and *Neuroptera* for little folks; *Coleoptera* for men, sir!

— The particular beetle he showed me in the case with the magnificent butterfly was an odious black wretch that one would say, Ugh! at, and kick out of his path, if he did not serve him worse than that. But he looked at it as a coin-collector would look at a *Pescennius Niger*, if the coins of that Emperor are as scarce as they used to be when I was collecting half-penny tokens and pine-tree shillings and battered bits of Roman brass with the head of *Gallienus* or some such old fellow on them.

— A beauty! — he exclaimed, — and the only specimen of the kind in this country, to the best of my belief. A unique, sir, and there is a pleasure in exclusive possession. Not another beetle like that short of South America, sir.

— I was glad to hear that there were no more like it in this neighborhood, the present supply of cockroaches answering every purpose so far as I am concerned, that such an animal as this would be like to serve.

— Here are my bee-parasites, — said the Scarabee, shewing me a box full of glass slides, each with a specimen ready mounted for the microscope. I was most struck with one little beast flattened out like a turtle, semi-transparent, six-legged, as I remember him, and every leg terminated by a single claw hooked like a lion's and as formidable for the size of the creature as that of the royal beast.

— Lives on a bumblebee, does he? — I said. — That's the way I call it. Bumblebee or bumblybee and huckleberry. Humblebee and whortleberry for people that say Woos-ses-ter and Norwich.

— The Scarabee did not smile; he took no interest in trivial matters like this.

— (Lives on a bumblebee. When you come to think of it, he must lead a pleasant kind of life. Sails through the air without the trouble of flying. Free pass everywhere that the bee goes. No fear of being dislodged; look at those six grappling-hooks. Helps himself to such juices of the bee as he likes best; the bee feeds on the choicest vegetable nectars, and he feeds on the bee. Lives either in the air or in the perfumed pavilion of the fairest and sweetest flowers. Think what tents the hollyhocks and the great lilies spread for him! And wherever he travels a band of music goes with him, for this hum which wanders by us is doubtless to him a vast and inspiring strain of melody.) — I thought all this, while the Scarabee supposed I was studying the minute characters of the enigmatical specimen.

— I know what I consider your *pediculus melittæ*, I said at length.

Do you think it really the larva of *meloe*?

— O, I don't know much about that, but I think he is the best cared for, on the whole, of any animal that I know of; and if I was n't a man I believe I had rather be that little sybarite than anything that feasts at the board of nature.

— The question is, whether he is the larva of *meloe*, — the Scarabee said, as if he had not heard a word of what I had just been saying. — If I live a few years longer it shall be settled, sir; and if my epitaph can say honestly that I settled it, I shall be willing to trust my posthumous fame to that achievement.

I said good morning to the specialist, and went off feeling not only kindly, but respectfully towards him. He is an enthusiast, at any rate, as "earnest"



a man as any philanthropic reformer who, having passed his life in worrying people out of their misdoings into good behavior, comes at last to a state in which he is never contented except when he is making somebody uncomfortable. He does certainly know one thing well, very likely better than anybody in the world.

I find myself somewhat singularly placed at our table between a minute philosopher who has concentrated all his faculties on a single subject, and my friend who finds the present universe too restricted for his intelligence. I would not give much to hear what the Scarabee says about the old Master, for he does not pretend to form a judgment of anything but beetles, but I should like to hear what the Master has to say about the Scarabee. I waited after breakfast until he had gone, and then asked the Master what he could make of our dried-up friend.

— Well, — he said, — I am hospitable enough in my feelings to him and all his tribe. These specialists are the coral-insects that build up a reef. By and by it will be an island, and for aught we know may grow into a continent. But I don't want to be a coral-insect myself. I had rather be a voyager that visits all the reefs and islands the creatures build, and sails over the seas where they have as yet built up nothing. I am a little afraid that science is breeding us down too fast into coral-insects. A man like Newton or Leibnitz or Haller used to paint a picture of outward or inward nature with a free hand, and stand back and look at it as a whole and feel like an archangel; but nowadays you have a Society, and they come together and make a great mosaic, each man bringing his little bit and sticking it in its place, but so taken up with his petty fragment that he never thinks of looking at the picture the little bits make when they are put together. You can't get any talk out of these specialists away from their own subjects, any more than you can get help from a policeman outside of his own beat.

— Yes, — said I, — but why should n't we always set a man talking about the thing he knows best?

— No doubt, no doubt, if you meet him once; but what are you going to do with him if you meet him every day? I travel with a man, and we want to make change very often in paying bills. But every time I ask him to change a pistareen, or give me two so'pencehappennies for a ninepence, or help me to make out two and thripence (mark the old Master's archaisms about the currency), what does the fellow do but put his hand in his pocket and pull out an old Roman coin; I have no change, says he, but this assarion of Diocletian. Mighty deal of good that 'll do me!

— It is n't quite so handy as a few specimens of the modern currency would be, but you can pump him on numismatics.

— To be sure, to be sure. I've pumped a thousand men of all they could teach me, or at least all I could learn from 'em; and if it comes to that, I never saw the man that could n't teach me something. I can get along with everybody in his place, though I think the place of some of my friends is over there among the feeble-minded pupils, and I don't believe there's one of *them* I could n't go to school to for half an hour and be the wiser for it. But people you talk with every day have got to have feeders for their minds, as much as the stream that turns a mill-wheel has. It is n't one little rill that's going to keep the float-boards going round. Take a dozen of the brightest men you can find in the brightest city, wherever that may be, — perhaps you and I think we know, — and let 'em come together once a month, and you'll find out in the course of a year or two the ones that have feeders from all the hillsides. Your common talkers, that exchange the gossip of the day, have no wheel in particular to turn, and the wash of the rain as it runs down the street is enough for them.

— Do you mean you can always see

the sources from which a man fills his mind, — his feeders, as you call them?

— I don't go quite so far as that, — the master said. — I've seen men whose minds were always overflowing, and yet they didn't read much nor go much into the world. Sometimes you'll find a bit of a pond-hole in a pasture, and you'll plunge your walking-stick into it and think you are going to touch bottom. But you find you are mistaken. Some of these little stagnant pond-holes are a good deal deeper than you think; you may tie a stone to a bed-cord and not get soundings in some of 'em. The country boys will tell you they have no bottom, but that only means that they're mighty deep; and so a good many stagnant, stupid-seeming people are a great deal deeper than the length of your intellectual walking-stick, I can tell you. There are hidden springs that keep the little pond-holes full when the mountain brooks are all dried up. You poets ought to know that.

— I can't help thinking you are more tolerant towards the specialists than I thought at first, by the way you seemed to look at our dried-up neighbor and his small pursuits.

— I don't like the word *tolerant*, — the Master said. — As long as the Lord can tolerate me I think I can stand my fellow-creatures. Philosophically, I love 'em all; empirically, I don't think I am very fond of all of 'em. It depends on how you look at a man or a woman. Come here, Youngster, will you? — he said to That Boy.

The Boy was trying to catch a blue-bottle to add to his collection, and was indisposed to give up the chase; but he presently saw that the Master had taken out a small coin and laid it on the table, and felt himself drawn in that direction.

Read that, — said the Master.

U-n-i-n-i — United States of America  
5 cents.

The Master turned the coin over. Now read that.

In God is our t-r-u-s-t — trust. 1869.

— Is that the same piece of money as the other one?

— There ain't no other one, — said the Boy, — there ain't but one, but it's got two sides to it with different reading.

— That's it, that's it, — said the Master, — two sides to everybody, as there are to that piece of money. I've seen an old woman that would n't fetch five cents if you should put her up for sale at public auction; and yet come to read the other side of her, she had a trust in God Almighty, that was like the bow anchor of a three-decker. It's faith in something and enthusiasm for something that makes a life worth looking at. I don't think your ant-eating specialist, with his sharp nose and pin-head eyes, is the best every-day companion; but any man who knows one thing well is worth listening to for once; and if you are of the large-brained variety of the race, and want to fill out your programme of the order of things in a systematic and exhaustive way, and get all the half-notes and flats and sharps of humanity into your scale, you'd a great deal better shut your front door and open your two side ones when you come across a fellow that has made a real business of doing anything.

— That Boy stood all this time looking hard at the five-cent piece.

— Take it, — said the Master, with a good-natured smile.

— The Boy made a snatch at it and was off for the purpose of investing it.

— A child naturally snaps at a thing as a dog does at his meat, — said the Master. — If you think of it, we've all been quadrupeds. A child that can only crawl has all the instincts of a four-footed beast. It carries things in its mouth just as cats and dogs do. I've seen the little brutes do it over and over again. I suppose a good many children would stay quadrupeds all their lives, if they didn't learn the trick of walking on their hind legs from seeing all the grown people walking in that way.

— Do you accept Mr. Darwin's notions about the origin of the race? — said I.

The Master looked at me with that twinkle in his eye which means that he is going to parry a question.

— Better stick to Blair's *Chronology*; that settles it. Adam and Eve, created Friday, October 28th, B. C. 4004. You've been in a ship for a good while, and here comes Mr. Darwin on deck with an armful of sticks and says, "Let's build a raft, and trust ourselves to that."

If your ship springs aleak, what *would* you do?

He looked me straight in the eyes for about half a minute. — If I heard the pumps going, I'd look and see whether they were gaining on the leak or not. If they were gaining I'd stay where I was. — Go and find out what's the matter with that young woman.

I had noticed that the Young Girl — the story-writer, our Scheherazade, as I called her — looked as if she had been crying or lying awake half the night. I found on asking her — for she is an honest little body and is disposed to be confidential with me for some reason or other — that she had been doing both.

— And what was the matter now, I questioned her in a semi-paternal kind of way as soon as I got a chance for a few quiet words with her.

She was engaged to write a serial story, it seems, and had only got as far as the second number, and some critic had been jumping upon it, she said, and grinding his heel into it, till she could n't bear to look at it. He said she did not write half so well as half a dozen other young women. She did n't write half so well as she used to write herself. She had n't any characters and she had n't any incidents. Then he went to work to show how her story was coming out, — trying to anticipate everything she could make of it, so that her readers should have nothing to look forward to, and he should have credit for his sagacity in guessing, which was nothing so very wonderful, she seemed to think. Things she had merely hinted and left the reader to infer, he told right out in the

bluntest and coarsest way. It had taken all the life out of her, she said. It was just as if at a dinner-party one of the guests should take a spoonful of soup and get up and say to the company, "Poor stuff, poor stuff; you won't get anything better; let's go somewhere else where things are fit to eat."

What do you read such things for, my dear? — said I.

The film glistened in her eyes at the strange sound of those two soft words; she had not heard such very often, I am afraid.

— I know I am a foolish creature to read them, — she answered, — but I can't help it; somebody always sends me everything that will make me wretched to read, and so I sit down and read it, and ache all over for my pains, and lie awake all night.

— She smiled faintly as she said this, for she saw the subridiculous side of it, but the film glittered still in her eyes. There are a good many real miseries in life that we cannot help smiling at, but they are the smiles that make wrinkles and not dimples. "Somebody always sends her everything that will make her wretched." Who can those creatures be who cut out the offensive paragraph and send it anonymously to us, who mail the newspaper which has the article we had much better not have seen, who take care that we shall know everything which can, by any possibility, help to make us discontented with ourselves and a little less light-hearted than we were before we had been fools enough to open their incendiary packages? I don't like to say it to myself, but I cannot help suspecting, in this instance, the doubtful-looking personage who sits on my left, beyond the Scarabee. I have some reason to think that he has made advances to the young girl which were not favorably received, to state the case in moderate terms, and it may be that he is taking his revenge in cutting up the poor girl's story. I know this very well, that some personal pique or favoritism is at the bottom of half the

praise and dispraise which pretend to be so very ingenious and discriminating. (Of course I have been thinking all this time and telling you what I thought.)

— What you want is encouragement, my dear, — said I, — I know that as well as you. I don't think the fellows that write such criticisms as you tell me of want to correct your faults. I don't mean to say that you can learn nothing from them, because they are not all fools by any means, and they will often pick out your weak points with a malignant sagacity, as a pettifogging lawyer will frequently find a real flaw in trying to get at everything he can quibble about. But is there nobody who will praise you generously when you do well, — nobody that will lend you a hand now while you want it, — or must they all wait until you have made yourself a name among strangers, and then all at once find out that you have something in you?

O, — said the girl, and the bright film gathered too fast for her young eyes to hold much longer, — I ought not to be ungrateful! I have found the kindest friend in the world. Have you ever heard the Lady — the one that I sit next to at the table — say anything about me?

I have not really made her acquaintance, I said. She seems to me a little distant in her manners, and I have respected her pretty evident liking for keeping mostly to herself.

— O, but when you once do know her! I don't believe I could write stories all the time as I do, if she did n't ask me up to her chamber, and let me read them to her. Do you know, I can make her laugh and cry, reading my poor stories? And sometimes, when I feel as if I had written out all there is in me, and want to lie down and go to sleep and never wake up except in a world where there are no weekly papers, — when everything goes wrong, like a car off the track, — she takes hold and sets me on the rails again all right.

— How does she go to work to help you?

— Why, she *listens* to my stories, to begin with, as if she really liked to hear them. And then you know I am dreadfully troubled now and then with some of my characters, and can't think how to get rid of them. And she'll say, perhaps, Don't shoot your villain this time, you've shot three or four already in the last six weeks; let his mare stumble and throw him and break his neck. Or she'll give me a hint about some new way for my lover to make a declaration. She must have had a good many offers, it's my belief, for she has told me a dozen different ways for me to use in my stories. And whenever I read a story to her, she always laughs and cries in the right places; and that's such a comfort, for there are some people that think everything pitiable is so funny, and will burst out laughing when poor Rip Van Winkle — you've seen Mr. Jefferson, have n't you? — is breaking your heart for you if you have one. Sometimes she takes a poem I have written and reads it to me so beautifully, that I fall in love with it, and sometimes she sets my verses to music and sings them to me.

— You have a laugh together sometimes, do you?

— Indeed we do. I write for what they call the "Comic Department" of the paper now and then. If I did not get so tired of story-telling, I suppose I should be gayer than I am; but as it is, we two get a little fun out of my comic pieces. I begin them half crying sometimes, but after they are done they amuse me. I don't suppose my comic pieces are very laughable; at any rate the man who makes a business of writing me down says the last one I wrote is very melancholy reading, and that if it was only a little better perhaps some bereaved person might pick out a line or two that would do to put on a gravestone.

— Well, that is hard, I must confess. Do let me see those lines which excite such sad emotions.

— Will you read them very good-naturedly? If you will, I will get the

paper that has "Aunt Tabitha." That is the one the fault-finder said produced such deep depression of feeling. It was written for the "Comic Department." Perhaps it will make you cry, but it was n't meant to.

— I will finish my report this time with our Scheherazade's poem, hoping that any critic who deals with it will treat it with the courtesy due to all a young lady's literary efforts.

#### AUNT TABITHA.

Whatever I do and whatever I say,  
Aunt Tabitha tells me that is n't the way;  
When *she* was a girl (forty summers ago)  
Aunt Tabitha tells me they never did so.

Dear aunt! If I only would take her advice!  
But I like my own way, and I find it *so* nice!  
And besides, I forget half the things I am  
told;  
But they all will come back to me — when  
I am old.

If a youth passes by, it may happen, no  
doubt,  
He may chance to look in as I chance to  
look out;  
*She* would never endure an impertinent  
stare, —  
It is *horrid*, she says, and I must n't sit there.

A walk in the moonlight has pleasures, I own,  
But it is n't quite safe to be walking alone;  
So I take a lad's arm, — just for safety, you  
know, —

But Aunt Tabitha tells me *they* did n't do so.

How wicked we are, and how good they  
were then!

They kept at arm's length those detestable  
men;

What an era of virtue she lived in! — But  
stay —

Were the *men* all such rogues in Aunt  
Tabitha's day?

If the men *were* so wicked, I'll ask my papa  
How he dared to propose to my darling  
mamma;

Was he like the rest of them? Goodness!  
Who knows?

And what shall *I* say, if a wretch should  
propose?

I am thinking if Aunt knew so little of sin,  
What a wonder Aunt Tabitha's aunt must  
have been!

And her grand-aunt — it scares me — how  
shockingly sad  
That we girls of to-day are so frightfully bad!

A martyr will save us, and nothing else can;  
Let *me* perish — to rescue some wretched  
young man!

Though when to the altar a victim I go,  
Aunt Tabitha'll tell me *she* never did so!

*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

#### HOW SANTA CLAUS CAME TO SIMPSON'S BAR.

IT had been raining in the valley of the Sacramento. The North Fork had overflowed its banks and Rattlesnake Creek was impassable. The few boulders that had marked the summer ford at Simpson's Crossing were obliterated by a vast sheet of water stretching to the foothills. The up stage was stopped at Grangers; the last mail had been abandoned in the *tules*, the rider swimming for his life. "An area," remarked the "Sierra Avalanche," with pensive local pride, "as large as the State of Massachusetts is now under water."

Nor was the weather any better in the foothills. The mud lay deep on the mountain road; wagons that neither physical force nor moral oburgation could move from the evil ways into which they had fallen, encumbered the track, and the way to Simpson's Bar was indicated by broken-down teams and hard swearing. And farther on, cut-off and inaccessible, rained upon and bedraggled, smitten by high winds and threatened by high water, Simpson's Bar on the eve of Christmas day, 1862, clung like a swallow's nest to the rocky entablature and splintered capi-

tals of Table Mountain, and shook in the blast.

As night shut down on the settlement, a few lights gleamed through the mist from the windows of cabins on either side of the highway now crossed and gullied by lawless streams and swept by marauding winds. Happily most of the population were gathered at Thompson's store, clustered around a red-hot stove, at which they silently spat in some accepted sense of social communion that perhaps rendered conversation unnecessary. Indeed, most methods of diversion had long since been exhausted on Simpson's Bar; high water had suspended the regular occupations on gulch and on river, and a consequent lack of money and whiskey had taken the zest from most illegitimate recreation. Even Mr. Hamlin was fain to leave the Bar with fifty dollars in his pocket, — the only amount actually realized of the large sums won by him in the successful exercise of his arduous profession. "Ef I was asked," he remarked somewhat later, — "ef I was asked to pint out a purty little village where a retired sport as did n't care for money could exercise hisself, frequent and lively, I 'd say Simpson's Bar; but for a young man with a large family depending on his exertions, it don't pay." As Mr. Hamlin's family consisted mainly of female adults, this remark is quoted rather to show the breadth of his humor than the exact extent of his responsibilities.

Howbeit, the unconscious objects of this satire sat that evening in the listless apathy begotten of idleness and lack of excitement. Even the sudden splashing of hoofs before the door did not arouse them. Dick Bullen alone paused in the act of scraping out his pipe, and lifted his head, but no other one of the group indicated any interest in, or recognition of, the man who entered.

It was a figure familiar enough to the company, and known in Simpson's Bar as "The Old Man." A man of perhaps fifty years; grizzled and scant of hair, but still fresh and youthful of complexion. A face full of ready, but

not very powerful sympathy, with a chameleon-like aptitude for taking on the shade and color of contiguous moods and feelings. He had evidently just left some hilarious companions, and did not at first notice the gravity of the group, but clapped the shoulder of the nearest man jocularly, and threw himself into a vacant chair.

"Jest heard the best thing out, boys! Ye know Smiley, over yar, — Jim Smiley, — funniest man in the Bar? Well, Jim was jest telling the richest yarn about —"

"Smiley's a — fool," interrupted a gloomy voice.

"A particular — skunk," added another in sepulchral accents.

A silence followed these positive statements. The Old Man glanced quickly around the group. Then his face slowly changed. "That's so," he said reflectively, after a pause, "certainly a sort of a skunk and suthin of a fool. In course." He was silent for a moment as in painful contemplation of the unsavoriness and folly of the unpopular Smiley. "Dismal weather, ain't it?" he added, now fully embarked on the current of prevailing sentiment. "Mighty rough papers on the boys, and no show for money this season. And to-morrow's Christmas."

There was a movement among the men at this announcement, but whether of satisfaction or disgust was not plain. "Yes," continued the Old Man in the lugubrious tone he had, within the last few moments, unconsciously adopted, — "yes, Christmas, and to-night's Christmas eve. Ye see, boys, I kinder thought — that is, I sorter had an idee, jest passin like you know — that may be ye'd all like to come over to my house to-night and have a sort of tear round. But I suppose, now, you would n't? Don't feel like it, may be?" he added with anxious sympathy, peering into the faces of his companions.

"Well, I don't know," responded Tom Flynn with some cheerfulness. "P'raps we may. But how about your wife, Old Man? What does *she* say to it?"

The Old Man hesitated. His conjugal experience had not been a happy one, and the fact was known to Simpson's Bar. His first wife, a delicate, pretty little woman, had suffered keenly and secretly from the jealous suspicions of her husband, until one day he invited the whole Bar to his house to expose her infidelity. On arriving, the party found the shy, *petite* creature quietly engaged in her household duties, and retired abashed and discomfited. But the sensitive woman did not easily recover from the shock of this extraordinary outrage. It was with difficulty she regained her equanimity sufficiently to release her lover from the closet in which he was concealed and escape with him. She left a boy of three years to comfort her bereaved husband. The Old Man's present wife had been his cook. She was large, loyal, and aggressive.

Before he could reply, Joe Dimmick suggested with great directness that it was the "Old Man's house," and that, invoking the Divine Power, if the case were his own, he would invite who he pleased, even if in so doing he imperilled his salvation. The Powers of Evil, he further remarked, should contend against him vainly. All this delivered with a terseness and vigor lost in this necessary translation.

"In course. Certainly. Thet 's it," said the Old Man with a sympathetic frown. "Thar's no trouble about *thet*. It's my own house, built every stick on it myself. Don't you be afeard o' her, boys. She *may* cut up a trifle rough, —ez wimmin do,—but she'll come round." Secretly the Old Man trusted to the exaltation of liquor and the power of courageous example to sustain him in such an emergency.

As yet, Dick Bullen, the oracle and leader of Simpson's Bar, had not spoken. He now took his pipe from his lips. "Old Man, how's that yer Johnny gettin' on? Seems to me he did n't look so peart last time I seed him on the bluff heavin' rocks at Chinamen. Did n't seem to take much interest in it. Thar was a gang of 'em by yar yester-

day,—drowned out up the river,—and I kinder thought o' Johnny, and how he'd miss 'em! May be now, we'd be in the way ef he was sick?"

The father, evidently touched not only by this pathetic picture of Johnny's deprivation, but by the considerate delicacy of the speaker, hastened to assure him that Johnny was better and that a "little fun might 'liven him up." Whereupon Dick arose, shook himself, and saying, "I'm ready. Lead the way, Old Man: here goes," himself led the way with a leap, a characteristic howl, and darted out into the night. As he passed through the outer room he caught up a blazing brand from the hearth. The action was repeated by the rest of the party, closely following and elbowing each other, and before the astonished proprietor of Thompson's grocery was aware of the intention of his guests, the room was deserted.

The night was pitchy dark. In the first gust of wind their temporary torches were extinguished, and only the red brands dancing and flitting in the gloom like drunken will-o'-the-wisps indicated their whereabouts. Their way led up Pine-Tree Cañon, at the head of which a broad, low, bark-thatched cabin burrowed in the mountain-side. It was the home of the Old Man, and the entrance to the tunnel in which he worked when he worked at all. Here the crowd paused for a moment, out of delicate deference to their host, who came up panting in the rear.

"P'raps ye'd better hold on a second out yer, whilst I go in and see thet things is all right," said the Old Man, with an indifference he was far from feeling. The suggestion was graciously accepted, the door opened and closed on the host, and the crowd, leaning their backs against the wall and cowering under the eaves, waited and listened.

For a few moments there was no sound but the dripping of water from the eaves, and the stir and rustle of wrestling boughs above them. Then



the men became uneasy, and whispered suggestion and suspicion passed from the one to the other. "Reckon she's caved in his head the first lick!" "Decoyed him inter the tunnel and barred him up, likely." "Got him down and sittin' on him." "Prob'ly bilin suthin to heave on us: stand clear the door, boys!" For just then the latch clicked, the door slowly opened and a voice said, "Come in out o' the wet."

The voice was neither that of the Old Man nor of his wife. It was the voice of a small boy, its weak treble broken by that preternatural hoarseness which only vagabondage and the habit of premature self-assertion can give. It was the face of a small boy that looked up at theirs, — a face that might have been pretty and even refined but that it was darkened by evil knowledge from within, and dirt and hard experience from without. He had a blanket around his shoulders and had evidently just risen from his bed. "Come in," he repeated, "and don't make no noise. The Old Man's in there talking to mar," he continued, pointing to an adjacent room which seemed to be a kitchen from which the Old Man's voice came in deprecating accents. "Let me be," he added, querulously to Dick Bullen who had caught him up, blanket and all, and was affecting to toss him into the fire, "let go o' me, you d—d old fool, d' ye hear?"

Thus adjured, Dick Bullen lowered Johnny to the ground with a smothered laugh, while the men, entering quietly, ranged themselves around a long table of rough boards which occupied the centre of the room. Johnny then gravely proceeded to a cupboard and brought out several articles which he deposited on the table. "Thar's whiskey. And crackers. And red herons. And cheese." He took a bite of the latter on his way to the table. "And sugar." He scooped up a mouthful *en route* with a small and very dirty hand. "And terbacker. Thar's dried appils too on the shelf, but I don't admire 'em. Appils is swellin'. Thar,"

he concluded, "now wade in, and don't be afeard. I don't mind the old woman. She don't b'long to me. S'long."

He had stepped to the threshold of a small room, scarcely larger than a closet, partitioned off from the main apartment, and holding in its dim recess a small bed. He stood there a moment looking at the company, his bare feet peeping from the blanket, and nodded.

"Hello, Johnny! You ain't goin' to turn in agin, are ye?" said Dick.

"Yes, I are," responded Johnny, decidedly.

"Why, wot's up, old fellow?"

"I'm sick."

"How sick?"

"I've got a fever. And childblains. And roomatiz," returned Johnny, and vanished within. After a moment's pause, he added in the dark, apparently from under the bedclothes, — "And biles!"

There was an embarrassing silence. The men looked at each other, and at the fire. Even with the appetizing banquet before them, it seemed as if they might again fall into the despondency of Thompson's grocery, when the voice of the Old Man, incautiously lifted, came deprecatingly from the kitchen.

"Certainly! Thet's so. In course they is. A gang o' lazy drunken loafers, and that ar Dick Bullen's the ornariest of all. Did n't hev no more *sabe* than to come round yar with sickness in the house and no provision. Thet's what I said: 'Bullen,' sez I, 'it's crazy drunk you are, or a fool,' sez I, 'to think o' such a thing.' 'Staples,' I sez, 'be you a man, Staples, and 'spect to raise h—ll under my roof and invalids lyin' round?' But they would come, — they would. Thet's wot you must 'spect o' such trash as lays round the Bar."

A burst of laughter from the men followed this unfortunate exposure. Whether it was overheard in the kitchen, or whether the Old Man's irate companion had just then exhausted all other modes of expressing her contemptuous indignation, I cannot say,

but a back door was suddenly slammed with great violence. A moment later and the Old Man reappeared, haply unconscious of the cause of the late hilarious outburst, and smiled blandly.

"The old woman thought she'd jest run over to Mrs. McFadden's for a sociable call," he explained, with jaunty indifference, as he took a seat at the board.

Oddly enough it needed this untoward incident to relieve the embarrassment that was beginning to be felt by the party, and their natural audacity returned with their host. I do not propose to record the convivialities of that evening. The inquisitive reader will accept the statement that the conversation was characterized by the same intellectual exaltation, the same cautious reverence, the same fastidious delicacy, the same rhetorical precision, and the same logical and coherent discourse somewhat later in the evening, which distinguish similar gatherings of the masculine sex in more civilized localities and under more favorable auspices. No glasses were broken in the absence of any; no liquor was uselessly spilt on floor or table in the scarcity of that article.

It was nearly midnight when the festivities were interrupted. "Hush," said Dick Bullen, holding up his hand. It was the querulous voice of Johnny from his adjacent closet: "O dad!"

The Old Man arose hurriedly and disappeared in the closet. Presently he reappeared. "His rheumatiz is coming on agin bad," he explained, "and he wants rubbin'." He lifted the demijohn of whiskey from the table and shook it. It was empty. Dick Bullen put down his tin cup with an embarrassed laugh. So did the others. The Old Man examined their contents and said hopefully, "I reckon that's enough; he don't need much. You hold on all o' you for a spell, and I'll be back"; and vanished in the closet with an old flannel shirt and the whiskey. The door closed but imperfectly, and the following dialogue was distinctly audible:—

"Now, sonny, whar does she ache worst?"

"Sometimes over yar and sometimes under yer; but it's most powerful from yer to yer. Rub yer, dad."

A silence seemed to indicate a brisk rubbing. Then Johnny:

"Hevin' a good time out yer, dad?"

"Yes, sonny."

"To-morrer's Chrississ, — ain't it?"

"Yes, sonny. How does she feel now?"

"Better. Rub a little further down. Wot's Chrississ, anyway? Wot's it all about?"

"O, it's a day."

This exhaustive definition was apparently satisfactory, for there was a silent interval of rubbing. Presently Johnny again:

"Mar sez that everywhere else but yer everybody gives things to everybody Chrississ, and then she jist waded inter you. She sez thar's a man they call Sandy Claws, not a white man, you know, but a kind o' Chinemin, comes down the chimbley night afore Chrississ and gives things to chillern, — boys like me. Put 's 'em in their butes! Thet's what she tried to play upon me. Easy now, pop, whar are you rubbin' to, — thet's a mile from the place. She jest made that up, did n't she, jest to aggrawate me and you? Don't rub thar. . . . Why, dad?"

In the great quiet that seemed to have fallen upon the house the sigh of the near pines and the drip of leaves without was very distinct. Johnny's voice, too, was lowered as he went on, "Don't you take on now, fur I'm gettin' all right fast. Wot's the boys doin' out thar?"

The Old Man partly opened the door and peered through. His guests were sitting there sociably enough, and there were a few silver coins and a lean buckskin purse on the table. "Bettin' on suthin, — some little game or 'nother. They're all right," he replied to Johnny, and recommenced his rubbing.

"I'd like to take a hand and win

some money," said Johnny, reflectively, after a pause.

The Old Man glibly repeated what was evidently a familiar formula, that if Johnny would wait until he struck it rich in the tunnel he'd have lots of money, etc., etc.

"Yes," said Johnny, "but you don't. And whether you strike it or I win it, it's about the same. It's all luck. But it's mighty cur'ous about Christmas, — ain't it? Why do they call it Christmas?"

Perhaps from some instinctive deference to the overhearing of his guests, or from some vague sense of incongruity, the Old Man's reply was so low as to be inaudible beyond the room.

"Yes," said Johnny, with some slight abatement of interest, "I've heerd o' *him* before. Thar, that 'll do, dad. I don't ache near so bad as I did. Now wrap me tight in this yer blanket. So. Now," he added in a muffled whisper, "sit down yer by me till I go asleep." To assure himself of obedience, he disengaged one hand from the blanket and grasping his father's sleeve, again composed himself to rest.

For some moments the Old Man waited patiently. Then the unwonted stillness of the house excited his curiosity, and without moving from the bed, he cautiously opened the door with his disengaged hand, and looked into the main room. To his infinite surprise it was dark and deserted. But even then a smouldering log on the hearth broke, and by the upspringing blaze he saw the figure of Dick Bullen sitting by the dying embers.

"Hello."

Dick started, rose, and came somewhat unsteadily toward him.

"Whar's the boys?" said the Old Man.

"Gone up the cañon on a little *phasear*. They're coming back for me in a minit. I'm waitin' round for 'em. What are you starin' at, Old Man," he added with a forced laugh; "do you think I'm drunk?"

The Old Man might have been pardoned the supposition, for Dick's eyes

were humid and his face flushed. He loitered and lounged back to the chimney, yawned, shook himself, buttoned up his coat and laughed. "Liquor ain't so plenty as that, Old Man. Now don't you git up," he continued as the Old Man made a movement to release his sleeve from Johnny's hand. "Don't you mind manners. Sit jest whar you be; I'm goin' in a jiffy. Thar, that's them now."

There was a low tap at the door. Dick Bullen opened it quickly, nodded "Good night" to his host and disappeared. The Old Man would have followed him but for the hand that still unconsciously grasped his sleeve. He could have easily disengaged it: it was small, weak, and emaciated. But perhaps because it *was* small, weak, and emaciated he changed his mind, and, drawing his chair closer to the bed, rested his head upon it. In this defenceless attitude the potency of his earlier potations surprised him. The room flickered and faded before his eyes, reappeared, faded again, went out, and left him — asleep.

Meantime Dick Bullen, closing the door, confronted his companions. "Are you ready?" said Staples. "Ready," said Dick; "what 's the time?" "Past twelve," was the reply; "can you make it? — it's nigh on fifty miles, the round trip hither and yon." "I reckon," returned Dick, shortly. "Whar's the mare?" "Bill and Jack's holdin' her at the crossin'." "Let 'em hold on a minit longer," said Dick.

He turned and re-entered the house softly. By the light of the guttering candle and dying fire he saw that the door of the little room was open. He stepped toward it on tiptoe and looked in. The Old Man had fallen back in his chair, snoring, his helpless feet thrust out in a line with his collapsed shoulders, and his hat pulled over his eyes. Beside him, on a narrow wooden bedstead, lay Johnny, muffled tightly in a blanket that hid all save a strip of forehead and a few curls damp with perspiration. Dick Bullen made a step forward, hesitated, and glanced over

his shoulder into the deserted room. Everything was quiet. With a sudden resolution he parted his huge mustaches with both hands and stooped over the sleeping boy. But even as he did so a mischievous blast, lying in wait, swooped down the chimney, rekindled the hearth, and lit up the room with a shameless glow from which Dick fled in bashful terror.

His companions were already waiting for him at the crossing. Two of them were struggling in the darkness with some strange misshapen bulk, which as Dick came nearer took the semblance of a great yellow horse.

It was the mare. She was not a pretty picture. From her Roman nose to her rising haunches, from her arched spine hidden by the stiff *machillas* of a Mexican saddle, to her thick, straight, bony legs, there was not a line of equine grace. In her half-blind but wholly vicious white eyes, in her protruding under lip, in her monstrous color, there was nothing but ugliness and vice.

"Now then," said Staples, "stand cl'ar of her heels, boys, and up with you. Don't miss your first holt of her mane, and mind ye get your off stirrup quick. Ready!"

There was a leap, a scrambling struggle, a bound, a wild retreat of the crowd, a circle of flying hoofs, two springless leaps that jarred the earth, a rapid play and jingle of spurs, a plunge, and then the voice of Dick somewhere in the darkness, "All right!"

"Don't take the lower road back onless you're hard pushed for time! Don't hold her in down hill! We'll be at the ford at five. G'lang! Hoopa! Mula! GO!"

A splash, a spark struck from the ledge in the road, a clatter in the rocky cut beyond, and Dick was gone.

Sing, O Muse, the ride of Richard Bullen! Sing, O Muse of chivalrous men! the sacred quest, the doughty deeds, the battery of low churls, the fearsome ride and grewsome perils of the Flower of Simpson's Bar! Alack! she is dainty, this Muse! She will

have none of this bucking brute and swaggering, ragged rider, and I must fain follow him in prose, afoot!

It was one o'clock, and yet he had only gained Rattlesnake Hill. For in that time Jovita had rehearsed to him all her imperfections and practised all her vices. Thrice had she stumbled. Twice had she thrown up her Roman nose in a straight line with the reins, and, resisting bit and spur, struck out madly across country. Twice had she reared, and, rearing, fallen backward; and twice had the agile Dick, unharmed, regained his seat before she found her vicious legs again. And a mile beyond them, at the foot of a long hill, was Rattlesnake Creek. Dick knew that here was the crucial test of his ability to perform his enterprise, set his teeth grimly, put his knees well into her flanks, and changed his defensive tactics to brisk aggression. Bullied and maddened, Jovita began the descent of the hill. Here the artful Richard pretended to hold her in with ostentatious oburgation and well-feigned cries of alarm. It is unnecessary to add that Jovita instantly ran away. Nor need I state the time made in the descent; it is written in the chronicles of Simpson's Bar. Enough that in another moment, as it seemed to Dick, she was splashing on the overflowed banks of Rattlesnake Creek. As Dick expected, the momentum she had acquired carried her beyond the point of balking, and holding her well together for a mighty leap, they dashed into the middle of the swiftly flowing current. A few moments of kicking, wading, and swimming, and Dick drew a long breath on the opposite bank.

The road from Rattlesnake Creek to Red Mountain was tolerably level. Either the plunge in Rattlesnake Creek had dampened her baleful fire, or the art which led to it had shown her the superior wickedness of her rider, for Jovita no longer wasted her surplus energy in wanton conceits. Once she bucked, but it was from force of habit; once she shied, but it was from a new freshly painted meeting-

house at the crossing of the county road. Hollows, ditches, gravelly deposits, patches of freshly springing grasses flew from beneath her rattling hoofs. She began to smell unpleasantly, once or twice she coughed slightly, but there was no abatement of her strength or speed. By two o'clock he had passed Red Mountain and begun the descent to the plain. Ten minutes later the driver of the fast Pioneer coach was overtaken and passed by a "man on a Pinto hoss,"—an event sufficiently notable for remark. At half past two Dick rose in his stirrups with a great shout. Stars were glittering through the rifted clouds, and beyond him, out of the plain, rose two spires, a flagstaff and a straggling line of black objects. Dick jingled his spurs and swung his *riata*, Jovita bounded forward, and in another moment they swept into Tuttleville and drew up before the wooden piazza of "The Hotel of All Nations."

What transpired that night at Tuttleville is not strictly a part of this record. Briefly I may state, however, that after Jovita had been handed over to a sleepy ostler, whom she at once kicked into unpleasant consciousness, Dick sallied out with the bar-keeper for a tour of the sleeping town. Lights still gleamed from a few saloons and gambling-houses; but, avoiding these, they stopped before several closed shops, and by persistent tapping and judicious outcry roused the proprietors from their beds, and made them unbar the doors of their magazines and expose their wares. Sometimes they were met by curses, but oftener by interest and some concern in their needs, and the interview was invariably concluded by a drink. It was three o'clock before this pleasantry was given over, and with a small waterproof bag of india-rubber strapped on his shoulders Dick returned to the hotel. But here he was waylaid by Beauty,—Beauty opulent in charms, affluent in dress, persuasive in speech, and Spanish in accent! In vain she repeated the invitation in "Excellior," happily scorned by all Alpine-

climbing youth, and rejected by this child of the Sierras,—a rejection softened in this instance by a laugh and his last gold coin. And then he sprang to the saddle and dashed down the lonely street and out into the lonelier plain, where presently the lights, the black line of houses, the spires, and the flagstaff sank into the earth behind him again and were lost in the distance.

The storm had cleared away, the air was brisk and cold, the outlines of adjacent landmarks were distinct, but it was half past four before Dick reached the meeting-house and the crossing of the county road. To avoid the rising grade he had taken a longer and more circuitous road, in whose viscid mud Jovita sank fetlock deep at every bound. It was a poor preparation for a steady ascent of five miles more; but Jovita, gathering her legs under her, took it with her usual blind, unreasoning fury, and a half-hour later reached the long level that led to Rattlesnake Creek. Another half-hour would bring him to the creek. He threw the reins lightly upon the neck of the mare, chirruped to her, and began to sing.

Suddenly Jovita shied with a bound that would have unseated a less practised rider. Hanging to her rein was a figure that had leaped from the bank, and at the same time from the road before her arose a shadowy horse and rider. "Throw up your hands," commanded this second apparition, with an oath.

Dick felt the mare tremble, quiver, and apparently sink under him. He knew what it meant and was prepared.

"Stand aside, Jack Simpson, I know you, you d—d thief. Let me pass or—"

He did not finish the sentence. Jovita rose straight in the air with a terrific bound, throwing the figure from her bit with a single shake of her vicious head, and charged with deadly malevolence down on the impediment before her. An oath, a pistol-shot, horse and highwayman rolled over in the road, and the next moment Jovita was a hundred yards away. But the good right arm of her rider, shattered by a bullet, dropped helplessly at his side.

Without slackening his speed he shifted the reins to his left hand. But a few moments later he was obliged to halt and tighten the saddle-girths that had slipped in the onset. This in his crippled condition took some time. He had no fear of pursuit, but looking up he saw that the eastern stars were already paling, and that the distant peaks had lost their ghostly whiteness, and now stood out blackly against a lighter sky. Day was upon him. Then completely absorbed in a single idea, he forgot the pain of his wound, and mounting again dashed on toward Rattlesnake Creek. But now Jovita's breath came broken by gasps, Dick reeled in his saddle, and brighter and brighter grew the sky.

Ride, Richard; run, Jovita; linger, O day!

For the last few rods there was a roaring in his ears. Was it exhaustion from loss of blood, or what? He was dazed and giddy as he swept down the hill, and did not recognize his surroundings. Had he taken the wrong road, or was this Rattlesnake Creek?

It was. But the brawling creek he had swam a few hours before had risen, more than doubled its volume, and now rolled a swift and resistless river between him and Rattlesnake Hill. For the first time that night Richard's heart sank within him. The river, the mountain, the quickening east swam before his eyes. He shut them to recover his self-control. In that brief interval, by some fantastic mental process the little room at Simpson's Bar and the figures of the sleeping father and son rose upon him. He opened his eyes wildly, cast off his coat, pistol, boots, and saddle, bound his precious pack tightly to his shoulders, grasped the bare flanks of Jovita with his bared knees, and with a shout dashed into the yellow water. A cry rose from the opposite bank as the head of a man and horse struggled for a few moments against the battling current, and then were swept away amidst uprooted trees and whirling drift-wood.

The Old Man started and woke. The fire on the hearth was dead, the candle in the outer room flickering in its socket, and somebody was rapping at the door. He opened it, but fell back with a cry before the dripping, half-naked figure that reeled against the doorpost.

"Dick?"

"Hush! Is he awake yet?"

"No, — but Dick?"

"Dry up, you old fool! Get me some whiskey quick!" The Old Man flew and returned with — an empty bottle! Dick would have sworn, but his strength was not equal to the occasion. He staggered, caught at the handle of the door, and motioned to the Old Man.

"Thar's suthin' in my pack yer for Johnny. Take it off. I can't."

The Old Man unstrapped the pack and laid it before the exhausted man.

"Open it, quick!"

He did so with trembling fingers. It contained only a few poor toys, — cheap and barbaric enough, goodness knows, but bright with paint and tinsel. One of them was broken; another, I fear, was irretrievably ruined by water; and on the third — ah me! there was a cruel spot.

"It don't look like much, that's a fact," said Dick, ruefully. . . . "But it's the best we could do. . . . Take 'em, Old Man, and put 'em in his stocking, and tell him — tell him, you know — hold me, Old Man —" The Old Man caught at his sinking figure. "Tell him," said Dick, with a weak little laugh, — "tell him Sandy Claus has come."

And even so, bedraggled, ragged, unshaven, and unshorn, with one arm hanging helplessly at his side, Santa Claus came to Simpson's Bar and fell fainting on the first threshold. The Christmas dawn came slowly after, touching the remoter peaks with the rosy warmth of ineffable love. And it looked so tenderly on Simpson's Bar that the whole mountain, as if caught in a generous action, blushed to the skies.

*Bret Harte.*



## SPIRITUALISM NEW AND OLD.

IT is a pleasure to read Mr. Owen's books, the evidences of his kindly nature, and of his intelligent interest in all the questions of the hour, so abound in them; and I doubt not, therefore, that his present work \* will attract many readers outside the pale of the spiritualistic faith. It is, in fact, addressed to such, being an attempt to persuade them that Spiritualism inherits of Romanism and Protestantism in the maintenance of the Christian doctrine of immortality. He thinks that "religion, such as Christ taught, though sure to prevail in the end, is yet for the time hard pressed; on one hand by the hosts enlisted under the banner of infallibility, on the other by the vigorous pioneers of science: and that in this strait experimental evidence of modern spiritual phenomena, if it can be had, would assist her beyond measure."

Nearly a third of the work consists of an appeal to the Protestant clergy, designed to persuade them that what with the numerous accessions to Romanism out of the Protestant communion on the one hand, and what with the advances of scientific incredulity on the other, they have little ground for supposing the Protestant Church to be a finality of the Divine administration, and ought to be willing, therefore, to look about them for signs of an improved providential presence in the earth. Grant Mr. Owen his premises, and he reasons out his case very well. But the trouble is to understand how he reconciles himself to his premises. Within the past year the Pope has lost the *political* support of four great kingdoms, France, Italy, Spain, Austria; and by claiming to be dogmatically infallible, has so outraged the common sense and the sense of decency of his

own clergy, as to have excited a schism of threatening dimensions in the bosom of the hitherto stagnant church. In a word, the Pope himself has become a heretic to the traditions of Catholicism; and this certainly does not look as if the church were thriving. I think, too, that we are apt to deceive ourselves as to the force lent the church by the accessions to it from the Protestant communion. It seems to me, that this force better deserves the name of weakness. I have known and heard of some dozens of Romish converts within the last twenty years; but I have found them generally more servile in their allegiance to the church than if they had been born in it. Now clearly what the church wants, in order to strengthen it, is the access of new intelligence, an intelligence quickened by that new and more intimate life of God in man, whose advent has been assiduously announcing itself, now for a century past, in the growing secularization of the religious conscience, and the growing democratization of the political conscience. If I could hear, for example, that the church had been augmented by a considerable number of Protestant tailors, shoemakers, carpenters, and masons, men who are in contact with the realities of existence, and carry the world along on their own shoulders, I should say the church was reviving. Or, if I could see any considerable body of Methodists, Baptists, or Presbyterians, as such, going over to the old church, and bent upon reanimating it with their own more modern spirit, I should say the remaining days of Protestantism were few and evil. As it is, no such cheering sight meets the eye; but what I see instead is a palpable augmentation by all these converts of the church's apparently inveterate imbecility.

Then again it is hardly fair to as-

\* The Debatable Land between this World and the Next, with Illustrative Narrations, by Robert Dale Owen. New York: Carleton. 1872.



sume that science herself is hostile to religion ; though undoubtedly there are many men of scientific name who evince a *personal* hostility to it, grounded as I suppose upon some ignorance or misconception of its spiritual aims. Religion, as to its spirit, restricts itself exclusively to the sphere of the individual conscience, which is the field of every man's filial or spontaneous commerce with God ; although its letter no doubt has long been, and still too often is, stretched beyond these limitations, and so made to provoke the salutary resentment and reaction of the human mind. Science, on the contrary, limits itself to the sphere of man's outward or organic experience, and leaves that of his inward life completely untouched. It drops out of sight those strictly inorganic wants or individual aptitudes by which he feels himself spiritually constituted or related to God ; and confines its attention exclusively to what he possesses in common, more or less, with all other existence ; that is, what relates him to nature and his fellow-man. There is thus no conflict possible between religion and science but what arises from a misconception of the functions proper to each, and is inflamed by some petty personal ambition or factional jealousy, on the part of the adherents to one or the other cause.

Mr. Owen, however, devotes the bulk of his book to a series of lively, anecdotal, and varied narratives of spiritual manifestations, gathered up from history, biography, contemporary testimony, and his own personal experience and observation. This part of his work is very entertaining, and will well repay the curiosity of those who are interested in the marvellous at second-hand. I am free to say, moreover, that I do not see how the facts reported by Mr. Owen on his own private authority are to be disposed of in candor, without conceding their truth. The rationale of the facts of course is one thing, and the facts themselves another and very inferior thing. Whether the "Spiritualists"

have got any insight into the former may reasonably be questioned ; but no one who knows Mr. Owen, and his perfect title to men's respect, can wantonly slight his deliberate testimony to the facts of experience he recounts. For my part, they claim my implicit confidence. And I may say, indeed, that the entire spirit of the book is eminently fair and honest and charitable, however much I may differ from the author as to the degree of intellectual importance attaching to the phenomena he depicts. On this point I should like to sketch out a little platform of disagreement with him, not unfairly conceived I hope.

In the first place, it is extremely prejudicial to the Christian dogma to represent the life and immortality it brings to light as the mere extension of our personal consciousness beyond the grave. That sort of immortality ought indeed, as it seems to me, to be held philosophically indisputable, for the simple reason that the human mind is incapable of conceiving *non-existence* ; and what cannot be conceived by human thought assuredly transcends human belief. Besides, the instinctive hopes and fears of mankind in all time and place so clearly affirm immortality in this lower point of view, that scepticism will always be impotent to discredit it. But this is not the Christian idea of immortality. The life and immortality brought to light in the gospel pivots for its rationality exclusively upon the alleged resurrection of Christ from death *in his own flesh and bones*. This is the cardinal fact of revelation, without which the apostles felt that they would have no sufficing argument of the Divine love, and would be of all men most miserable. Now manifestly the human interest which this great fact represents is not that of any man's or of all men's personal resuscitation from death — because we have none of us either the desire or the expectation to rise from death in these corruptible bodies — but that exclusively of the race's regeneration, or the rehabilitation of human nature itself in every

lineament of the Divine perfection. Upon the hypothesis of his exceptional birth, and his subsequent unprecedented personal history, Christ was an altogether extraordinary person, and it would be absurd, therefore, to reason *directly* from his personal chances to my own, or those of any other ordinary person. But I am none the less entitled to do so *indirectly*; for by the hypothesis of his mission, Christ was exclusively a representative person, identified carnally with the interests and aspirations of the Jewish Church, and bound, therefore, to expiate in his own flesh the sturdy inhumanity with which that church was spiritually fraught in the Divine sight. If then he abased himself to this representative function with such unflinching zeal as spontaneously to separate himself from his own nation, and give up his life a ready sacrifice to the infinite love, the love of universal man, I see not how he could well escape personal glorification at the hands of that love. In other words, I do not see how "the flesh and bones," which were the vehicle of his majestic and triumphant patience, could themselves help becoming transfigured with spiritual divine substance, and constituting thenceforth the true Shekinah, or spotless holy of holies, in which alone the inscrutable name becomes revealed without a cloud.

But the flesh and bones Christ wore were identical with your and my flesh and bones; for there is no personality in mere flesh and bones, save what we ourselves voluntarily concede to them. They were, moreover, derived in his case from as low and carnal a source as was ever opened upon earth; and covered doubtless as ugly an inheritance of pride, avarice, and all uncleanness, as consists with the sanity of the human bosom. It is by this community of flesh and bones alone that he and we alike are forever identified with our kind, and consequently forever individualized from God. If then he was confessedly so strong—where you and I are confessedly so feeble—as to withstand his carnal inheritance to the

last gasp of its malignity, and outwardly disavow his Jewish cupidities till the sympathies of his inward soul had expanded to the dimensions of universal love, and the very flesh and bones he partook in common with you and me and all mankind became inwardly deluged and informed by the tides of that infinitude, he inevitably wrought a work for humanity no less signal than that which he wrought for himself; for he thus linked, not himself primarily, but you and me and every most abject partaker of the human form, in natural and therefore eternal espousals with God.

This is the only "spiritualism" on the whole which I am capable of understanding, a spiritualism which has primarily nothing whatever to do with persons, but means the sheer recreation of human nature. And, *pace* Mr. Owen and the cause he advocates, this is the only immortality worthy to be divinely championed,—an immortality divorced from the wretched rags of personality that now constitute our spiritual inheritance, and leaving us no consciousness but that of our equality or fellowship with every man of woman born. I do not mean to deny of course that it is of extreme personal moment to me to believe that my *post mortem* well-being is placed beyond the reach of adverse chances. All I mean to say is, that I should have the greatest difficulty to maintain my convictions on this point, if they were left for support to the ordinary light of nature, or if the course of history had nowhere received a supernatural illumination, showing me the Divine love and wisdom intent above all things upon the consecration of our *natural* life, or the building up of the *race-consciousness itself* in the fellowship of his essential purity. What men need in order to the cleansing of their personal conscience from all defilement is some authentic knowledge of God's spiritual perfection, showing it to be in harmony, not with their vain and foolish selves to be sure, but exclusively with their own great race or nature. In the fulfilment of history

doubtless this knowledge will *directly* avouch itself in the disclosures incident to the social evolution of humanity. But meanwhile and in the absence of such direct knowledge, the Christian revelation offers itself to men's faith and hope as the sole and all-sufficient pledge of God's final and unstinted mercy to mankind. I could not for my own part give a feather's weight of belief to Christianity as a Divine revelation, if its irresistible influence were not to divorce me from the natural tendency I feel to be interested in myself supremely, and to value my race only as a sounding-board to my own vanity. Indeed, the special claim which it puts forth to my regard, in my best moments, is the sheer and pointed rebuke it ministers to my unclean craving after *personal* holiness; to the sneaking hope I cherish, that however morally undistinguishable I may be from the publican and harlot in the Divine sight, I may yet find in my religious righteousness a cloak wide enough to conceal my real iniquity.

But even if we should allow this new gospel of spiritualism all the validity it claims, it would be a fatal day for human sanity, when men should consent to receive truth from others, instead of any longer perceiving it for themselves; in other words, when our memory or passive mental stomach should supersede our active brain. The condition of man's distinctive life is, that his affection and thought control his sense, or that what is private and individual in him take precedence of what is public and common. But Spiritualism exalts sense to the primacy of intellect and affection; and, by providing its followers with a direct revelation addressed to their bodily organs, saps the very foundation of their human worth, and reduces such worth to an animal value. No pretended revelation of spiritual verities is worth a jot, which practically disqualifies the heart and mind of man for the pursuit of Divine truth, or leaves his faith and hope towards God contingent upon the fallacious and demoralizing testimony

of sense. Sense is an excellent because most obedient mirror of Divine truth; but it would be worthless, even as a mirror, unless it imaged such truth in an inverse form to that which it bears to the intellect and affections. Christianity itself would have perished in its cradle if it had professed directly to satisfy man's endless intellectual want towards God, and not simply to stimulate and educate it. This, indeed, constitutes its infinite superiority to all the ethnic religions, that it avouches itself no literal or direct, but an exclusively mystical and living witness of the ineffable Divine name.

Thus I reject the claim of the spiritualist to succeed the apostolic gospel, because it inflames our natural egotism in place of mortifying it. The primal curse of man is personal consciousness, — the sense of a reality in himself greater than God's reality, and waging implacable war with it. Every one of us feels himself to be "like God"; that is, an all-sufficient arbiter of good and evil; and the way we make our self-conscious divinity felt by those whose worship of us is at all lukewarm needs not to be here recounted. And what our modern gospel does is simply to ratify this curse, by proving the grave itself purely ministerial to our wretched natural personality. No man feels more keenly than I do the intoxication there is in our finite ties; how parent and child, how friend and lover, lap you in sweetness while yet you are deaf to the voice of any deeper life. I know what blessedness these ties have wrought for the race in all the past; how they have engendered all the miracles of our specious civilization; and how they still foster the hollow peace and order which constitute our existing social inequality. But I know also that when the hour of one's intellectual emancipation strikes, and he feels himself divinely summoned to renounce all conventional jargon for the voice of unadulterate justice alone, he will none the less truly feel these same ties "to bite like a serpent, and sting like an adder." What down-

right fatuity it is, then, to attempt projecting them beyond the grave, as if to drown out forever the hope of a Divine redemption! I love my father and mother, my wife and child, my friend and neighbor, with all the love I am capable of yielding to any persons, and I shall take extreme good care therefore that no more pretentious persons shall ever swindle these out of my fixed regard. But some day, to my great awe and amazement, I discern the dawn of a holier love than this in my soul; a wholly *impersonal* love, being the love of infinite goodness and truth. And then, upon the instant, the love which I before felt to be life gladly confesses itself to be death. Nothing outwardly results. No sensible change takes place. Father and mother, wife and child, friend and neighbor, are just as dear to me as ever, perhaps more dear. But they have ceased to be supremely dear. This is all the difference, and it is an exclusively inward one. Their love has silently moulded me to manlier issues than either they or I ever dreamed of. The lion is born lion, and the horse is born horse. But no man was ever born man; only and at most he *becomes* man. So these near and dear persons surround my spiritual cradle, nursing and educating me out of my otherwise inveterate self-

ish instincts into *future* social possibilities, by binding me in tender, grateful homage to their provisional superiority.

I do not know whether the reader has duly considered it or not, but the law of our immortal destiny formulates itself thus: *If any man come to me and hate not his father and mother, and wife and children, and brethren and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple.* Hard law it may be, but still law. Its hardness lies in its making one's real foes to be those of his own household, whom yet one is naturally prone to love for what is of one's self in them, if for nothing else. If this law bade me hate my neighbor's family, yea, my neighbor's life even, on occasion, it would be easy enough to fulfil it. For under our existing civic régime my neighbors' interests and my own are in more or less direct conflict with each other. But to hate what is one's own is monstrously unnatural; and if therefore the law is valid, it only proves that nothing I can properly call my own, or even myself, enters as an appreciable element into my essential happiness. That is to say, whatsoever is of the person in us is illusory and perishes; only what belongs to impersonal goodness and truth is real and immortal.

Henry James.

## RECENT LITERATURE.\*

IN three works of fiction lately published we have some very faithful studies of

American life in the principal phases which it once showed, and which the events of

\* *The Hoosier Schoolmaster.* A Novel. By EDWARD EGGLESTON. With Twenty-nine Illustrations. New York: Orange Judd & Co. 1872.

*Kate Beaumont.* By J. W. DeFOREST. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

*Oldtown Fireside Stories.* By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. With Illustrations. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

*Richard Vandermarch.* A Novel. By MRS. SIDNEY S. HARRIS. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1871.

*Ought We to Visit Her?* A Novel. By MRS. ANNIE EDWARDS. New York: Sheldon & Co. 1872.

*Muskingum Legends; with other Sketches and Papers descriptive of the Young Men of Germany and the Old Boys of America.* By STEPHEN POWERS. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1871.

*Poems* by CELIA THAXTER. New York: Hurd and Houghton. 1872.

*Landmarks and other Poems.* By JOHN JAMES PIATT. New York: Hurd and Houghton. 1872.

*Chronicle of a Border Town. History of Rye, Westchester County, New York, 1660-1680; including Harrison and White Plains till 1788.* By CHARLES W. BAIRD. Illustrated by ABRAHAM HOESIER. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co. 1871. 8vo. pp. 570.

not many years have put quite out of sight if not out of being. In the Oldtown stories the Yankee world of tradition is revived; in Mr. DeForest's "Kate Beaumont" the high-tone Southern society of the times before the war, as it was with slavery and chivalry, with hard drinking and easy shooting, appears again; and in Mr. Eggleston's "Hoosier Schoolmaster" we are made acquainted with the rudeness and ugliness of the intermediate West, after the days of pioneering, and before the days of civilization, — the West of horse-thief gangs and of mobs, of protracted meetings and of extended spees, of ignorance drawn slowly through religious fervors towards the desire of knowledge and decency in this world. The scene of the story is in Hoople County, Indiana, a locality which we hope the traveller would now have some difficulty in finding, and in a neighborhood settled, apparently, by poor whites from Virginia and Kentucky, sordid Pennsylvania Dutchmen, and a sprinkling of 'cute dishonest Yankees. The plot is very simple and of easy prevision from the first, being the struggles of Ralph Hartsook with the young idea in the district school on Flat Creek, where the twig was early bent to thrash the schoolmaster. He boards round among the farmers, starting with "old Jack Means," the school trustee, whose son Bud, the most formidable bully among his pupils, he wins over to his own side, and whose daughter, with her mother's connivance, falls in love with him and resolves to marry him. But the schoolmaster loves their bound girl Hannah, and makes enemies of the mother and daughter; and they are not slow to aid in the persecution which rises against him, and ends in his arrest for a burglary committed by the gang of the neighborhood, including some of the principal citizens of Flat Creek. Of course it comes out all right, though the reader is none the less eager because he foresees the fortunate end. The story is very well told in a plain fashion, without finely studied points. It is chiefly noticeable, however, as a picture of manners hitherto strange to literature, and the characters are interesting as part of the picture of manners, rather than as persons whose fate greatly concerns us; yet they all have a movement of their own, too, and are easily known from each other, — which is much for characters. One of the best is old Mrs. Means, who is also one of the worst in another sense. Her talk is the talk of all Flat Creek; and

we cannot suggest the dialect in which the conversation of the story is chiefly written better than by giving a speech of hers: —

"Here Mrs. Means stopped to rake a live coal out of the fire with her skinny finger, and then to carry it in her skinny palm to the bowl — or to the *hole* — of her cob-pipe. When she got the smoke agoing she proceeded:

"You see this ere bottom land was all Congress land in them there days, and it sold for a dollar and a quarter, and I says to my ole man, 'Jack,' says I, 'Jack, do you git a plenty while you 're a gittin'. Git a plenty while you 're a gittin','" says I, "fer 't won't never be no cheaper 'n 't is now," and it ha' n't been, I knowed 't would n't," and Mrs. Means took the pipe from her mouth to indulge in a good chuckle at the thought of her financial shrewdness. "Git a plenty while you 're a gittin'," says I. I could see, you know, they was a powerful sight of money in Congress land. That's what made me say, "Git a plenty while you 're a gittin'." And Jack, he's wuth lots and gobs of money, all made out of Congress land. Jack did n't git rich by hard work. Bless you, no! Not him. That a'n't his way. Hard work a'n't, you know. 'T was that air six hundred dollars he got along of me, all salted down into Flat Crick bottoms at a dollar and a quarter a'acre, and 't was my sayin', "Git a plenty while you 're a gittin'," as done it." And here the old ogre laughed, or grinned horribly, at Ralph, showing her few straggling, discolored teeth.

"Then she got up and knocked the ashes out of her pipe, and laid the pipe away and walked round in front of Ralph. After adjusting the 'chunks' so that the fire would burn, she turned her yellow face toward Ralph, and scanning him closely came out with the climax of her speech in the remark, 'You see as how, Mr. Hartsook, the man what gits my Mirandy 'll do well. Flat Crick land's worth nigh upon a hundred a'acre.'"

We should say the weak side of Mr. Eggleston's story was the pathos that gets into it through some of Little Shocky's talk, and the piety that gets into it through Bud Means; and we mean merely that these are not so well managed as the unregeneracy, and not at all that they are not good things to have in a story. The facts about Shocky are touching enough, and the facts about Bud most respectable.

Mr. Eggleston is the first to touch in fiction the kind of life he has represented,

and we imagine that future observers will hardly touch it in more points. Its traits seem to be all here, both the good and the bad; but that it is a past or passing state of things is sufficiently testified by the fact, to which Mr. Eggleston alludes in his Preface, that the story, as it appeared serially, was nowhere more popular than in Southern Indiana. Flat Creek, Hoopole County, would not, we imagine, have been so well pleased thirty years ago with a portrait which, at any rate, is not flattered.

Some of the worst characteristics of the West have been inherited from the slaveholding South, — from Virginia and North Carolina and Maryland, — out of which the poor whites emigrated with their vicious squalor to the new Territories; and there is no very great difference between some of the persons depicted in "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," and low-down people who figure in some chapters of "Kate Beaumont," except that the Western type, escaped from the social domination of the great planters, is full of a rude independence lacking in its ancestry. The Flat-Creekers of Hoopole County, Indiana, are of the same race and lineage as the poor whites of Saxonburg, South Carolina, and the same system is responsible for both. But in spite of their bad instincts and their inherited vices, the Flat-Creekers take to the protracted meeting and the spelling-school for amusement, and the Saxonburgers to the fierce carouse which Mr. DeForest has so strongly painted; after fifty years Saxonburg shall perhaps attain the level which Flat Creek reached twenty-five years ago. There is at least now an opportunity of change for the better in that which could hardly have changed for the worse, the conditions on which Mr. DeForest founds his story having vanished with slavery.

Those who followed the fortunes of Kate Beaumont from month to month in these pages will agree with us that the author did not present Southern people in an entirely odious light, whatever may have been his treatment of Southern life. On the contrary, there are few of his persons who have not some fascination that makes us almost forget their frailties, from Colonel Kershaw to General Johnson. Hitherto Southern character has been treated almost always in direct reference to slavery, and Mr. DeForest gains an immense advantage in refusing to deal with slavery except as a social fact. In this way we are brought

nearer to his Southerners as men and women, and enabled to like or dislike them for purely personal reasons; though any one who supposed him indifferent to the question in abeyance would singularly mistake him, and would lose half his meaning. The whole effect of his story is so lifelike, that we are persuaded to believe it the first full and perfect picture of Southern society of the times before the war; certainly it is the most satisfactory; and if the duels and informal combats and debauches and difficulties of all kinds seem too frequent for the truth, we must not forget that our author is working artistically, with a right to assemble the dramatic points of his material, and we must remember also what the truth was about that bygone state of things. As we read Mr. DeForest we might fancy ourselves in the midst of such genteel Irish life as Thackeray touches in "The Luck of Barry Lyndon," or among Florentine or Veronese gentlemen of the Middle Ages. The structure of that old South Carolinian society is none the less feudal because the supremacy of its aristocrats is a matter of personal quality and of sentiment rather than of legal force; and one of the nicest and most amusing points of Mr. DeForest's study is that the young Beaumonts, educated in Paris and Berlin, come back to their native barbarism with an almost unshaken devotion. Frank McAlister, to be sure, returns from Europe with a profound contempt for this barbarism, and a particular scorn for the family feud of the Beaumonts and McAlisters: he means to develop the mineral resources of South Carolina and civilize her; but even he loves her above all other lands, and once happily married to Kate Beaumont he can do nothing but acquiesce in the local conditions, and become a model country gentleman after the best Carolinian fashion. The other McAlisters, with all their seriousness and coolness, are as ready for the duel and the rencounter as the Beaumonts, and in none of the many particulars touched do the proprieties of South Carolina seem to be violated. The elders — passionate, homicidal, affectionate old Peyton Beaumont, and his lifelong enemy Judge McAlister, urbane and canny and cold — are equally stiff-necked and besotted in their contempt of all the world outside of their native State, and in their love of her political and social traits.

The personage who rises above all in a peculiar beauty and nobility of character



is old Colonel Kershaw, whose virtues are presented to us with a clearness and force worthy of them. It is so like a study from some actual character known to Mr. DeForest, that we hesitate to credit him with its invention. Serene, brave, peaceful, that good old man, the type of such Southern manhood as flowered into the tranquil and simple greatness of Washington, is one of most realistic figures in a novel abounding in diversely marked characters.

As we said in speaking of "Overland," Mr. DeForest has an uncommon success in the presentation of his personages. There is not one in this book that is feebly treated, and the range is great. Vincent Beaumont, somewhat cynical, Parisianized, quick-tempered, yet not bad-hearted; Poinsett, fat, easy, *persifleur*, yet a Beaumont through and through when it comes to the family honor; Tom, the young drunkard, with his blackguard self-respect, and his boyish desire to excel in devotion to the family feud;—how distinctly they are set before us in contrast to the McAlisters! Among these, Bruce appears only subordinatedly, yet we know almost as from our own senses his tall, consumptive person, his winning manner, his husky voice; as we do Bent Armitage with his game foot and his slangy talk. Those two ancients, Colonel Lawson and General Johnson, so opposite in their flatteries and their purposes, with a broad likeness in their eloquent habits, good as they are, are no better drawn than all the loafers and politicians of Hartland, or the wild low-downers of Saxonburg. Of the women, Nelly Armitage, as a character, is the best, and her courageous patience with her drunken husband is one of the best passages in the book; it is quite conceivable of her that she should first favor Frank McAlister's love for Kate, then want him killed because he tied her brother Tom, and then again espouse his cause because he is so magnanimous and so miserable. It is not, we suppose, one of the least truthful strokes in the general portrayal of South Carolinianism, that both the Beaumonts and McAlisters are agreed that Frank might have killed Tom without giving just cause of complaint, but having tied him he has afforded him ground for a challenge.

Kate and Frank are interesting as the centre around which the rapid events move; and for lovers they are very well indeed: she lovable and worshipful, he loving and worshipping her with a large, ceaseless, desperate, unquenchable devotion that is

itself full of character. Yet we doubt if the old coquette, Mrs. Chester, and the drunken Randolph Armitage, are not more entertaining to middle-life. Mrs. Chester is made too much of, however, for a woman so simply selfish and disagreeable.

We say nothing of the plot of this excellent novel, for all our readers know it, and we feel that we have but scantily indicated its merits, which besides those of character-painting are humor, dramatic faculty, and a vigorous and agreeable style. With "Miss Ravenel's Conversion" and "Overland," "Kate Beaumont" forms, to our mind, strong proof that we are not so much lacking in an American novelist as in a public to recognize him.

A curious contrast to the kind of talk we have quoted from Mr. Eggleston's story might be found on almost any page of "Oldtown Fireside Stories." Uncouth as the Yankee talk is, it is always glib and easy, and suggests the life of an old provincialized community, with its settled order and its intimacy and familiarity: it suggests the occupation of a new country by large companies of men of the same stock, creed, and education; while the Hoosier talk, loath, languid, awkward, with its want of fixed character, hints a people of various origin, silenced, each man, by his solitary battle with the wilderness, and carrying his aguish stiff-jointedness into a dialect which shows upon a ground of Southern phrase the rusticities of nearly every part of the country. In everything the life of one book is a contrast to that of the other, though in both it is rural life. Sam Lawson, who tells these stories, is doubtless the most worthless person in Oldtown; but compare his amusing streaks of God-fearing piety, his reverence for magistracies and dignities, his law-abidingness, his shrewdness, his readiness, with the stolid wickedness, the indifference and contempt of those backwoods ruffians for every one else, and you will have some conception of the variety of the brood that the bird of freedom has gathered under her wings. To be sure, the backwoods have long been turned into railroad-ties and cord-wood, and Oldtown is no more, but this only adds to the interest and value of true pictures of them. Mrs. Stowe, we think, has hardly done better work than in these tales, which have lured us to read them again and again by their racy quaintness and the charm of the shiftless Lawson's character and manner. The material is slight and common enough,



ghosts, Indians, British, and ministers lending their threadbare interest to most of them; but round these familiar protagonists moves a whole Yankee village-world, the least important figure of which savors of the soil and "breathes full East." The virtues of fifty years and more ago, the little local narrowness and intolerance, the lurking pathos, the hidden tenderness of a rapidly obsolescent life, are all here, with the charm of romance in their transitory aspects, — which, we wonder, will the Hibernian Massachusetts of future times appreciate? At least this American generation can, keenly, profoundly, and for ourselves, we have a pleasure in the mere talk of Sam Lawson which can only come from the naturalness of first-rate art.

Among other recent fictions is "Richard Vandermarck," by the author of "Rutledge," a book that made more talk in other days than we hope a novel of the same force would now. Yet it had prepared us to expect from Mrs. Harris's writing not the highest intellectual joy, but a certain temperate amusement, which would be as innocent as agreeable. In this novel, however, which is clearly meant to be powerful, we have various crimes and casualties introduced, an extremely unpleasant plot, an unsatisfactory end, and all this without any charm in the telling of the tale or intelligence in the analysis of the persons of the story. There is an absurd disproportion between the heroine's character and fate. As represented in the novel, she is the most ordinary, unripe school-girl that we remember having met in fiction; she falls madly in love with a mysterious foreigner who has a wife in obscurity. That is natural enough; the loves of school-girls are seldom wise; in fact, a story of wise love would not be lively reading. But here we have this poor girl's infatuation and mad determination to "sin" exalted as a glorious proof of love's power; and the morality of the story is only preserved by the foreigner's drowning himself. To the reader, however, the story is rather a proof of the silliness of ill-trained girls than of the majesty of love. The only excuse for her viciousness is her ignorance. Instead of being moved to say, "Poor girl, there may be times when conventional morality is too austere. Fly with the foreigner to a lonely isle in the Mediterranean and be happy!" we only think, "Poor little girl! What a pity it is you act in this way. What a greater pity that any one should be

found to write about it. How ashamed you will be when you are grown up! A strict governess would be the best person for you." The reputation of the authoress will certainly bring her many readers, and especially inexperienced ones, and we regret to see her employed in fostering the frivolities of the ignorant young. It is a book which will only do harm.

One of the best novels which has appeared in a long time is Mrs. Edwards's "Ought We to Visit Her?" — that is, Jane, wife of Mr. Theobald, who before her marriage was a dancer, or about to be, and at any rate of origin and associations altogether Bohemian. The people who will not visit her are the relations of Mr. Theobald, and all the respectable people in Chalkshire, among whom he takes her to live after a free, happy, hap-hazard life on the Continent. It would be a pity to tell the story, further than to say that the pretty, good-hearted, witty, charming little victim, shunned for no reason by these good people, and deserted by her worthless husband, who takes up an old flirtation with an old reprobate fine lady to beguile the dullness of Chalkshire, comes near being driven into wickedness, but is saved on the way to elopement by one of those sudden fevers which lie in wait in novels, and is reconciled to her husband, and joyfully leaves Chalkshire with him and goes back to their free life on the Continent. Dull respectability and convention are too much for them, and they must fly or be crushed; yet she has done no wrong. The merit of the story is in the clearness with which Jane's character is portrayed as of that strength and simple goodness and fidelity which perhaps as often go with a fair face as with a plain one; and in the evident reality of the pictures of society. Since Thackeray we do not know of better studies of social meanness and feebleness; and all is done with a temperance and self-restraint wonderful in a woman.

The "Muskingum Legends" are, to our thinking, by no means the best work the author could now show the public, and we speak of the book because we wish to recognize a real talent in him rather than because we find his excellence here. The "Legends" themselves seem a fruit of earlier years, and are few in number, the greater part of the volume being made up of sketches of Germany, — a very interesting account, among the rest, of the leading German newspaper, the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. In

"Some German Characteristics" Mr. Powers mentions that curious fancy for denationalizing themselves which the Austrian Germans have, and becoming in name and language Magyars in Hungary and Italians in the Tyrol; and otherwise he shows a good feeling for facts and an unusual tendency to philosophize them. "Student Rambles in Prussia" reveals a clear eye and quick thought, and will be found entertaining even after so much spiked helmet as the whole world has lately had. "California Saved" and "The Freedman's Bureau" indicate what the author can do in observing our own affairs and generalizing upon them, and reveal more and more a temperate, solid, and unprejudiced disposition. It is not that he is always right, but that he always desires to be so, which makes us hope for much valuable work from him. In some Californian papers which he has printed in the "Atlantic," we suppose all our readers noticed a freshness and force of description, and a style that was very pleasant and quite Mr. Powers's own.

We trust, also, since we respect our readers very much, and desire to think well of their perceptions and opinions, that they have felt the original quality of Mrs. Thaxter's poems, which are now collected and given the general public in a very pretty volume. It seems a pity that all should not know how truly out of the sea is this verse, so full of the sea's beauty and terrible-ness; but we must not ask the poet to say more than she has chosen, and the wild shores, the lighthouse in calm and storm, the wrecks, and the graves of the shipwrecked men, must go without locality save to those who can read between the lines. A seriousness, almost a sadness, broods over the most peaceful pictures in the book, as if the poet were too deeply sensible of all the unrest and trouble held in abeyance in the scene to be gay; and the course of nearly every poem is to seek relief from the peace, or tempest, or mystery in a religious aspiration or reassurance. This gives a monotony to the meditative poems, and the other pieces have an advantage that might not appear if both kinds were read singly. Still we believe that "The Spaniards' Graves" is the best of all the poems, because having moved the reader's heart with a just emotion, it leaves him to think his own thought. We do not mean, however, that "The Wreck of the Pocahontas" is not very fine, nor that any of the poems is less than good.

They are singularly equal in their goodness, and there is none of them but has lines that distinctly picture what the writer has seen and felt. Notable for such lines are "Rock Weeds," "The Wreck of the Pocahontas," "Land-locked," "Off Shore," "Twilight,"—nay, all, including the "Poems for Children," which we are loath to give up to them.

We do not know that we can promise the reader of Mr. Piatt's new volume any pleasure different in kind from that he must have felt in other books of the same poet; but we can assure him of the renewal of the charm they had. No one else has so well expressed one of the most characteristic sentiments of Western life,—that tenderness for the past, which, like the homesickness of the emigrant made perpetual in the new land, attends all its rapid changes with sad regret, and clings pensively to the "landmarks" of its near antiquity. The first poem in the book is full of this pathos, for it tells how, in the sudden Western city, a fond heart dreams of the paternal farm lost under its streets and houses; and four or five poems that follow are in the same mood, with the same mournful and pleasing music. The other pieces are of a sort which Mr. Piatt has taught us to expect from him; the thought sometimes as fugitive and tricky as faces seen by firelight on a window-pane, with here and there also strenuous lines that take the sense mightily, and always original feeling, grace, admirable skill in verse.

The town of Rye, situated within territory long under dispute, by Connecticut and New York, numbers among its citizens and ministers the Rev. Charles W. Baird, one of those diligent, painstaking, and inquisitive historical students, to whom, as a class, our towns, counties, and States are indebted for so much unrequited labor in searching out and presenting in an interesting and authentic way the annals of the past. The labor of six years of research on Mr. Baird's part has resulted in the admirably told story of his native town as gathered from the fortunes of the community and the successive generations of its members. Mr. Baird makes, indeed, an exhaustive study of his subject. He relates the early settlement of the region whose scenery and natural features he describes; he searches out the names, character, and personal history of the first adventurers, and portrays for us the hard circumstances, some of them peculiar to the experience of

that company, under which they had to struggle for life subsistence and the institutions essential to a municipal organization. He revives for us the old household life, the means of intercourse by old Indian trails, and hard, winding roads, and the embarrassments attending communication with other settlements; he tells us of the Indians, the old physicians and lawyers, the slaves, and the schoolmasters and ministers, and the notable men and women of the early days. Very pleasant are his pictures of the peaceful times in that locality. But his pen has to be largely occupied with relations of times and occasions and scenes of strife. For each generation of its inhabitants Rye had matter of exciting and alarming experience. King Philip's war, the war of the Revolution, in which Rye occupied the unenviable position of so-called neutral ground, and the war of the Rebellion, come in with their intenser panics to vary the long and vexatious course of controversy as to pre-emptory rights, territorial alterations, shifting allegiance between two States, and resistance to arbitrary measures on the part of New York governors. We do indeed miss from these pages those quaint passages in the delineation of domestic, municipal, and ecclesiastical affairs, and in the description of individuals of marked character with their romantic experiences, which are the charm of many histories of the old towns of a strictly New England planting and discipline. But this lack in the book before us is offset by some peculiar incidents in the annals of Rye connected with its position as a border town, the jurisdiction of which was contested.

Rye was first settled by the English, while the Dutch were still holding New York as the Province of New Netherlands. It embraced the territory called by its aboriginal occupants, the Mohegan Indians, Peningo, lying on the shore of Long Island Sound, with the small neighboring island, about a mile long, separated from it by a narrow channel, called Manussing. The settlers were a company of New England men, going from Greenwich in 1660. Three original purchasers, under the lead of Peter Disbrow, obtained a deed of the territory from the Indians. The company was afterwards extended to a body called "The Eighteen Proprietors." They considered themselves as owners of the land as far back to the unknown jumping-off place at which nature furnished a boundary. The company held

the lands in common. Enough of it was immediately portioned off to its actual occupants for tillage, pasturage, and woodland, while the little band of partners were held to be owners with a right to sell, transfer, or bequeath their respective shares in the great undivided remainder, as the expansion of the settlement or the needs of the people should open the reserved wilderness. That word "wilderness," however, which we use to designate the soil occupied here by the original European colonists, was hardly applicable to very many of the patches of which our imported civilization availed itself. Wherever they could do so, the early settlers took possession of meadow lands covered only with a rank grass which yielded an arable field or a grazing pasturage after the fire had passed over it. Other patches, like those first improved by the proprietors of Peningo, had been cleared and tilled by the Indians. Had Rye remained undisturbed under the jurisdiction of Connecticut, it would have had, like the other New England settlements, a comparatively tranquil development, under like civil and religious institutions. But as it was claimed by New York even when it was not actually under that government, the proprietary rights of the settlers were always in peril. Both the Dutch and the English governors of New York were in the habit of giving away land most lavishly to their favorites. They thus bestowed unmeasured tracts of the size of dukedoms, and even gave the same regions to different parties, and had no regard to Indian deeds, squatter rights of possession, or the claims of those who had given lands nearly their whole value by improving them. In this way a certain John Harrison received, in 1695, a grant which included a great part of Rye. By the same arbitrary prerogative English governors of New York introduced and made compulsory the support of the English Church in that settlement, though the large body of the people had no sympathy with it.

Up to the year 1683 Rye had annually sent its deputies to the Court at Hartford, and the journey was not by any means one of ease or pleasure. Connecticut, after its fashion in those days, considered its authority available, and even under stringent obligation, for providing and insisting that every settlement under its control should be supplied with a learned, able, and devoted minister,—of course of the true faith, —and that the people should unite in his

support, and maintain religious observances. The Court was greatly exercised by the seeming neglect and indifference of Rye about these essential matters appertaining to godliness. Repeated reminders and rebukes were administered to the people, and finally the Court declared that if they did not at once meet the requirements of the case, compulsory measures should be taken, and a fit preacher and pastor should be selected and set over them. Though it does not appear that Rye was a godless place, or that the people were in any way alienated from religion, it must be owned that they did not make such efforts and sacrifices in its cause as did neighboring settlements that were even sparser and poorer. It is evident that the zeal of the Puritan Court at Hartford was somewhat sharpened by the rumor that the actual wants of the people of Rye were fully satisfied by certain irregular ministrations of the Word without "ordinances," provided by a class of strolling or local volunteers, gifted brethren, or Quakers from Long Island. Such substitutes only aggravated the difficulty. But Rye was soon put upon a regular footing in this respect, with the other settlements. The Court at Hartford afterwards proved its friendliness by granting a brief of solicitations for help, by which in all the churches of the jurisdiction valuable contributions were made to Rye to help its people, oppressed by the support of the Church of England, to build a meeting-house for the Puritan worship.

Though Rye was ceded to New York in 1683, it "revolted" back again to Connecticut in 1697. When a New York sheriff came to the place at that time to serve a writ, "up comes Major Sellick of Stamford, with fifty Dragones, whom he called his life guard, with their arms presented" in behalf of Connecticut. But the resistance was ineffectual. By command of the king, Rye was remanded to the Province of New York in 1700.

Rye, like all the other old New England towns, had just enough concern with negro slavery to realize its evils, and to make comparatively easy the work of abolition. The Duke of York, who held the Province of New York, was himself at the head of an English company chartered with peculiar privileges for carrying on the slave-trade. An extract from the Rye records, a hundred and thirty years after its settlement, is worth quoting, alike as recognizing the existence of chattel slavery and as

a free experiment in the art of spelling. James Mott alienates to Humphrey Underhill "A Sartain neger named Jack aged about fortene yeres or thareabouts." To all the other evils of shiftlessness and wastefulness attending the tolerance of negro slavery, New York and the towns under the jurisdiction of that Province were subject to all the harassing panics arising from apprehended negro insurrections. When a supposed plot for burning the city was detected in 1712, nineteen negroes were hung, on the charge of being concerned in it.

The sorest experiences of the people of this place were incident to its position during nearly the whole period of the Revolutionary struggle. Neutral territory it was, indeed, but the inhabitants and others in a wide neighborhood — such of them at least as did not belong successively to both sides of the combatants — were forced to an all the more intense espousal of the foreign or native interests which were under contest. Direful sufferings from lawlessness, treachery, and all the brutalities, havoc, and fierce passions of war were the lot of the people of Rye. But the place has its roll of heroes of either sex.

A town history, marked by such varieties of incident and experience as are recorded in this large and elegant volume, is a rich contribution towards what will prove to be the complex annals of our whole country.

#### FRENCH AND GERMAN.\*

IN his *Réforme Intellectuelle et Morale* M. Renan has chosen no simple subject, although it is one that will recommend the book to every reader. He has a good right to speak, because, to a certain extent, he foresaw the danger into which France was running; and even when the country was apparently at the height of its prosperity, he was able to detect the ignorance

\* All books mentioned in this section are to be had at Schönhof and Möller's, 40 Winter Street, Boston.

*La Réforme Intellectuelle et Morale.* Par ERNEST RENAN, Membre de l'Institut. Paris, 1872.

*Notes sur l'Angleterre.* Par H. TAINÉ. Paris, 1872.

*Tableaux de Siège.* Par THÉOPHILE GAUTIER. Paris, 1871.

*Le Drame du Vénus.* Par M. BEULÉ, Membre de l'Institut. Paris, 1872.

*Die grossen Pianoforten Virtuosen unserer Zeit.* Von W. VON LENZ. Berlin, 1872.

*Zehn Ausgewählte Essays zur Einführung in das Studium der modernen Kunst* von HERMAN GRIMM. Berlin, 1871.

and corruption that were preparing the government, and with it the country, for their defeat. What France has more especially needed is a healthy opposition; the weakness of that which existed was clearly shown in the failure of the government of the 4th of September; and M. Renan, in the plan that he suggests for the remoulding of the country, shows often too much of the visionary enthusiasm of the scholar, and too little of a practical comprehension of affairs. Then, too, he is an aristocrat, and we are very far from the time when scholars and aristocrats shall arrange the method of government without the interference of the grimy-handed workman. What stands most in the way of his plan is democracy, and democracy is as selfish as despotism. Universal suffrage he would so far modify as to make two chambers, one of which should consist of members to be chosen by electors directly appointed by the people, and the other formed in such a way that every *force* in the state should have one or more representatives in proportion to its importance. Thus there would be a body consisting of professors, merchants, manufacturers, officers of the army and navy, members of the clergy, etc. The large cities, too, should have representatives. In regard to a question which is attracting more or less interest in the rest of the world, he thus expresses his opinion:—

"I confess that I should prefer a system still more representative, in which women and children should be counted. In the primary elections I would have the husband vote for his wife (in other words, have his vote count for two), the father vote for his children under age; I should likewise imagine that the mother and sister might intrust their power to a son or brother who should be of age."

But, whatever may be thought of the practicability of M. Renan's design, the wisdom of his views upon the urgent need in France of a sounder and wider system of education cannot be denied. Often before he has earnestly appealed in behalf of this. He would imitate the German universities, and, as far as possible, throw aside all the official formalities that have so hampered the educational advance of France. We have not space for a full discussion of the reforms he proposes; his opinions are well worth reading, however. In addition, the volume contains some articles that had already appeared in the *Re-*

*vue*, and two letters to M. Strauss upon the war. Both of these are good, but the second is a model of elegant, courteous ridicule. It has lines in it that must make M. Strauss blush in darkest midnight, in densest Theban solitudes. The best thing about the book is its seriousness. The author keenly feels, as every Frenchman must, the troubles of his country, and is earnest in his hopes for reform, and reform for its own sake, not for the purpose of revenge. He says, "With serious efforts a rebirth might be possible, and I am convinced that, if France were to walk for ten years in the way we have tried to sketch, the esteem and good wishes of the world would absolve it from the need of revenge. Yes, it would be possible that one day this terrible war might be blessed and regarded as the commencement of a regeneration. It is not the only time that a war would have been more profitable to the conquered than to the conqueror. If the stupidity, negligence, sloth, and improvidence of countries did not necessarily entail their defeat, it would be hard to say to what degree of degradation the human race might not descend. War is one of the conditions of progress, the lash that prevents a country from falling asleep, by means of forcing self-satisfied mediocrity to awake from its apathy. . . . The day when humanity shall have become a great pacified Roman empire without outside enemies will be the day when intelligence and morality will run the greatest risks." Here, M. Renan speaks of human nature rather as it is than as we are told it is going to be in the improved future.

M. Taine's *Notes sur l'Angleterre*, a translation of which is about to appear in England, is very entertaining, and, more than that, very good. For, however we may be affected by his philosophizing, no one can deny that he is a keen observer and lively narrator. In this volume he gives us only notes, made from day to day, on everything he saw, and the result is a picturesque representation of various sides of life in England. He follows the Englishman from his nurse's arms to school, to the university, to his club, home, church, everywhere in fact, and jots down everything he sees. If he were a trained detective he could not be sharper eyed. Nor does he come with any prejudices to color what he sees. In fact, this book only adds to the proof given by his other works that M. Taine is not the most French of Frenchmen.

He is rather a clever man, with admirably trained powers of observation, a cosmopolitan with a French education underlying all that he has done for himself in later years, and which has given him his tendency to arrange all the world in labelled compartments, so that the Englishman represents to him so much beef, a damp climate, Puritanism, a home, and insularity; the Frenchman, theatres, the *café*, the boulevards, *esprit*, elegance, etc. But, while he draws these distinctions very sharply, he does not by any means hate and despise the Englishman for differing from the Frenchman. He notes the points of dissimilarity and tries to explain it; if his explanations are often insufficient and superficial, they are always entertaining. Towards the end of the book he gives us the general impression that his observation had made upon him, and some lines of this may be quoted: "In general, the Frenchman comprehends by means of classification and deduction, the Englishman by induction, by dint of attention and memory, thanks to the lucid and persistent representation of a quantity of individual facts, by the indefinite accumulation of documents brought from far and near. . . . In France there is nothing established that the young man can adopt; the Constitution, perpetually altered, has no authority; the religion belongs to the Middle Ages; old forms are discredited, the new ones are only sketched. From the time he is sixteen years old, doubt seizes him; he wavers, if he is at all intelligent, his most urgent need is to establish his own convictions, or at least his opinions. In England he finds established forms, the religion is almost reasonable, and the Constitution almost excellent; the awakening intelligence finds beforehand the broad line of its future beliefs. It does not need to build for itself a complete habitation; at most it conceives the enlargement of a Gothic window, the cleaning up of a cellar, the mending of a staircase." If this is not profound philosophy, the descriptive parts are well done.

Théophile Gautier has published a volume of delightful sketches of Paris during the siege called *Tableaux de Siège*. We do not find here any bursts of patriotism nor

serious propositions of reform. M. Gautier never shone as a sturdy moralist, and the war he has simply observed with the eye of an artist, watching the changes that it made in his beloved Paris. Unable to visit foreign parts, he makes the longest journey he can in one of the Seine boats, another day he strolls upon the ramparts, after the siege was ended he revisited his villa, which he found untouched, and everything he describes in his really inimitable style. The book is well worth getting, and may be particularly recommended to those who languished during the war for new French works, and since have grown tired of nothing but reports of campaigns and diaries of the siege. One page of his description is worth large numbers of such histories of the siege as we have received. It is an artist who writes, and not a book-compiler.

In *Le Drame du Vésuve*, M. Beulé has collected a series of papers that appeared in the *Revue* just before the war upon the destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii, and the results of recent excavations. He suggests that probably beneath the ashes and lava may still be found the ruins and remains of other cities of still older civilization than those we know about from history.

It is "with all reserves" that we venture to recommend here a book that perhaps belongs properly to another department, but we hope to be pardoned by those who may be persuaded to read it. It is Lenz's *Grossen Piano-forten Virtuosen unserer Zeit*. Those he has chosen are Liszt, Chopin, Tausig, and Henselt. He speaks of them all from his personal acquaintance, mentions many valuable reminiscences, and, in general, his book will be found of interest to such of our readers as play the piano, if any such there be. As bits of biography they are invaluable. Indeed, in our opinion, the book might well be translated by some music-loving German scholar.

Herman Grimm has collected and published ten of his essays as an introduction to the study of modern art. Many of them will be found to be old acquaintances, others again will probably be new to most of his readers.



## ART.

## BOSTON.

THE excellent custom of exhibitions of an artist's collected works seems to be coming into favor. It is a fashion by which a sincere and honest painter, of however modest merit, can hardly fail to profit. There is sure to be something interesting in any full presentation of a talent. Certain frank weaknesses legitimate themselves and are accepted as the inevitable condition of its exercise, and scattered merit joins forces to demand proper credit. Mr. Foxcroft Cole has, during the last month, placed on exhibition at Messrs. Doll and Richards's a very interesting series of landscapes. Hung in the presence of a masterly foreign work, of which more anon, they bravely hold their own. They are indeed themselves foreign works; and if we had not been otherwise informed, we should have taken them all for the produce of a French studio. It is French nature, in Mr. Cole's case, as well as French treatment. His subjects have an indefinable air of being meant, or at least of being used, to be painted, which has not as yet come to be a feature of American landscape. Theme and manner, however, are evidently so thoroughly congenial to the artist's talent, and his look at nature is so direct and attentive, that he strikes us in no degree as one of those ineffectively imitative spirits who bloom feebly on the outskirts of genuine schools. Mr. Cole deals with the common facts of French scenery, that homely range of rural feature which gives at once so much of its poetry and its prose to French landscape art. His pictures speak for themselves as direct out-of-door work, in which the aim has been the general and immediate effect, unmodified by fancy or reflection. Taken together, they produce a singularly grateful impression of honesty and sensibility. The painter gives us, in some cases, rather less than we would desire, but he gives us nothing that we would wish away. We remember in none of his pictures the hint of an artificial or arbitrary effect. They have rather less of a motive—an imaginative or reflective germ—than we ourselves like to find in a picture,—that lingering relish for something in objects over and above their

literal facts, which occasionally plays so happy a part in some of the smaller works of Mr. William Hunt. It seems a great pity that a painter should ever reproduce a thing without suggesting its associations, its human uses, its general sentimental value. Mr. Cole lingers little in this mood; but, thanks to his modest veracity, his studies are little the less pleasing and wholesome. He sees Nature rather more in dense green and grays than seems to us altogether fair to certain delectable reds and violets and browns, of which she drops a not infrequent hint. It speaks well, however, for his accuracy, that a little American subject is pitched in a different key from that of its French companions. Mr. Cole's art hovers, we think, rather too fondly just below the line which separates a study from a picture, and it decidedly gains when it shows a tendency to rise higher; as, for instance, in the charming scene representing the outer edge of a wood, with the breezy, cloudy sky and the sheep and shepherd wandering amid the high grass. Here and in the sketch of the green down, stretching toward a seaport, with the wall at the left and foliage massed above it, there is a commendable suggestion of composition. We confess that for a touch of intelligent composition we are heartily thankful. "Arrangement" in art has been much abused, but it is surely the soul of the matter; the point is of course to make it include the fullest measure of truth. Is it for lack of arrangement, of composition, of invention, that Mr. Cole's two large cattle-pieces—the feeding of the sheep in those odd-looking farmstead vaults—are not interesting in proportion to their obvious merits of vigor and care? The sheep are excellent,—lively, various, and expressive, and yet without that pedantry of texture so inaptly lavished upon these modest animals by many modern cattle-painters; but the two scenes are, in general, somewhat vacant. We must not, however, ask complex effects of a thoroughly simple painter,—one who has the merits as well as the defects of simplicity. Mr. Cole's work, as far as it goes, is altogether sound and successful.

There has been surely no finer landscape and no rarer piece of painting seen in America than the large Daubigny just



mentioned. It is one of those remarkable works which not only provoke questions, but commandingly answer them, and have a general intellectual value as well as a special artistic one. Upon the much-vexed question of the importance of the subject in art, it offers the most interesting testimony. The work is really a great picture, and yet the subject is inordinately plain and meagre. We may fancy it indeed to have been chosen for its aridity, so that the painter might reasonably propose to wring from it every latent particle of truth and beauty. His success has been extraordinary, and the spectator has the rare satisfaction of standing before a complete work. The subject is an autumn twilight; the scene a country road, which divides the canvas in the middle and slopes upward from the foreground to the high line of the near horizon. To the right, by the wayside, stands a line of meagre and stunted apple-trees, one of them, slightly detached, close to the front. Beyond these rolls a brown furrowed field, with a few tree-tops peeping over its edge, against the sky. To the left of the road the brown earth swells nakedly back in short perspective from a thin line of bushes; the top of a hayrick protrudes above the dark embankment. On the same side, in the middle distance, is a scanty group of smaller trees — hardly more than big bushes. Down the road comes a peasant-woman leading a child, with a small flock of sheep and a couple of cows. These figures are small and obscure. The sun has just disappeared behind the trees, below the crest of the hill, leaving evening on the rugged earth and in the sober-glowing sky. The elements of the picture are simple to baldness; its beauty lies in their having been made to yield their utmost. M. Daubigny has forbidden himself even the most customary aids to effect that are not of the very substance of his subject. His road wanders away in the light dusk with nothing to emphasize or relieve its perspective, and yet with a spacious reach and length which is the perfection of truth. Nothing in the picture betrays that vulgar wooing of immediate illusion with which so many clever painters overstep the modesty of nature; illusion comes, but it comes slowly, gradually, and leaves you not cheated, but persuaded. The painter has chosen Nature in a low-voiced mood, but he has won her secret without forcing her tone. The modelling of the clodded and furrowed sur-

face of road and field is singularly rich and powerful, and may stand as a signal example of the possible beauty of treatment as treatment. It is not often, we fancy, that the eye finds rarer entertainment in a picture than it may enjoy in a leisurely perusal of this deep interpretation of a homely fact of nature. M. Daubigny's sky corresponds admirably well with his earth, — a sunset without color or cloud or non-essential incident of any sort; a composition of pure light and atmosphere. The stages and gradations, the fine tremor and evanescence of this tranquil glow, are rendered with a mastery certainty and temperance of touch. The painter has "indulged" himself, as we may say, only in his line of forlorn little trees which bristle against the sky. The mellow concentration of light about their meagre foliage is one of the few "picturesque" passages in the work. Their unfruitful scrubbiness, as the level light penetrates and exposes it, is one of the most powerful notes in the picture. The figures in the foreground are vague in the gathering dusk, but they complete the spectator's impression of the close of a day of arid rustic toil. Along many such a stretch of naked road, beneath just such a common sunset flush, in the history of human weariness, must heavy *sabots* have trudged to hovel doors. The whole aspect of the scene is one of unrelieved gravity and penetrating sadness.

These remarks may fairly suggest the great merit of the picture, — its almost mystifying union of the common and the rare, its rich and comprehensive simplicity. Its great charm, to our taste, is not that of its parts, but that of its spirit, — we had almost said of its moral. In every strong work there lurks some passionate conviction; and the lingering observer feels that he has done but half justice to M. Daubigny, unless he has risked a guess at his artistic creed. That art is thoroughness and intelligent choice, that beauty is sincerity, that Nature is so infinitely rich and mysterious and elusive that the artist who would not be superficial must deal with her simplest and most familiar phases, that this same superficiality is the only vulgarity and the only immorality, and that to be broadly *real*, in any case, is to be interesting, — some such lesson as this seems vaguely to syllable itself in M. Daubigny's masterpiece. And yet to the out-and-out realists it affords but partial countenance; for it is to our sense an eminently sentimental

work. Its strong point is neither the scraggy and wind-nipped apple-trees, nor the luminous sky nor the heavy soil, but the indefinable dignity and solemnity of its total character. In the old-fashioned sense of the word, it is not a composition. Pictorial tradition is violated; the parts are not distributed; the centre is full and the circumference empty. But the pathos of natural poverty and the poetry of an evening hour find supreme expression. The menace of unilluminated night and of the morrow's toil, the sense of autumn chilling toward winter, the sadness of the lowly hill-crest and its bleak exposure, — these are the true subject of the picture, and along this scale the composition ranges. Art, too, is philosophy; M. Daubigny has fixed and proved something.

It is not without profit to pass from this work to the large view of the "Grindelwald Valley," by Mr. J. Appleton Brown, lately exhibited in Boston, and now placed in the Athenæum, — a forcible example of the school of art which holds that a "rough likeness" is better than none at all. Mr. Appleton Brown's picture is a capital specimen of what the French call *à peu près* treatment. He has chosen his subject with an audacity which nearly approaches temerity, and he is in the nature of the case, as it were, pledged to be superficial. His philosophy is evidently not that of M. Daubigny, nor even that of Mr. Cole. His scene is the long vista of the Grindelwald valley, on a morning, we should suppose, of early spring; in the near distance rises from base to summit a broad section of the Oberland chain. The composition of the picture is simple, if anything in such a subject can be called simple; the long green hollow of the valley with its narrow flats and its concave acres of forest, and across it the great ice-wall of the Jungfrau and her sisters. No one who has gazed at leisure on Alpine snow-fields and summits, and been charmed, perplexed, and oppressed by the vision, but will sympathize with a clever painter's impulse to attempt a sketch of the matter. A sketch, however, in this case, is vain; the theme is a problem and to be treated as a problem. A mountain, we take it, is the most difficult object in nature to paint. Mr. Appleton Brown's work is a huge sketch, which would be decidedly pleasing but for its incongruous air of pretension to being a picture. The incongruity lies in the absence of the look of study. The Jungfrau — is it the Jungfrau? — rises

with a certain superficial effectiveness, but its divine and dazzling mass is altogether unmodelled. Those stupendous reaches of snow, of glacier, of pinnacle and chasm, have the unpardonable defect of being thinly painted. The same reproach holds good of the sky that lends them its light; it is shallow and vapid. Reverting to M. Daubigny's solemn treatment of his wayside earth-bank, we cannot but fancy that it is better to do a small thing richly than to do a large thing meagrely. We speak the more frankly because, very properly, the author of the "Grindelwald Valley" is sure of a number of admirers. By a large class of observers refined artistic work will always be unheeded; they are satisfied with broad hints. Such observers will derive a great deal of innocent pleasure from the belief that Mr. Appleton Brown has done justice to the great sweep of an Alpine valley and the light-bathed majesty of an Alpine peak.

#### NEW YORK.

THERE was a time, and but a few years back, when the Annual Exhibitions of the National Academy of Design in New York were representative of the art of the city and State. The younger artists looked forward for months with interest, often with eagerness, to the Exhibition rooms, as many young ladies look forward to the first ball of the season. To get their pictures admitted, to have them well hung, was something of an event for that year. "Varnishing-day" was a reunion of brother-brushes from far and near. It was on a good hanging that much of their reputation depended. It was from the Academy walls that they hoped to sell their works to rich amateurs. The art-critics of the newspapers reserved their thunder or their sunshine for that occasion above all others. That time has gone by. The Academy Exhibition is no longer one bright particular star, but one among several luminaries.

And yet the Academy of Design, in its standard of excellence, in the character of the works exhibited, in the thoroughness of art-tuition in its schools, and facilities afforded to pupils, is far in advance of what it was twenty or thirty years ago. Neither is there any diminution, but rather an increase, in the number of visitors attending the Exhibition. What is the reason of this decline of centrality? We know of none that proves anything against vitality and progress in the institution itself.

Perhaps the chief reason why our artists neglect to send their best works is the obvious one, that there are other exhibition-rooms in the city, such as Goupil's, Snedecor's, Schaus's, Bogardus's, and others (to say nothing of galleries in other cities), where they think they have a better chance of disposing of them. Then the custom among the artists of having receptions on regular days through the winter, at their studios, may be another reason.

It is certain that the Academy does not succeed as it once did in getting together thoroughly representative collections of painting or sculpture, and this notwithstanding the efforts of the council to obtain the best within reach.

Until within a year or two there was but one exhibition a year,—in the spring. Now they endeavor to keep open a nearly continuous exhibition through the year, but still making the spring occasion the strongest. To this only fresh pictures of living artists, or those not before publicly exposed, are admitted. But to the fall and winter exhibitions, works old or new, fresh or well known, are sent, and can be withdrawn at the pleasure of the artist.

In the gallery this winter there are not many works of much interest. Mr. Bierstadt sends one picture, among the best, which would be a large picture for any but Bierstadt. For him it is small. It is called "In the Rocky Mountains"; probably no particular spot in the Rocky Mountains, or he would have specified. For it is known that Mr. Bierstadt, even in his largest and most popular views of that region, is not over-scrupulous in adhering to exact literalness, but aims to give the *characteristics* of such scenery,—a great error, in which Mr. Church preceded him in his "Heart of the Andes." One would think that when artists go so far, and into unexplored regions, for their material, they would take pains to bring back the exact reality, as nearly as possible, and be careful not to indulge too much in composition. This picture represents a lofty, precipitous mountain region in the upper and background, partly hidden by cold gray storm-clouds, which cover one quarter of the whole canvas. Below the clouds, the sunlight breaks on a portion of the craggy mountain-sides, and on a lake, which extends, very still and clear, to the foreground. In the middle distance are forests of lofty trees, above which, on the left, rise a few bald cliffs, painted in muddy opaque gray.

In the foreground are a few deer on the brink of the lake. Like many of Bierstadt's less extensive canvases, the picture is cold and inharmonious in color, and wanting in transparent and luminous quality. There is an appearance of unreality,—of being too much *composed*; a striving after effect, without the power in color to produce it. In artistic skill it is inferior to another large but by no means remarkable picture by Sortel, a Frenchman, which hangs in the same room. The subject is similar (Alpine), and though colder in tone than Mr. Bierstadt's, yet, we think, is superior in harmony and in truthfulness of drawing.

Mr. De Haas, who has some reputation as a marine painter, exhibits two large canvases. The larger of the two represents "Farragut's Fleet passing the Forts below New Orleans." It is a night scene, calm, with a smooth sea, which is crowded with large ships, steamers, and monitors. A good deal of firing is going on, and there is a fire blazing up from the shore. The scene is picturesque, but suggestive somewhat of scene-painting.

The other is a far better picture, in many respects,—"The Ruins of Grosner Castle." A high rocky promontory juts out on the right, with an old castle on its summit; the rocks and the ruin bathed in the red light of the sinking sun. The sea rolls in with tremendous waves. A sloop is dashed, a wreck, upon the rocks. The sun nears the horizon, and glares beneath heavy masses of ruddy clouds, and tinges the distant waves with a fiery glow. The conception is admirable. The spectator *feels* the awful dash and roll of the heavy billows, which are admirably painted. But the sky is harsh and violent, as Mr. De Haas's skies too often are; and this injures the picture, which otherwise would be very fine.

Mr. Shattuck's "White Hills in October" is another large picture of a good deal of artistic merit. The sky is soft and delicate, the clouds tinted with the sunset. The distant snow-clad mountains are dreamy and tender. A mountain stream, with breaks of waterfalls, come down toward the spectator. On either side are hills, forests, and rocks. A portion of the woods is clothed in the crimson and vermillion tints of October. The lower half of the view is in shadow. The light across the hills in the middle distance is not managed with sufficient force and clearness. A bit of rainbow on the left hardly harmonizes

with the gay autumn hues, and cannot well be accounted for just there; for one sees no rain-clouds. Nor do the red tints of the trees quite harmonize with the cool shadows in the lower half. The foreground lacks strength of handling. But on the whole it is a very agreeable picture, and carefully painted.

Mr. Kensett, though always good, is never so good as in his out-of-door studies. Especially in his larger pictures he fails to reproduce the spirit and truth of his studies. The "Mountain Gorge" here exhibited shows that he conceives and feels his subject, — for Kensett never paints without feeling, — but it lacks something of the mystery he would convey in the gloom of the gorge itself. On each side of the chasm rise steep mountain-sides, broken with rocks and trees, just touched with autumnal variegation, gradually disappearing in the gloom below. There is a glimpse of a waterfall far up the ravine, also in shadow. Above the shadows rise distant aerial mountain-peaks, one behind another (the best part of the picture). The composition is very simple. We miss the strength of handling, especially in the foreground, that is so notable in the French school. This has a tendency to flatness and thinness.

Mr. Hall wears us with his endless repetition of his one face, in his Spanish girls. He himself is not conscious of this sameness. Can it be that the Spanish peasants all resemble one another so strikingly? It is a pity that so genuine an artist should hurt his well-earned reputation by lapsing into his present style. He is becoming extremely mannered, and has fallen into a hard waxy style of flesh color, far less agreeable than his earlier manner. Mr. Hall's forests and flowers maintain their reputation, and we always greet them with pleasure.

There are two female heads that are noteworthy. One by Mr. Greene, a profile of a young girl, is extremely delicate and refined and charming in color, though somewhat conventional: the other is a strange head by Mr. Vedder, which certainly is wholly unconventional; a wide-eyed sibylline-looking creature, such as one might have met in a dream. It is remarkable, too, for a very skilful artistic treatment, in which there is no shadow, and just such a dubious light as one sees in dream-land.

The Annual Exhibition of the Artists' Fund Society was opened to the public at the

Summerville gallery on the 22d of January. This society was organized in 1859, and its objects are the accumulation of a fund for the aid of its members and their families, in case of sickness and distress. Each member is required to contribute on entrance a picture as initiation fee; and after that a picture annually, valued at not less than \$75. The pictures are exhibited and sold at auction for the benefit of the fund. All pictures selling for over \$100 return the surplus to the artist. The society numbers at present, I think, something over fifty members. The fund arising from these sales has accumulated to at least \$60,000. At the death of any member, the interest of \$2,500 is paid to his widow or heirs.

The exhibitions are always respectable; but most of the pictures are small, and, as a general thing, not the very best efforts of the artists. The present collection is of about average excellence. Among the best are those by Kensett, Whittredge, Loop, Pope, Bristol, Casilear, Cranch, Guy, J. G. Brown, and others.

The Fifth Annual Collection of the American Society of Painters in Water-Colors opened to the public on the 26th January in the rooms of the Academy. The exhibition strikes us as one of their very best. It comprises about three hundred and forty pictures, few of which are positively bad, while one might set down at least three fourths of the collection as positively good, and well worth seeing frequently.

We must confess to a feeling of cheerful exhilaration in stepping out of the room devoted to oil-paintings, into the water-color department. It is like a change to a brighter key and an airier and lighter movement in music.

The establishment of this young water-color society has had one wholesome effect in art-development; it has offered to the painters this very change of key, and has proved that some of them can do better in water-colors than in oils. It has brought them out of the old ruts in which they were running. It seems to have opened a field for color and effect, and a free brush, in a department where they are less fettered than in oil-processes and oil-subjects; and are better able, by clear washes of tint, to express their more evanescent and rapid passages of thought. At least so we incline to think. Yet water-color is more limited in power than oil-painting. It is less favorable to larger paintings or (unless by great

labor and skill) to great force of actual representation of life and nature.

Among so many clever pictures, and charming "bits" of painting, Mr. S. Colman's are of the best. Besides a number of admirable *morceaux* from the East and from the West, there is a larger and more elaborate picture, which arrests the attention, representing a "Spanish Bull-fight in the Seventeenth Century." In a wide arena, whose seats are filled with gay crowds and surrounded by magnificent architectural piles, rising in warm rosy light, is what purports to be a bull-fight. The fight, however, is not the point of interest here, as perhaps it should be. Mr. Colman has made it accessory to the elaborate architecture, the gorgeous color, the effect of warm sunlight and shadow of a Spanish afternoon. The dominating idea is in the surroundings. The bull-fight is only thrown in for the sake of the figures; which, however, are not much better than landscape-painters' figures generally are. But the *ensemble* of the scene is striking.

There is a charming picture, of good size, by George H. Smillie, "Under the Pines of the Yosemite." Two large brown pine-trunks rise about thirty or forty feet to the top of the picture. Indians are encamping beneath. The twilight is stealing over the scene, and in the distance tower the crags of the Yosemite, picturesque and grand, and bathed in the last rays of the setting sun. The work is full of artistic skill and of poetical feeling, and gives us delightful associations with this romantic and unexplored region.

Several small pictures by Mrs. S. T. Darrah impressed us as exceedingly artistic in treatment and feeling. One is a rough but very suggestive bit of brown autumnal landscape, with leafless trees,—an old deserted hut, and the sea beyond. Another, "By the Sea," is admirable for the impression it conveys to the imagination by the very simplest means. There seems to be little more than blots and washes of

color, rough and sketchy, and yet so suggestive, so effective! Nothing but a bit of sandy sea-coast, dotted with tufts of brown dry grass; a dash of dark color representing a stranded boat, "old ocean's gray and melancholy waste" beyond, and over all a dull gray melancholy sky. Here is little to describe, yet how much that little expresses!

Among the oil-painters who do better in water than in oils may be mentioned Mr. Kruseman Van Elter, who exhibits two excellent works,—“Evening on Lake Henderson”; a simple lake scene, with rocks, and tall, overhanging beeches, and distant hills in an autumnal sunset; and “Home Scene in Holland,” composed of old low-roofed cottages shadowed by trees, and flanked by hedges, with well-arranged figures of old women weeding, or hanging clothes.

Mr. R. S. Gifford contributes some interesting studies of Arabs, and Eastern boats; and Mr. L. C. Tiffany, who was his companion in his Eastern voyage, has some picturesque architectural pieces, and one very vigorous study of an old monk.

Miss Eddy exhibits an admirable study of “*Nasturtiums*,” and another of “*Trailing Arbutus*,” and other flower-pieces, which are admirable in color and in artistic effect. Mr. W. T. Richards has two or three sea-coast views of high finish and truthfulness, in a very low gray tone. Mr. J. W. Hill has never done better than in two of his landscapes, “*On the Nyack Turnpike*,” and “*View from Gallows Hill, Connecticut*.”

Among the water-colorists here represented, but whose works we have no space to notice, may be named as worthy of honorable mention Mr. H. Fenn, Mr. Gilbert Berling, Mr. A. F. Bellows, Mr. Charles C. Ward, Mr. G. A. Gilbert, Miss F. Bridges, and Mr. D. Fowler. This last artist (a new name to us) contributes a large number of studies of flowers, game, etc., which are very bold and striking for color and effect.

## MUSIC.

AS Mr. Carl Gaertner's "Art of Singing" \* does not purport to be a condensed translation of an important French work on the same subject, it would perhaps be impertinent to say the translation is very badly done; yet there is so much in the book that, although disguised by a clumsy and ungraceful diction, evidently owes its origin to Manuel Garcia's *Art du Chant*, that we can hardly treat it as an original work. Mr. Gaertner has transcribed page upon page of the *Art du Chant* and given it to the world as his own. Nearly all that relates to the technical part of the cultivation of the voice, all the exercises with the exception of six *vocalises*, are taken bodily from Garcia's work. But much that is important is left out. The exercises which Garcia has explained in the most careful manner are in Mr. Gaertner's work put before the pupil almost without explanation. Of that part of the book which is original with Mr. Gaertner it is difficult to speak except in the vaguest terms. He flounders about in a curiously indefinite and aimless way among such truisms as "the power of song is, in its noblest, highest senses, marvellous, irresistible!" and other expressions equally ecstatic and from the point. At times the spirit of partisanship lashes him into something distantly approaching definite expression, and he belabors the advocates of ideas opposed to his own with great candor and considerable show of temper. Against the employment of the Italian *portamento* he is particularly violent. "Those vocal theoreticians and teachers," he says, "who consider the *portamento* as something mysterious, believe that, with the disappearance of 'giants and heroes,' the mystery has ceased to be comprehensible to us, unless we contrive wholly to appropriate their method of instruction. I differ from them, and can express my views through the following assertion: The German, who can boast of possessing the greatest musical master-works of the world, and who has been cultivated in the same, requires neither *castratos* nor Italian schools of Pistocchis, Berlochis, Berlachis, etc., in order to learn about the

binding or tying together of notes. And is it then necessary to go to Bologna to find out what this binding or tying together of notes is? These excellent professors who pamper themselves so greatly in their own folly, and strew sand in the eyes of the public, that they may fix their price of tuition as high as possible, and make a stir and excitement, are often unable to teach rightly the A B C. If these gentlemen and ladies took pains to impart to their pupils the foundations of a good school, we should have singers enough who could understand how to study the *soffeggio*, and voices would then cease to be ruined by ignorant teachers, as is now too often the case."

However little Mr. Gaertner and his countrymen may require Italian schooling (concerning which statement we must confess to some grave doubts), he most assuredly stands in need of an Italian or Latin dictionary to teach him that *portare* does not signify *to tie*, as he says "every musician of any degree of cultivation knows," but *to carry*. Some of his other statements in opposition to the French and Italian schools are more plausible because put more coolly and dispassionately. He says: "Duprez goes too far in the very beginning of his school, by directing his exercises (*soffeggios*) to be sung with religious character (*religioso*), with resignation, passionately, with transport, etc., etc. One ought to aim at making the sense and import of a composition clearly perceptible; and whilst we do so by rendering it correctly as it is written, there the idea is forced upon the composition. With us, the expression is a natural consequence of the understanding; there, it is introduced at pleasure as an imaginary supposition." Now this idea, namely, that expression in singing and playing is the natural consequence of the understanding or of sentiment, is one that always has been and still is received with great favor by a certain class of persons, especially by *dilettanti* and critics who know nothing of the ways and means of attaining to a correct and artistic interpretation of a composition, however well they may be qualified either by their general musical education or natural musical instincts to judge of the excellence or imperfections of

\* *The Art of Singing*. By CARL GAERTNER. Philadelphia: Published by the Author; and Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.



such interpretation. Everybody who has had practical experience in the dramatic part of music,—that is, in making others feel what he himself feels,—knows that perception, feeling, or appreciation are vastly different things from expression. Every actor knows that if he expressed sorrow, joy, anguish, on the stage as he would in real life, the impression upon the audience would be either to put them to sleep—that is, no impression at all—or to make them laugh. Those persons who advocate with so much earnestness the naturalistic school of acting, forget that the whole atmosphere of the stage is artificial. Hysterical sobbing, the contortions of the body and countenance in an epileptic fit or after poisoning, red and swollen eyes, appeal to the heart very keenly, when we know that there is a terrible reality behind them. If we could but see Juliet just awakened from her trance and Romeo dying from poison, we should no doubt be deeply affected. But when we see Mr. A as Romeo and Mrs. or Miss B as Juliet in that scene, the probability of Romeo's smoking his cigar and of Juliet's going home to a comfortable mutton-chop and glass of stout as soon as the curtain falls, acts as a fearful disenchanter, unless A and B know how to *express to us* the feelings of the real Romeo and Juliet, and *make us feel* what we should feel were we witnessing the real catastrophe. It is just the same with expression in singing or playing. Let the singer feel the sentiment of his song ever so keenly, let him identify himself with the composer as he may, he may yet make no impression upon his hearers. If he allows himself to be too much affected by what he is singing, he loses control over his voice, his *fortissimo* grows to a bellow and his *pianissimo* degenerates into a whine. No, no! Let him go about all day in a musical ecstasy, let him lose sight of all sublunary affairs while alone, but when he comes to sing to us he must bear in mind that we do not come together to see *him* transfigured, but to be transfigured ourselves. He must now play the part of a reflector and turn back upon us all the luminous and thermic rays that fall upon him from that sun, the composer, that *we* may be illumined and glorified. Many, very many singers are most excellent absorbing agents of musical light, but it is only the few great artists who have learnt to be good reflectors.

Mr. Gaertner's style is often obscure, and he affects the use of such disagreeable Teu-

tonic agglutinations as "mouth-opening," "voice-culture," "tone-instrument," and the like. In fine, we see no good and sufficient cause for Mr. Gaertner's book appearing at all. All that is valuable in it is taken directly out of Garcia's work, and what Mr. Gaertner has written himself resolves itself into an attempt to prove the inferiority of the French and Italian schools of singing to what he calls the German school (every German with any ideas whatever on art, religion, or politics calls his opinions "national"), the fact being that a German school of singing, as such, does not exist, and whatever reputation many German singers may have, they almost without exception belong to the French or Italian schools. There is hardly a home-taught singer in Germany whose reputation is more than local.

Of recently published songs\* Frederic Clay's "She wandered down the Mountain-side" is particularly attractive. It is already well known as Miss Clara Louise Kellogg's *cheval de bataille* of ballads. It is very effective and can be ranked with the best songs of the Blumenthal type. It begins quietly, but not tamely, and steadily grows in intensity to the end, the climax being well led up to both in the melody and the accompaniment. In this respect it is far better than many of Milard's concert songs. The song is published in two different keys and with different accompaniments. In the edition in C the accompaniment strikes us as the better, though the first part of it sits rather awkwardly upon the piano. The edition in E♭ is better in this respect, but the nervous, restless syncopation that adds so much to the effect of the song in the latter half is here introduced too soon, and we prefer the smooth flow of the accompaniment in C for the quieter passages. Charles Santley's "Only to Love" is a

\* *She wandered down the Mountain-side.* Ballad by FREDERIC CLAY. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

*Only to Love, Ballad, and Nelly Darling.* By CHARLES SANTLEY. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

*The Snapped Thread.* Spinning Song, by HERMANN EISELDT. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.  
*Non Sa Romanza.* by ENRICO BEVIGNANI. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

*The Sailor's Story.* By HENRY SMART. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

*O sing unto the Lord.* By J. R. THOMAS. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

*Queen of the Beautiful.* By C. A. WHITE. Boston: White, Smith, and Perry.



good, vigorous song of the same school. It is, perhaps, one of those songs which, when not well sung, have no particular interest, but in the hands of a fine singer may be made wonderfully effective. "Nelly Darling," by the same composer, is thoroughly charming in its quaint, English spontaneity and directness of melody. H. Eisoldt's "The Snapped Thread" has many good points, but the last few bars are weak and bring the whole to an unsatisfactory conclusion. The best part of the song is from the change to F Major to the return to the original key of C. "*Nou So*," by Enrico Bevigiani is rather a commonplace song of the Italian school, though the last few measures of the second verse have a certain *flair* that shows it to be the composition of a singer who knows how to use his voice well. The accompaniment is in many places badly written for the piano-forte, as is the case in many Italian songs, but on the whole supports the voice well enough. Henry Smart's "The Sailor's Story" reminds one forcibly of songs of the old English school,—those hearty, vigorous bits of melody and harmony with which singers like Ingleton and Braham used to delight their audiences. The melody is pleasing, if not distinctly original, and the harmony uncommonly well written, full of energy and vitality. J. R. Thomas's "O sing unto the Lord," for quartette of mixed voices, and C. A. White's "Queen of the Beautiful," are not wholly without merit, though commonplace and uninteresting in their respective styles.

In piano-forte music\* we notice several pieces by William Mason. Some years ago this young composer published, among other things, a piece called "Silver

Spring," which has since had considerable vogue as a concert and exhibition piece. Though otherwise not a remarkable composition, it showed, in the way in which it was written for the instrument, that the composer had at his command all the various resources of modern piano-forte playing and knew how to use them to good effect. The pieces by him that we notice to-day give like evidence of having been written by an accomplished pianist. In them he seems to have based his style upon the Modern Romantic German school. The *Scherzo* and *Novelette* are very pleasing, though the former strains perhaps too much after quaintness and oddity in some of its harmonic progressions. The *Valse Impromptu* in A♭ seems to have been written more spontaneously, and on that account pleases us better. It is full of easy, natural grace, and is most beautifully put upon the instrument. The Prelude in A Minor strikes us as less good than the preceding and as rather forced, at times almost ugly. Goldbeck's "Supplication" is beautiful from beginning to end, the *serioso* movements in the middle showing much real sentiment and beauty of expression. Stephen A. Emery's "Impromptu" is written with great refinement of style, and shows a thorough acquaintance with the piano-forte. It is one of the most praiseworthy pieces of piano-forte writing that we know of by an American. Ernst Perabo's arrangement of the Schubert Variations is an interesting addition to the piano-forte literature of the day, and serves well to recall to the mind the effect of the variations in their original form. Sidney Smith's "*Jeu-nesse Dorée*" is a brilliant, taking galop, worked up with great spirit at the end with a *crescendo* in Rossini fashion.

\* *Scherzo and Novelette*. Two Caprices, by WILLIAM MASON. Boston: Koppitz, Prüffer, & Co. *Valse Impromptu and Prelude in A Minor*. By WILLIAM MASON. Boston: Koppitz, Prüffer, & Co.

*Supplication*. Romance, by R. GOLDBECK. Boston: Koppitz, Prüffer, & Co.

*Impromptu Op. 18*. By STEPHEN A. EMERY. Boston: G. D. Russell & Co.

*Andante with Variations, from Schubert's Quartette in D Minor*. Arranged by ERNST PERABO. Boston: Koppitz, Prüffer, & Co.

*Jeu-nesse Dorée*. Galop by SIDNEY SMITH. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

## SCIENCE.

IN a recent admirable little essay, entitled "Wear and Tear; or, Hints for the Overworked," Dr. Weir Mitchell calls attention to sundry interesting facts which seem to indicate that hard work is carried on in this country under peculiarly unfavorable conditions. Not only does it appear, from the testimony of numerous *savants*, that foreigners can support protracted brain-work better than Americans, but the evidence further goes to show that foreign students who come to this country find it harder to work here than at home; while conversely, American students who spend some time in Europe find their work less exhausting than at home. Between mental labor and the use of alcohol and tobacco, the connection may not at first seem obvious; yet when we remember that narcotic stimulants work their effects chiefly upon the brain and nervous system, there seems to be some significance in the facts that a quantity of wine which would produce certain intoxication in America may be drunk with impunity in England, and that a like relation holds in the case of tobacco.

Facts of this sort are difficult to establish with precision, and it does not come within our province to inquire into the evidence upon which they are based. Personally, we are inclined to accept them, and even to agree with Dr. Mitchell in ascribing them partly to climatic differences, not yet well understood, between our own country and Western Europe. Indeed, since we are really Englishmen, who have lived for only a couple of centuries in a climate very widely different from that of our mother-country, there is *a priori* very little reason for doubting that we may be as yet quite ill-adapted to the physical conditions of our new habitat, so that our strength cannot for the present be so favorably exerted as if we were still living in the mother-country. This may readily be granted without implying any necessary degeneracy of the English race in America, about which so much nonsense has been written, though not by Dr. Mitchell. We must remember that the English are not indigenous to England, but to Central Asia, and that a race which has not only survived but improved under one such trans-

planting may equally survive and after a while improve under another.

Putting aside such speculations about climate, we may assert, without fear of contradiction, that one respect in which social life in America contrasts unfavorably with social life in England (and still more unfavorably with European life in general) is the *feverishness* of its activity. As a general rule, the American is more jaded than the European. Where the latter takes two months of vacation, the former takes two weeks; and where the latter goes home at three in the afternoon, and dismisses business from his mind, the former goes home at six, and carries business home with him. The cause is perhaps to be sought in the excessive stimulus toward "getting on in life" which our social conditions afford. The effects are to be seen in our hot-bed system of education, in our prematurely care-worn faces, and in the steady increase of nervous diseases in our large towns. Though we are not a nation of scholars or abstract thinkers, there is no doubt that we work our brains more violently than any other people. To carry on a large business often involves more wear and tear of the higher nervous centres than to sit quietly in one's room and solve abstruse scientific problems. As Dr. Mitchell shows, the people who break down oftenest are not scholars or clergymen, but merchants and manufacturers who undertake large business operations early in life, and not seldom with borrowed capital. Lawyers and doctors, who necessarily begin with a small practice and slowly grow up to the requirements of a large business, rarely shouldering a heavy load until they are past the age of thirty, are much less subject to nervous diseases. And doctors, in spite of their very irregular habits of life, their midnight watchings and their hurried meals, withstand the wear and tear of brain-work better than any other class of people, owing no doubt to the large proportion of time which they spend in the open air.

And this leads to other kindred considerations. One chief respect in which our severe climate and our over-stimulating social conditions harass us, is the excessive preponderance of in-door activity which

they involve. Now man is not yet an indoor animal, though he seems to be in a fair way to become one ultimately. The intense pleasure and the renewed vigor which we feel in summer picnicks may serve to indicate the extent to which our old barbaric needs still assert themselves in our mental and physical constitution. We cannot, however, again become out-door barbarians; nor is it urged that barbaric life is more conducive to health than civilized life. We may nevertheless learn from the savage one all-important hygienic lesson. In innumerable ways the savage violates the laws of health; but he at least breathes pure air, and his blood is rapidly oxygenated. Now one of the worst features, perhaps the very worst, of our indoor activity is the way in which it interferes with the due aeration of our blood. And this is a feature of in-door life which we can and must obviate. Partly due to imperfect science, but still more to unpardonable carelessness of the plainest rules of hygiene, is the unquestioned fact that our houses, our school-rooms, our theatres, and our public conveyances are, as far as the atmosphere is concerned, foul dens of corruption. He who will read, for example, the two interesting papers on "Re-breathed Air," and on "Experiments with Air-Furnaces," in Dr. Nichols's just-published "Fireside Science," will not fail to appreciate the justice of our emphatic epithet. In these days of prohibitory liquor laws and anti-tobacco agitation, we may profitably bear in mind that the Indian weed (if practically a poison at all, which may be doubted) is far less poisonous than the carbonic oxide which burning anthracite invariably generates; and that where whiskey has slain its tens of thousands, re-breathed air has slain its tens of thousands. Indeed, it may be seriously questioned whether the latter demon is not a secret but powerful ally of the former, producing as it does that anæmia, or deficiency of red blood disks, which may well be supposed capable of urging the jaded system to solace itself by alcoholic stimulation. From the moral point of view our more just and enlightened posterity will probably regard the Pennsylvania coal monopolists of our time very much as we regard the Rhenish barons of the twelfth century, who used to levy blackmail on every innocent traveller; and from the scientific point of view they will probably look back upon us in our over-heated

and foul-aired houses with the same sort of pity with which we look back upon our ancestors in their unchimneyed, undrained, and plague-producing hovels. However this may be, it is incumbent on us, as our chief hygienic duty, on the one hand, to devise some efficient method of carrying re-breathed air out of our houses, and, on the other hand, either to cease using anthracite for domestic purposes, or to invent (if it be possible) some kind of stove or furnace which will not cause our faces to flush and our temples to throb under the influence of Stygian blasts of carbonic oxide.

In passing, we may observe that Dr. Nichols's little book above mentioned, under the title of "Fireside Science," contains a number of short essays, all of which are well worth reading, and many of which are of considerable practical value.

The age of crude and inaccurate scientific text-books, prepared by half-educated compilers, seems at last to be passing away. To say nothing of the admirable manuals by Lockyer, Williamson, Balfour Stewart, Huxley, and others, published by Macmillan & Co., and which contain what is needed by beginners in science, aided by ordinarily competent teachers, we now seem likely to get a series of works equally well executed upon a somewhat higher plane. Dr. Edward L. Youmans, of New York, — whose time seems to be wholly devoted to the disinterested service of science and of his fellow-men, — has conceived and partly carried into execution a project which cannot fail to be of the highest value in more ways than one. The leading thinkers and scientific inquirers of Germany, France, England, and America are to unite in producing a series of scientific monographs, to be called the "International Scientific Series." These works, to cite the English prospectus, "are not designed to instruct beginners, but for the information of the more cultivated classes, who may be assumed to know something of the rudiments of science, and to appreciate some closeness of exposition. Yet, as they are intended to address the non-scientific public, they will require to be thoroughly explanatory in character, and as free from technicalities as is compatible with entire truthfulness of representation. Among other aims of the series will be that of presenting scientific thought and information in a model form, combining simplicity with accuracy; and it is believed that writers, hav-

ing the consciousness that they are addressing the reading public of the chief civilized nations, will give earnest attention to the art of clear and attractive statement." These works are to be crown octavos, containing not more than 350 pages, and are to cost not more than two dollars each. As specimens of the high character of the projected series, we may mention that it will include monographs by Professor Huxley, on "Bodily Motion and Consciousness"; by Sir John Lubbock, on "The Antiquity of Man"; by Professor Virchow, on "Morbid Physiological Action"; by Professor Odling, on "The New Chemistry"; by Professor Ramsay, on "Earth-Sculpture"; by Professor Wurtz, on "The Atomic Theory"; by Professor Tyndall, on "Ice and Glaciers"; by Herbert Spencer, on "The Study of Sociology"; and so on. Many other works are already announced, but these will serve our purposes of illustration.

Regarded as a conscious and systematic organization of scientific effort for the instruction of the community in matters respecting which it is highly desirable that the community should be soundly instructed, this project—conceived by Dr. Youmans, and successfully carried into the first stages of execution by his nobly unselfish labor—is well worthy of the age in which we live. But there is yet another feature in it which must command our heartiest

praise. While our legislators are still groping in the dark as to the justice and expediency of allowing authors to be paid for their hard labor, private enterprise has here secured to a large number of authors the certainty of remuneration for works published simultaneously in four countries. The authors engaged in preparing works for this series are to be paid a royalty or fixed sum per copy by the publishers in each country, the royalty on the first thousand being prepaid by the publishers in England and America.

It need only be added that this series of works, having been organized by authors, will be controlled by authors. "At the late meeting of the British Association in Edinburgh, a committee of eminent scientific men was formed, who will decide on the works to be introduced into the series in England and the United States, upon the order of their publication, and upon all questions which may arise affecting the character of the enterprise, and the interests of the authors who take part in it."

Among the many philanthropic enterprises of our time, a project like this, which cannot fail to result in unalloyed benefit to every one, deserves especially honorable mention. And we do not fear contradiction when we call the news of its successful inauguration the most important scientific news of the month.

## POLITICS.

THE change which has taken place in the character of congressional debate since the days of Webster and Hayne—the change, as some one has called it, of a house of debate into a printing house—receives so many illustrations at each session, that it is difficult to know which to select as most apt. Perhaps the reply of Mr. Kelley of Pennsylvania to Mr. Brooks of New York, during the debate which took place on the 16th of January on the decline of American ship-building, may serve as well as another. Mr. Brooks having in his rhetorical and old-fashioned manner exclaimed, "Remove the duties on iron, copper, cordage, glass, and everything that

enters into the construction of ships, and forthwith the American flag, on ships built in New England, will be floating on all seas," Mr. Kelley made this business-like and orderly reply: "A letter from Mr. Cramp of Philadelphia, ship-builder, and which I will have printed in the 'Globe,' will be an effective answer to the gentleman"; and Mr. Kelley then made a brief abstract of Mr. Cramp's statements.

The rhetoric of the printing-press is emphatically a modern invention. Washington is now not the field where the battles of party are lost or won, so much as a fulminating centre of Republicanism, Democracy, Free-Trade, or Labor Reform. A

modern congressman, when he makes a great speech, does not debate; he addresses his constituents either through the columns of their daily newspaper or those of the 'Globe.' It may perhaps be doubted whether in the latter they are read. But they are actually printed by the public printer on the public press, — not as they were originally delivered, but with such emendations as the author sees fit to introduce.

But Congress is by no means the only governmental body which has called in the press to its aid. In almost every one of the Southern States, and in many of the Northern, there are indications that the executive finds its assistance necessary; official and "semi-official" organs begin to make their appearance in all quarters; where there are none of these, there are newspapers which are known "to be in sympathy with" the local administration. During the rule of Tammany in New York, the Ring made it their first business to secure the co-operation of the newspapers, and it was their want of success in this which caused their final overthrow. The advantage to an executive — naturally a silent branch of the government — of having a zealous and outspoken journal perpetually defending its acts, and waging war upon its enemies, can hardly be overestimated. It gives the executive, what under our system it would never otherwise have, a voice. It secures an object which in most European countries is gained by the presence of the ministry in the lower house of Parliament; but it secures it without the ensuing responsibility which that system entails. An administration speaking through the columns of a daily newspaper can never be held to any responsibility for its words. It may admit to-day, deny to-morrow, and reiterate the day after, without violating its legal duties. Its words, if fortunate, are its own; if unfortunate, the blame rests upon editorial shoulders.

It is not surprising, then, that the present administration finds a great convenience in the existence of a close sympathy between itself and one of the most prominent journals in New York. The instance is not likely to be a sporadic one. Administration organs are likely to become more rather than less common, and this probability suggests some interesting questions both with regard to journalism and to politics.

At the first blush it would seem as if the appearance in America of government organs were but one downward step in that easy descent to the *avertus* of centralization which the enemies of free institutions have so long been prophesying. If this assumption were correct, there would seem no obvious way of preventing the lamentable conclusion. No law or constitution could prevent the existence of political ties between an administration and a newspaper. Nothing could prevent it except the extinction of newspapers. What, then, is likely to be the effect of such alliances?

Their political effect is, undoubtedly, to strengthen the power of the administration, by increasing the opportunities, already quite numerous, for a mysterious, tentative, and indirect policy. With editorial assistance it sounds the public mind as to its own measures; as the result shows an inclination of the public mind one way or the other, the measures are abandoned or are prosecuted with vigor. In this condition of affairs, to know what the intentions of the government really are, a man must be struck between the irresponsible declarations of a newspaper and the authorized declarations of the executive; and this man is quite as likely to be wrong as to be right. The intentions of the government are rendered far more secret than they would be if the government organ did not exist. The newspaper serves as a sort of dark lantern, lighting the political road, but completely screening the face of the political traveller.

The recent history of the civil-service question well illustrates this. The President had three times declared himself in favor of civil-service reform. The administration organ in New York declared itself also in favor of civil-service reform. Yet at the very moment when all that was necessary to carry the reform into active operation was congressional action, and when Congress had appointed a committee to inquire into the actual condition of the civil service, and the investigations of the committee reveals the most shocking abuses, the same newspaper declared the abuses of no importance, and made every effort to belittle the discoveries of the committee. Under such circumstances how were Congress and the country at large to know the real intentions of the President?

But however much we may disapprove of this tortuous policy, we can hardly regret the increased power which a connec-

tion with a newspaper must bring to the administration. The tendency of late years has been to weaken the executive to such an extent that this increase can hardly cause any serious anxiety. Of course the case is quite different where, as in some of the Southern States, the official organ is made official by means of money stolen from the treasury of the State. That can hardly be called a political question. But in most of the State governments the executive has been shorn of his original authority; his appointing power has been taken from him; and his other functions have been vested in commissions of all kinds; he has at length been left with little more than the right of an annual address to the Legislature. The Federal executive, it is true, has retained more of its early prerogative, but still has so little, that of late years no President, except Johnson, has attempted to pursue a definite and individual policy; while Johnson's fate was such that none of his immediate successors are likely to repeat the experiment. Pierce and Buchanan were simply the standard-bearers of their party. Lincoln studiously avoided even the appearance of guiding his. General Grant declared at the outset that he intended to do nothing except to execute the laws. The system of partisan appointments, too, has at length reached its logical conclusion, as Mr. Trumbull said the other day, by effecting the transformation of the President into a confidential clerk of the congressional delegations. Under these circumstances, it hardly seems likely that any increase of power which an administration may acquire through the co-operation of journals in sympathy with it will seriously interfere with the natural operation of the so-called system of checks and balances which the Constitution introduced.

The effect of such co-operation upon the newspaper itself is very different. What the administration gains the paper loses. As soon as it becomes known that any journal is pledged, or is even suspected of being pledged, to the partisan support of the measures of a particular man, the reputation of the journal for independence is gone. Of course, it may continue to succeed as a commercial undertaking; that depends upon other conditions, but as an independent newspaper, as a moulder of public opinion, it cannot long maintain an existence. But the life of journalism in America is independence. The policy of

the country is far more truly directed in the long run by its press than by any other agency. The day when the newspaper was the mouthpiece of this or that eminent senator or congressman has gone by. It is the newspapers now that create senators, congressmen, and Presidents. If America can be said in any true sense to be governed at all, it is governed by its press. The enactments of the legislature and the policy of the executive are alike in the long run dictated by it. Whenever the press allies itself with either one or the other, it abdicates its natural authority. The most powerful newspapers have always been those which, however avowedly partisan, have in reality guided their party. It was not the journals which were in sympathy with the administration, but journals which the administration respected and feared, that secured the removal of McClellan, the employment of negroes as troops, and even the abolition of slavery itself.

In short, a journal which establishes cordial relations with an administration, publishes its personal explanations, and defends it through thick and thin, is so sure to feel the effect of its alliance upon its reputation, that the matter rapidly ceases to have any interest except for the high contracting parties themselves.

WHEN the House of Representatives impeached Andrew Johnson it was anticipated by a good many people that his trial would not be the last in the United States which the present generation would witness. Impeachment once used as a political device for attempting to rid the country of an unpopular administration, it was predicted that the process would rapidly lose its judicial character, and take its place among the parliamentary weapons with which the majority is from time to time engaged in stocking the legislative arsenal. Those were the days—they seem long ago now—when the Previous Question flourished at the Capitol in all its rank luxuriance; and had not the previous question—formerly a harmless legislative device for cutting short unnecessary debate—latterly become the majority gag? So would impeachment, originally a solemn legal process, become in course of time a solemn legal farce. There would certainly be nothing strange in such a matter. The law of parliamentary bodies, like other law, is continually undergoing changes which affect

its substance and results without at all affecting its forms. Dilatory motions were not originally devised for delay; committees on elections were originally designed as courts of investigation. When the fathers established the district system, they did not dream that district lines would breed the Gerrymander.

Those who thus predicted the future of impeachment thought, however, that the National Capitol was the place where the change in the character of the process was most likely to show itself. It was at Washington that impeachments were to become the order of the day. It has not happened so. There have been a half a dozen impeachment proceedings since the trial of Johnson, and they have all concerned officers of State governments. There have been impeachment proceedings against Governor Harrison Reed of Florida, and against Governor Clayton of Arkansas; Governor Bullock fled the State of Georgia to avoid impeachment; in North Carolina Governor Holden was impeached and expelled from office, and Governor Scott of South Carolina is now being impeached by Mr. Bowen. But the most interesting impeachment proceedings of all are those which have been lately taking place in Louisiana. As impeachment in Louisiana differs in many essential respects from the process as known to constitutional lawyers, it may be worth while to give a few of its features in detail.

A quarrel has been going on for a long time in Louisiana between Governor Warmoth and what is known as the custom-house faction, headed by the collector of the port, Mr. Casey. The quarrel, as might be inferred from the character of most of those engaged in it, has no merits. It is a simple struggle for the spoils, carried on with all the fury of Southern politics. Dunn, the Lieutenant-Governor, a negro, having died, the election of his successor devolved upon the Senate, and the governor succeeded in securing the election of one Pinchback. The masterly strategy of the Warmoth party in this movement revealed their weakness to the Casey faction, and when an extra session was afterwards called, it was evident to the latter that decisive measures must be taken. It was accordingly resolved to impeach Governor Warmoth of high crimes and misdemeanors, remove him from office, and elect an upright man in his stead. And now the impeachment proceedings began. The first

step consisted of an arrest of the governor and his confederates under the Ku-Klux Act; the second was a break-up of both branches of the Legislature, and the formation of a new Senate and House. In order that there might be no doubt about the legality of any subsequent proceedings, an organization of the Senate was effected on board the United States revenue-cutter under the collector's orders, which with a couple of Gatling guns went cruising up and down the river. The high court of impeachment being now ready for the trial of the case, and the only difficulty being the impossibility of establishing a permanent communication between the court and the impeaching house, the time had evidently come for the governor to appear and answer. This he at once did, taking the third step in the case by getting an injunction issued, enjoining all the proceedings of his enemies, and having the sergeant-at-arms sent out to bring back the fugitive members of the Legislature. At this point in the trial so many novel legal questions had arisen, that it was felt necessary for all parties to telegraph to Washington for advice. This having produced little effect, both the high court and the accused fell back upon the local law. At last the government telegraphed from Washington that the cruise of the revenue-cutter must come to an end, and a large mob having collected, and found its way to the head-quarters of General Emory, stationed near the city, demanding that martial law might be proclaimed, and General Emory having promised that he would give them not only martial law, but grape and canister with it, if they did not disperse in five minutes, the trial came to a sudden end, the high court collapsed; the Ku-Klux prosecutions vanished into thin air; and the governor, who a few short weeks since stood in danger of being forever incapacitated from holding office under the Constitution and laws of Louisiana, will now probably control the next State delegation to the National Convention at Philadelphia.

Such is impeachment in Louisiana. It differs rather in degree than in kind from impeachment in the other Southern States. In the Arkansas case, one of the steps in the trial was the boarding in and nailing up of the governor within the executive chamber by the impeachers.

The prevalence of proceedings of this sort may be explained by the assumption of an extraordinary degree of corruption on



the part of the various administrations impeached. But the difficulty with this explanation is, that, in most of the States in which the proceedings have been begun, the whole State government is so hopelessly corrupt, that there is very little difference between one part and another. An effort on the part of the Legislature of any Southern State to reform the government out of pure love of virtue, is not a probable political movement. There is little to choose between the impeacher and the impeached. An impeachment trial in the Southern States is what it was predicted such trials would become, — nothing but a parliamentary device for getting rid of a political enemy.

If the absurdity and wickedness of these mock trials at length convince people of the absurdity of high courts of impeachment, the result will be a fortunate one. Impeachment was an English process in vogue at the period when England was governed not only nominally, but really, by King, Lords, and Commons, — a period, too, when a public office was not a trust, but private property. The courts were servants of the crown, and of course in political sympathy with the power to which they owed their existence. In such a state of society, the trial of an official for high crimes and misdemeanors was not simply a trial, it was a grave political event, and there was great propriety in bringing the accused before a large and powerful court. And it should be remembered also that the House of Lords in England, unlike the Senate in the various States and the United States, has always been a judicial body, with legal traditions. All these considerations made in favor of the English system for England at the time of its introduction here. In America, on the other hand, high courts of impeachment are as out of place as trials for treason. The feeling that the government is a body apart from the people, with proceedings of its own, responsibilities of its own, standards of its own, has no place in the modern order of society. With us, an office is in theory, and should be in fact, a trust, and there is no more reason that public trustees who have violated their trusts should be prosecuted in a high court of impeachment, than that such a court should be organized for the trial of men like Fisk and Gould. Impeachment is frequently spoken of as if it were intended for the trial of a peculiar class of crimes. School-boys are taught that impeachments are applied "not altogether to strictly legal

offences, but to those of a political nature and extraordinary character, and to misdemeanors in office and violations of public trust which can scarcely be provided for beforehand, or defined by positive law, or judged by technical rules." For impeachers this is certainly a very convenient explanation, inasmuch as it obviates all difficulty of definition by declaring at the outset the impossibility of any definition at all. But a tribunal which tries crimes neither legal nor political has too vague a jurisdiction for our day. Political mysteries belong to the past. Crimes of such an extraordinary character that they cannot be provided for beforehand or defined by positive law may safely be left to be dealt with as they arise.

Impeachment, then, is a failure, and the question is, What is to take its place? We live in an age of which one of the prominent features is the continued commission of high crimes and misdemeanors by officials; and since the only process devised by our ancestors for bringing them to justice has become obsolete, or rather has been entirely twisted from its original design, some new method must take its place. Greater responsibility to the courts, not high courts, but those low courts with which we are all so familiar, is the way most obvious. The plan of some of the New York reformers is, that officials who are suspected of tampering with the public funds shall be amenable to legal process upon the motion of a certain proportion of the taxpayers. Such a provision as this would do a great deal to make political robbery difficult; and it would replace an obsolete and cumbersome method by one that is simple and familiar. The chief objection against it would be, that without a pure judiciary the new condition would be no better than the old, that it would place extraordinary political temptations in the way of judges, — temptations which they could not be expected to resist. But the temptations against which they would have to struggle cannot be harder to resist than those to which they have already succumbed. And to judge from the experience of the past, it does not seem that it is political so much as pecuniary corruption that threatens the judiciary.

THERE has never been a better opportunity for securing international copyright between England and America than the present moment offers. The renewal of cordial relations between the two governments renders a great many acts of justice practicable

which have heretofore seemed visionary. And international copyright is a measure, too, no longer suggested by motives of justice only. The rapid increase in the value and importance of American books brings prudence to the aid of morality. Letters of marque, as long as we had no commercial marine ourselves, were very good credentials on the high seas of literature. But now that rich freights put out from American as well as English ports, the case becomes different. On every ground it is important that the barbarous system of pillage should cease. If the movement now on foot to secure a copyright convention succeeds, it will be quite as much a cause of satisfaction here as it can be in England.

The movement is threatened, however, with a grave danger, — a danger which has before now done the copyright cause serious damage, — and that is, that, amid the conflicting claims of those engaged in the manufacture of books, the authors' rights may be lost sight of. Already we hear that the various trades remotely connected with the manufacture of books are appointing committees to represent their interests in the approaching struggle and to obtain their due share of protection. But if the contest for an international copyright is to be managed like the annual pig-iron conflict, or the wool fight, ending in a compromise by which every interest gets a certain amount of protection at the expense of the public, it will certainly be of little service either to England, America, or humanity at large. What is needed is a legal protection for property in ideas; in other words, an authors' copyright.

Of all plans which have been suggested, the fairest and simplest would be that of

absolute free-trade, the legalization of the author's property in his work, with absolute liberty of disposal. This plan would make the copyright system of all English-speaking people the same. The author would copyright his book and sell the right of publication to any one he pleased, whether in London, Calcutta, or Chicago. Under this system the practice would perhaps grow up of selling restricted copyrights (as patents are now sold) for a particular country or state. The English author who wished to gain the ear of the English public would sell the right of publication to an English publisher, restricting the sale to England. If he wished, on the other hand, to introduce his book to the American market, he would doubtless sell to an American publisher.

If this system cannot be introduced, another readily suggests itself which will satisfy all the reasonable demands of British as well as American authors. Provide that the British author may, by taking the necessary formal steps, secure an American copyright which shall vest absolutely in him; provide that the American author may do the same in England. It is for this arrangement that the English authors are now petitioning, and as far as the publishers of the two countries are concerned it is perfectly equitable. The demands of the British publishers have hitherto been always counted among the obstacles to the negotiation of a convention; but the interests of the publishers are obviously distinct from those of authors. Whatever valid claims they may have will stand a far better chance of recognition when the principle of copyright has become part of the international law of England and America.

